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*A Voyage*  
 to  
**CADIZ AND GIBRALTAR,**  
 up the Mediterranean  
 to  
*Sicily AND Malta,*  
 in 1810, & 11.  
*including a description of*  
**SICILY and the LIPARI ISLANDS,**  
 and an  
*Excursion in Portugal,*  
*by L. Gen. Cockburn.*



*View of Cadiz.*

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## CHAP. I.

*Prison of Palermo—Wretched condition of the Galley-Slaves—Sicilian Navy—Departure from Palermo—Ancient Cathedral of Mont Real—Royal Villa at Partenico—Reflections on the extreme wretchedness of the Sicilians—Alcumo—Religious Fête—Temple of Diana at Segesta—Removal and return of the ancient Statue of the Goddess—Arrival at Trapani.*

IN the preceding volume, I have mentioned every thing which I believe is worth a traveller's notice at Palermo, except the Palazzo Senatoriale, and the magnificent fountain near it. The former is a fine building, and they have collected in it a considerable number of antique Greek and Roman statues, marbles, and inscriptions, found in the environs of the city. The fountain is beautiful, being ornamented with statues, marbles, river gods, &c. &c. and is as highly embellished as possible.

The Mole, by which the harbour is formed, is a grand work; there is a fort and light-house at the end. It is immediately under Monte Pelegrino.

There certainly might be a dock-yard at Palermo, with building slips, and every convenience.

I did not visit any of the hospitals; but from the authority of our medical men, I can state, that these establishments are in all respects wretched; not only in Palermo and Messina, but in every part of the island.

There is a very wretched prison near the Mole, in which galley-slaves are confined. Some of them are convicts, that have deserved hanging *ten times*; but the greater part are Turks, Algerines, and persons condemned for smuggling, which, in Sicily, is more severely punished than murder.

These unfortunate beings, doomed to hard labour for the greatest part of the year under a scorching sun and excessive heat, have scanty and bad food, and are strangers to any indulgence which might alleviate their sufferings. Here is no compassion for their misery. Poor

wretches ! I pity your hard fate. The Sicilians, however, assert, in defence of this (and I believe truly), that it is to the Turks and Barbary subjects a retaliation, as the Sicilians taken by these rovers are invariably sold, and worse treated.—Quere, If the latter is possible ?

The whole Sicilian marine, now fit for service, consists of one frigate, two brigs, and sixty gun-boats. There are two old ships of the line, and one or two frigates, laid up near the Mole, totally dismantled, and condemned as not worth repairing. There are also two rotten frigates at Messina ; they have therefore no chance with the Algerines or other Barbary powers, and the terror they have of them can scarcely be believed.

This shameful and humiliating fear of the Algerines pervades all classes ; I have been assured, that the appearance of a Barbary cruiser on the coast, occasions the temporary emigration of the inhabitants, who, instead of uniting to repel a descent, are thrown into such consternation as almost deprives them of the power of acting. This is the more extraordinary and unaccountable, because both the Sicilian officers and sailors in the flotilla at Mes-

sina, were always distinguished for their bravery.

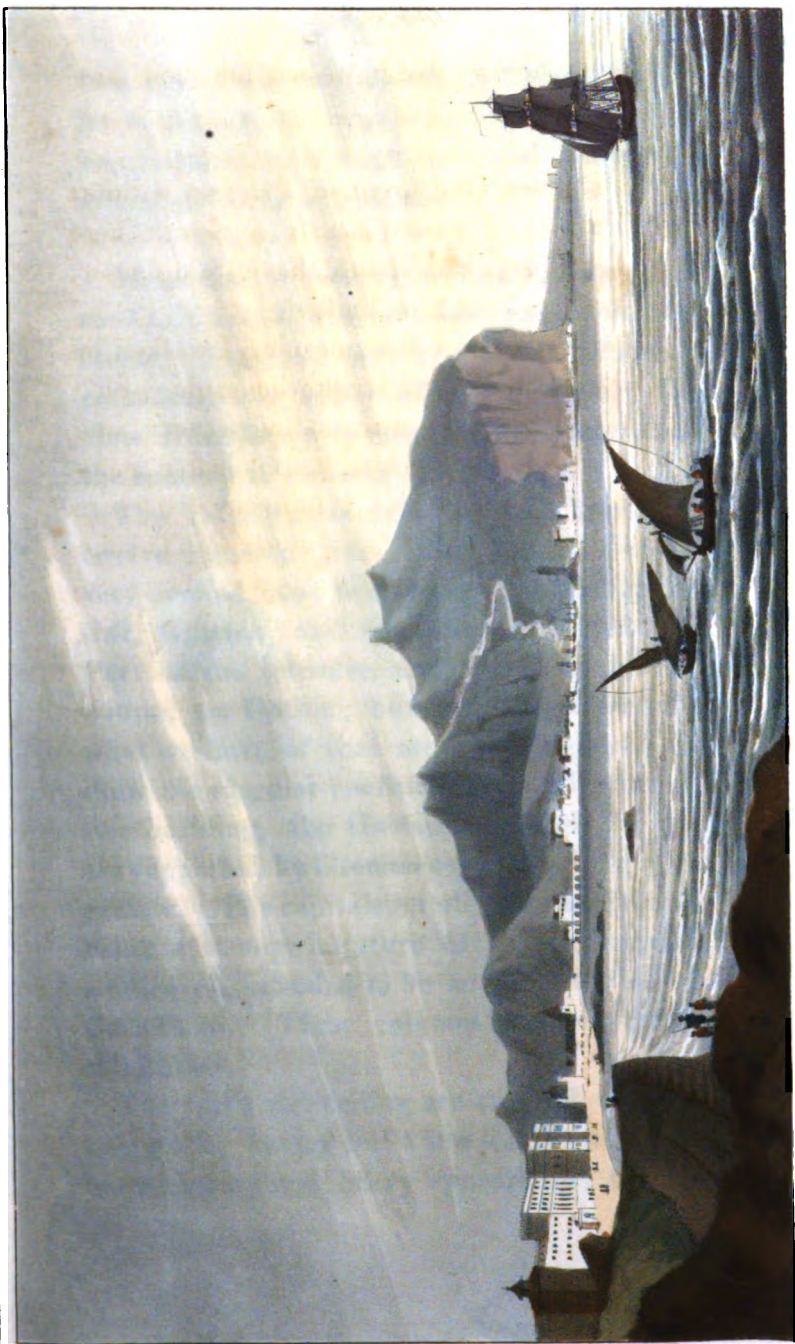
I could not take leave of Palermo without some regret. I passed nearly a month here most agreeably, and should have staid longer, if my time had not been limited.

Before I set out this morning I walked on the Marino, that magnificent promenade, which for the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and variety of objects, cannot be too often mentioned. At eight o'clock I took my departure for Trapani. I had to pass along the Toledo, or Casero; it was, and is, every day (except from noon till two o'clock) full of people; one would imagine there was a perpetual fair. I think the throng as great as at Naples.

They say Palermo contains 150,000 persons; but crowded as the streets are (considering its extent), I do not conceive its population can be so great. The suburbs are extensive on all sides, particularly towards the Mole and Monte Pelegrino; yet I think it not much larger than Liverpool. The sirocco is extremely oppressive at Palermo in the hot months.

I hired an open carriage to go as far as Partenico, where the coach-road ends; also





*London, Thos. & John Harding, St. James Street, 1824.*

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two mules and two horses, and a campieri, as he is called—he is at once guide and guard, being armed. I also got an orderly dragoon to attend me as far as Trapani.

Mont Real is three miles from Palermo; the road to it broad, and very fine, but a continued ascent. I stopped here two hours, to see the cathedral, and abbey of Benedictines. The view from hence is magnificent, commanding the country to Palermo and the sea.

The cathedral is said to have been built twelve hundred years since. It is certainly very ancient; and is a strange mixture of Gothic, Grecian, and non-descript architecture. Part of the outsides, and the great features within, are Gothic; but miserably inferior to what we have of that order in England. To show the singular confusion of architecture in this building, the Gothic arches in the aisle are supported by Grecian columns of Egyptian granite. The capitals set all order at defiance, being a strange mixture of angels, serpents, and leaves, intended to be an imitation of the Corinthian. These columns are on clumsy solid bases.

The walls and ceiling are covered with mosaic work; having but a few small windows, it has a gloomy and heavy appearance: the mo-

saic is partly gilt, and represents a variety of figures: considering its antiquity, it is wonderful how well these figures are done.

The church is also all paved in mosaic, and the gilding is of a pure and fine gold. I got some pieces, which, to the shame of the attendant clergy, are taken up almost before their faces, and sold for a taris (five pence) to the visitor. I took three, and the man who brought them had a bag full—but I gave him a lecture on the subject. There are some small fine columns of porphyry, and much porphyry also in different parts of the church. The great altar is a mass of silver, and very fine alto-relievos in front, representing holy subjects. They showed me six large figures of saints, finely executed in silver, locked up in the sacristy. They were brought out for my inspection; they ornament the altar on particular occasions.

There are several fine tombs, and one with six porphyry columns, supporting a cover of porphyry over a beautiful sarcophagus of the same stone, somewhat like those in the cathedral at Palermo; and another more antique, in white marble near it. They contain the bodies of the Norman conqueror of Sicily, and his son, who succeeded him. At the head of the church, above the altar, is a colossal bust in

mosaic, of the Saviour, finely done, but gigantic.

The convent attached to this cathedral, or Madre Chiesa, is very fine. There are two good pictures, one in particular, at the head of the stairs, by P. Novelli, represents St. Benedict performing some rite of his order. There are besides, eighteen whole length figures, admirably painted. The galleries of this convent, with the marble stairs and staircase are magnificent, and the view from the terrace is most delightful.

The palace of the bishop is now a military hospital. There is a sort of piazza strangely formed on the side of the Madre Chiesa, a mixture of Grecian, Gothic, modern, antique, and the Lord knows what ; but, considering that it is made up of fragments, put together at different periods by gentlemen who once had their day, it is not without interest ; though it forms a strange medley of antique columns, and Grecian architecture placed by force in company, and in support of ancient, Gothic, and modern building.

Mont Real is a poor town for Sicily, and yet I could not help thinking, if it were in Ireland,



and clean (which, by the way, I would not swear for, if *there*), what a figure it would make. Its situation is very fine, but, like the architecture of its cathedral, is a combination of *contradictions*—it takes in very opposite characters; on one side we have a mountain view, as romantic as any Salvator could imagine; look towards Palermo, and the rich plain and ornamented buildings, bounded by hills, the sea, &c. present to the eye every thing that Claude or Wilson could wish for.

The road from Mont Real to Partenico is very good; quite a mountain road, like those in Wales; and if there were any good forest trees, the country would be most beautiful. An hour after we left Mont Real, it came on heavy rain, the mountains were covered with clouds. The road is perfectly safe. I got a Sicilian hussar as an orderly, but really there appeared no more occasion for a guard, or even for travelling armed, in this day's route, than there would be in passing from London to Hounslow at noon. Borghetta is a very beautifully situated village or town, in the mountains.

From this we ran down rapidly to Partenico, about eighteen miles from Palermo, and just as we arrived, the day cleared up. I found Mr. Hume and another English gentleman;

they came here this day. They had more rain, and have been kept here in consequence three hours. This entire route is interesting; the greater part over the side of steep mountains, that would be impassable without a parapet wall, and frequently the rains bring down masses of rock from the mountains, and injure the road. From Palermo to Mont Real, all is a rich *garden*, with many villas; one belongs to the Duke of Orleans.

Partenico is a poor town, though the king has a house here. I had not heard of this, though I made full enquiry from many, as to what was worth seeing. His majesty occasionally comes here. The gardens are in a most beautiful and romantic situation, and are extensive and well kept. An old castle on an elevated rock, just close to a water-fall, with a fine back ground of mountain, is very picturesque, and stands within this garden. There is an ordinary pond, full of fish. The walks are clean, and the orange-trees, now in blossom, after the morning's rain, have a fine fragrance. The situation of this garden, and the beautiful irregular mountains with which it is surrounded, and the view of Borghetta, high above it, on the side of a mountain, is fine indeed, comprehending both the sublime and beautiful.

On returning to our inn, I was surrounded by wretched beings, the most miserable I have seen in the island. Why do not princes travel, and *incognito*, to see and know the misery of their people? I fortunately this day had a dollar's worth of small copper coin in my pocket—it was soon exhausted; and yet objects sprang up so, as to excite the most tender feelings of compassion, particularly towards children that seemed abandoned—but I soon found the most prudent part for *feeling*, was to mount the mule, and not look on either side, which swarmed with numbers of poor little male and female creatures in abject poverty and misery, almost naked, and seemingly half starved, all imploring charity. It was a hard thing to be obliged to turn a deaf ear to them; but I did not do so till I got rid of all my small change, silver and copper. I reflected on what Malthus lays down, viz. population depends on food. Here a mild climate and cheap macaroni, promote an abundant population in the worst governed country in the world.

Malthus says, and he says truly, that certain misery is the constant lot, and ever will be, of a great part of the human race: all cannot eat meat, much less turtle; so long as food can be easily obtained, the common people will marry (perhaps their only real comfort)—hard

breeding follows—a certain state benefit results even from that, inasmuch as it trains up hardy sons for hardy occupations—but when once food fails, population fails. We see every day, particularly in warm climates, that individuals hard reared, may do without clothes, but not without food. In Sicily, they appear from the united effects of bad government, extreme poverty, habitual depravity, and a broken spirit, really to starve in a land that might and ought to be that of milk and honey. The progress of population, and the depopulating cause, appear to be just at a sort of struggle, like that between two tides—sometimes one gets the better for a moment, then the other, and yet neither advances; then comes in Malthus's position, viz. "it will regulate itself"—but, before that regulation can be exactly struck, there must be a struggle—so it is here; they can just afford to beget children, for whom there is no employment. The increase of the race, without that of the means of support, will ultimately regulate itself; but just at the time when population is near its *ne plus ultra*, the struggle begins.

I left this scene of distress, produced by the actual effort of nature between population and starvation, in a country and climate capable of

every thing, but by bad government and mismanagement, producing comparatively nothing.

I next proceeded to Alcumo, twelve miles. The road, a few passes excepted, is very good; I think a good English horse would get over it in two hours easily; but it took me four. I often changed from horse to mule, and back, but the poor animals are starved, and cannot get on. I was, however, highly gratified with the ride and fine prospects. Advancing to Alcumo, the country is of a rich soil, and cultivated (rather a curiosity in Sicily): it is hilly, but beautiful.

I got to Alcumo before six. It is on a hill, in a charming situation, commanding an extensive, and, I may say, a grand and delightful landscape. A fine sun, verging to the horizon, cast a light on the low country, which, from the ascent to the town, displayed an enchanting view; I often halted to gratify myself with it.

Alcumo is surrounded by a very old wall, and has a fine appearance at a distance. It was formerly a Greek town, called Alcamacco. The view, after getting up the hill at the entrance gate of the valley and bay of Castel a Mare, presents a grand *coup d'œil*; and the old fort and castle of Castel a Mare, or Castel-



laco, adds much to it. Sicily is the country for the painter who would copy nature.—I was lodged at the house of one of the principal barons: he was absent, and while dinner was preparing, I had light sufficient to see the Madre Chiesa, a handsome church, with sixteen yellow Sicilian marble columns (each of the shafts is one piece), of the Doric order; there are some fine marble alto relievos, and several excellent pictures in this church. At St. Francisco de Paulo are six fine large marble statues.

I visited the Jesuits' church; it is a handsome building. A civil priest accompanied me; we looked at another beautiful church, all its walls lined with rich marble, and of exquisite workmanship. From this, I went round the outside of the town. The Gothic wall is perfect, high and thick; an old castle with two round and two square towers, is a fine object: in former times it was of strength; it is no longer a fortification: the first story is a prison; the upper an infantry barrack. The barracks of the Val de Noto cavalry are close to this. That regiment is, however, now in our service, and at Melazzo; there is a very old Gothic square tower near the Madre Chiesa, and one broad and good street in Alcumo.

While waiting for dinner at the baron's house, after walking all over the town, and just at dark, a religious fête took place. I went out to see it—an immense fire, into which they threw combustibile matter, with fire-works, to make a sort of artificial volcano. Hundreds of light-made flambeaus were distributed to the people, who seemed all delighted. Fire-works and squibs were in abundance.

The peaceable mob (to use that expression) were delighted ; but it looked like a picture of hell—with drums in front, a column of people carrying these flambeaus, paraded the town—every one assisted, either actively or as spectators ; and it was pleasant to see people happy, and enjoying any comfort, where they have such a proportion of misery.

I must observe, that no traveller should depend too much on what he hears. He should enquire on the spot, and see himself. I was told, that at Alcumo there was not any thing worth notice, and yet I found a great deal ; and I do not hesitate to say, had I had any idea of it, I should have arranged to stay a whole day here. It is an ancient and curious town, in which any man may spend twenty-four hours with profit and delight : its situation, its antiquity, churches, and castle, and other circum-

stances, all give it celebrity. But most of our English officers pass through a Sicilian town as they would through Brentford.

I set out from Alcamo at seven o'clock this morning, and hired another mule; but still a stumbler.

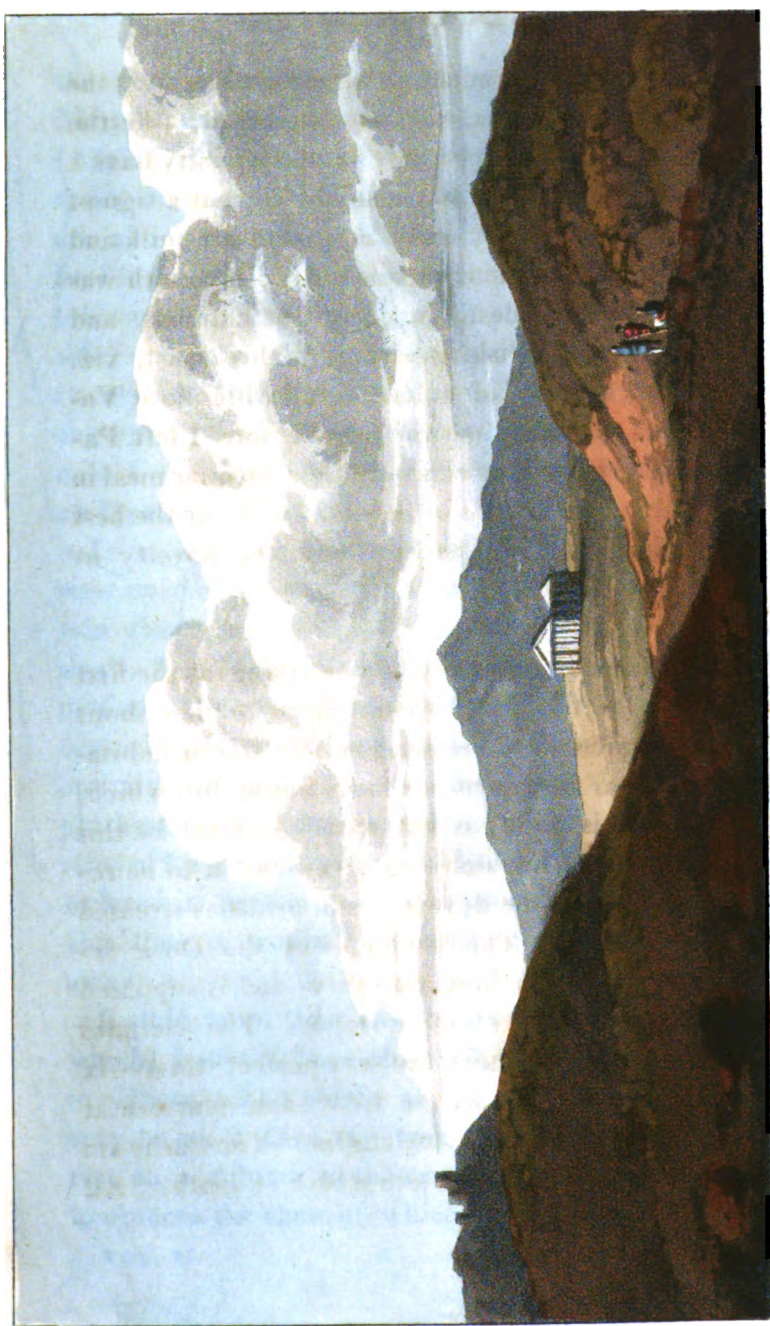
The road to Segesta (ten miles) is not a bad horse road, but is unfit for a carriage. The country in general very fine: on a hill to the left is an extensive wood, but the trees are not large: it is full of game, and wild boars, and I dare say also of foxes—it would be a beautiful cover to draw—here a fox-hunter would be delighted, for the country in this part is almost all fine downs.

The temple of Segesta is seen at some distance, situated on a hill, and pretty exactly represented in all the pictures or prints of it, except, that in those prints it appears as if placed in a desert, which is not correct. One mountain, indeed, which forms a back ground to it, is rocky; but the hills or downs, as we should call them in England, are all in pasture and tillage: indeed the quantity of cattle, shews it to be no *desert*, but fine rich ground—and *thistles* also bear testimony to it.

As we determined to breakfast, and rest the mules at Segesta, we brought bread, a kettle, tea, &c. The peasants in the vicinity have a large dairy farm and many cows (not a sign of bad land); they gave me excellent milk and eggs; the muleteer made a fire; my cloth was laid on the pedestal of one of the columns, and with our English appendage to breakfast, viz. a newspaper (of a late date) which lord Valentia had sent me the night before I left Palermo, I made as comfortable a bivouac meal in the ancient temple of Segesta, as if at the best coffee-house in London; and the novelty of it was pleasing.

There is something very striking at the first sight of this ruin, when it opens to view about four miles off, there being neither tree or habitation near it, except one farm-house, but which, from this point, is not seen. It must be this circumstance which has occasioned it to be represented in the drawings and prints as situated in a desert. The temple is of the Doric order, of the highest antiquity, and is supposed to be the oldest in Europe. The columns are not fluted; they are very perfect, thirty-six in number; six in the front, and fourteen at the sides, including the angles. The shafts are in pieces, about eighteen inches in depth. All

*(Distant View of the Ancient Temple of Sacsayhuamán.)*



*London, Pub. by John Murray, 15, New Street, 1844.*





the parts have been accurately measured by Mr. Wilkins, and by St. Non. A gentleman (Mr. Hume) also came here this morning, and spent some hours measuring it. The columns are about six feet in diameter. The entablature is perfect. The front of it, as Mr. Hume told me, is sixty feet high. I paced the outside, and found it sixty-two yards long and twenty-one broad. There is not a vestige of any building near it : on an opposite hill, a full mile from the temple, are the ruins of an amphitheatre and cistern.

It is, however, not wonderful that so little remains of very ancient towns ; as it is certain that the houses of the ancients were all small, from the softness of the stone, and the moderns taking the ruins to build with, a few centuries were sufficient to make them almost entirely disappear. It is a fact, that the amphitheatre at Rome has been one-third destroyed for the *materials*, and had not the Popes ordered its preservation, it is probable that by this time it would have been totally carried away.

I staid more than two hours in the temple, which, I should have observed, was dedicated to Diana. The stones of the architrave are very large, I dare say twelve feet long, and rest on a column in the centre. It is curious to observe the stone of which it is built : it is

a concretion of shells and marine production, and though porous and soft, has made great resistance against the depredations of time\*. The temple is built exactly between the cardinal points.

In 1781, Ferdinand, king of Naples (now of Sicily), repaired the front, which had been damaged by lightning, and he had the rubbish in the inside cleared away.

If we believe history, the city of Segesta experienced many changes of fortune, and was entirely destroyed when the Saracens desolated Sicily. Cicero says it was founded by Eneas, who touched here in his expedition to Italy; but this seems incorrect, for if the city was situated where the temple is, it must have been many miles inland.

Segesta, once so great a city as to be thought worthy of a league of amity with the Romans, and so powerful as to engage in war with the Carthaginians, has now no vestige whatever remaining, save the ruins of this temple of Diana, and a few stones of an amphitheatre and reservoir. At the west end is a large valley and a fine quarry.

What an example of revolution and change does not Segesta afford!—The historian informs us, that in this temple there was a brazen

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\* It begins to fail, for the stone is crumbling away in many parts.

image of Diana, worshipped for ages, and a master-piece of workmanship. The Carthaginians took this city by storm, and carried the statue and all its ornaments to Carthage; but there it was still an object of adoration, for, according to Cicero (see Orat. against Verres), "in consequence of its singular beauty, even the enemy approached it with the warmest devotion."

Some centuries passed, when in the third Punic war, Publius Scipio stormed Carthage; and considering the long and rigorous oppression which the Sicilians suffered from the Carthaginians, he restored to every community whatever had originally belonged to their forefathers, and amongst others, the *Diana* to the Segestans. The goddess, again transported to her ancient habitation, was devoutly worshipped by the people. Cicero says, every stranger went to see her statue, and that when he was quaestor, it was the first thing pointed out to his observation. He describes it, and adds—No sooner had that avowed enemy to all religion (Verres), that impious plunderer of every thing sacred, beheld this, a monument of piety and sculpture, than he was inflamed to madness with the desire of possessing it\*.

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\* This island seems to have been always unfortunate, and ill-governed.

At noon we left Segesta. I changed my mule for a horse—something, but not much better. The poor animals are starved, and stumble every yard; I therefore walked great part of the way—I passed near Calatifini, an unsightly town, distant about three miles from the temple, and built on a ridge: it has an old castle in ruins\*. They say the city of Segesta was situated between it and the temple of Diana; but this is all conjecture.

I continued my journey to Trapani, I think, full twenty miles. There is not any regular road, but a path across and over downs, all in tillage or pasture; not a house or tree are to be seen till within two miles of Trapani: a few miserable hovels here and there, like Indian huts, in which the peasants live. They are made with a few sticks inclined, and covered with earth and straw, like the roof of a thatched cottage. And yet I observed in this district well-cultivated fields, with fine crops of beans

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\* Since my return home, a friend of mine, who had been at Segesta some years ago, told me, that just as he was leaving it, the Curate of Calatifini (who happened to pass) perceiving strangers, came up to the temple, moved by curiosity to see,—not the temple, but the strangers—and thus saw the edifice for the first time in his life, though he had been fifteen years residing within three miles of it.—The same apathy continues apparently in most of the inhabitants of Calatifini, for I could not find any one in the vicinity, who could point out any thing respecting the situation of Segesta.

in rows, hoed, and very clean. There are not any fences, but the divisions are marked by stones, as in the open fields about Dunstable. Within three miles of Trapani there is a good carriage-road, and one mile from it, a fine church and Benedictine convent. I went in, and saw a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, illuminated; a marble figure of her ladyship, splendidly dressed with pearl ornaments, diamond necklace, crown, watches, stars, &c. &c. Numbers of people were on their knees admiring her, and praying for her favour and protection.

Old Trapani is situated on a high mountain (Mount Eryx), four miles from the modern, which is close to the sea, and nearly surrounded by it, like Augusta or Melazzo. I met an officer of the German legion, who conducted me to general Henstids' quarters, where I was received with all possible attention, politeness, and hospitality. It was nearly dark when I arrived. There is not an inn at Trapani. Mr. Hume and another gentleman got a sort of room at the muleteer's quarters, to which they were obliged to ascend by a ladder.

## CHAP. II.

*Castles and Port of Trapani—Mount Eryx—  
St. Julianò—Ancient Temple of Venus—  
Franciscan Convent at Trapani—Marsalla  
—Caverns and Quarries—Grotto of Cumæa  
—Cathedral of Mazzara—Ancient Temples  
at Selinus.*

7th April, 1811.—This day being Palm Sunday, there is a religious procession, as usual on such occasions: they fire cannon, and a number of petarraros near the churches, as a *feu de joy*.

I walked with general Henstide and Mr. Crotty (whose division of gun-boats is now here) all round the ramparts. Trapani stands on an isthmus; it is fortified across on the land-side, and has a sort of rampart, with some batteries all round, on the sea defences. There is an old castle called the Citadel, which now makes a good barrack. The old castle on which the light-house stands, was a post in the time of the Romans, and there is another on a

small island about three miles off. Maratimo and the adjoining Ægean islands, are about twelve miles distance. The port was formerly good, but from neglect, is almost choked up: money is raised every year to clear it, but all is misgovernment and decadence in Sicily. The money is laid hold of by the queen, and squandered on favourites and spies, so that in a few years the port will probably (if her majesty lives, and remains in power) be only fit for fishing-boats.

The Madre Chiesa is handsome, has sixteen Doric granite columns, and some tolerable pictures. Two are indeed very fine, a Crucifixion, much in the style of Vandyke, and opposite to it, a Descent from the Cross, a finely grouped and coloured picture; but I could not learn the name of the masters.

Trapani is not a good town, but the chief street is very handsome: the houses are all in a good style of architecture, with ornaments in cut stone, columns in front, cornices, &c. There is also a large college, and here, as every where else in the island, admirable stone and marble works, and wretched carpenters.

After dinner the general had his band,—a very fine one; to the martial instruments succeeded a fine concert on violins, violoncellos, &c.



8th.—I was roused before day-light this morning by a most violent storm, which I thought would have driven in the windows. After breakfast I walked about the town with the vice-consul, and endeavoured to make some purchases, as Trapani is famous for coral, alabaster, and cameos in shell. I found it almost impossible to buy any thing—they ask an Englishman, and particularly a general, ten times the value. The cameos, &c. are very well done.

We at last went to the coral magazine, or house where they work it, and here I saw a great quantity. At the prices fixed on small necklaces, &c. there must have been several thousand pounds worth of coral in the room. The coral is chiefly brought from the coast of Africa, is polished, cut and worked here, and sent all over the world. The workers in alabaster find it more profitable to cut images of saints (which they make in prodigious quantities), than vases, busts, or figures. I went into several shops, but could not meet with any article well executed; yet they ask enormous prices. The cameos are copied from the antique, for ornaments, bracelets, and rings. Indeed the commonest fellow in Sicily has generally gold ear-rings, and one or two rings on his fingers.

At noon, the sad custom of shutting the

shops, and going to sleep for three hours after dinner, regularly takes place here, as at Palermo and Messina, all the year round.

Trapani is the cleanest town I have seen in Sicily; the streets are actually swept once a week\*.

A band of musicians came yesterday to welcome me, or rather to pay their respects to my purse. It is, however, a very general custom all over Italy. They were dirty, wretched looking beings, but played admirably.

The storm continued with great violence all day, and shook the houses so much, that I almost supposed an earthquake had taken place.

9th.—I rode with the town-major to ancient Trapani (Drepanum), now called St. Juliano, on the top of Mount Eryx. I think it about four miles; but as the mountain is very steep, it took more than two hours. The road is very level and good for a mile and half out of town, viz. to the Carmelite convent (not Benedictines, as I supposed), where the mule-path to ascend Mount Eryx† begins, and is extremely difficult. The high road is continued seven miles.

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\* A practice which some towns in the united kingdoms might do well to imitate.

† Eryx Mons est ad Mare—Urbe sub ipsum, verticem posita est: ascenditur ad illum longâ et difficilè via.—*POUVINUS.*

- towards Palermo, and so far is fit for a mail-coach. I am now positive there were formerly excellent roads, though hilly, all over Sicily. The Romans always made roads, and no country has better materials. Enormous sums are raised from the people every year for roads, but not a shilling is laid out on them. Mount Eryx is a very strong military position, and well worth seeing. The officer who came up with me, has been lately at Castro Gavain, and thinks old Trapani not unlike it, and nearly as strong. Notwithstanding the difficult access, there is a large town, with several churches, on the top of this mountain, and a very old castle. I do not recollect to have seen one
- that has a greater appearance of antiquity.

There was a magnificent temple on Mount Eryx, dedicated to Venus, one of the most beautiful in the universe. According to Diodorus Siculus, thirteen towns were heavily taxed for the support of it and its numerous clergy; and if we are to believe tradition, this temple of Venus was licensed for all sorts of debauchery; and to such lengths can the human mind be brought, that virgins thought themselves highly favoured by being admitted to the rites of this licentious abode. Of course, beauty was a requisite. Tacitus mentions, that the emperor Tiberius ordered it to be repaired.

There is not the slightest vestige of it remaining. Verres, the devoted worshipper of Venus, out of the pillaged property of the murdered Servilius, presented a silver Cupid at the temple on Mount Eryx.

Whether morality and virtue have increased, or the contrary, during the latter ages, I cannot positively answer. But certain it is, that debauchery has assumed a different shape: it is not openly avowed, and in this we appear to have an advantage over the ancients, who certainly were not much restrained by delicacy. Thus a Priapus was not only a household god, but worn, it is said, as an ornament, by women. Whatever was the real use of this temple of Venus, now rests much on tradition; but if the priestesses were selected from the most beautiful young women, it is to be presumed youth and beauty were not entirely sacrificed, as in modern convents. For the mere care of the temple, old women would have answered; we have therefore a right to assume, that it was a temple of pleasure: but under what restrictions, or what particular individuals were allowed to partake of it, is now lost to us; or, like many other things, enveloped in doubt and uncertainty.

Mount Eryx certainly might be easily made an impregnable post. Two new bread and good

roads up to this town have been laid out ; one on the Palermo side, which is nearly finished ; but that on the Trapani side is only half complete ; we therefore went up a mule-path on *Jerusalem ponies*. We came down by this new road, which, odd as it may appear, they work downwards, and we had great difficulty in making our way on foot, from where that work ends to the great road, having to climb over loose stones, and get down almost perpendicular precipices. The bird's eye view of Trapani from hence, and of all the coast and surrounding country, is very fine.

There is a plain which extends towards Gergenti, as far as I could see, and I dare say is thirty miles in length by twelve wide. I never saw finer crops or cultivation, or richer pasture land, and all open country ; it looks like a garden, and very clean. The view also of the *Ægean* islands, viz. Maratimo, Levingo, and Fagniani, is fine : they are mountains rising from the sea. On the top of the latter is an old castle with deep dungeons, in which several state prisoners are confined\*.

Trapani has large salt-works ; and a church formerly of the Jesuits, is a good one, with

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\* There are also a number of convicts confined in this island, and, as I hear, treated with the utmost severity.

handsome Doric columns of polished granite. The college has two squares, with colonades and piazzas, two stories high : one is still used for education, and the other now a barrack. The land-port gate has been lately rebuilt. An aqueduct (which brings water to the town from ten miles distance) looks well.

10th.—A fine day, but the wind as contrary as it can blow, and so much of it, that it is impossible to get out of the port. I intend to go to Gergenti by sea.

I should have mentioned a convent half way up Trapani hill, in a fine situation. The Carmelite convent has a handsome church, a fine marble staircase, and very wide and handsome corridors and galleries leading to the rooms of the monks, forty in number, and a cloister with columns, &c. of two stories. The monks shewed me the famous Virgin, of marble, that I saw on Saturday last so ornamented and worshipped. I was close to her, which is a favour. In the afternoon I rode some miles towards Castel Veterano; but did not go so far, understanding there was nothing worth seeing there.

Contrary wind and bad weather continue, —I went with lieutenant Crotty in his boat, to the castle and light-house; on a small

island of rocks about a mile off. The castle is an octagon building, very old, and has out-works, or rather a lower fort, in which are good casements. An officer and twenty men are stationed here, and relieved once a week ; in the time of the Romans it was called Columbara.

The Capuchin convent is poor. From the church is an apartment with the dead bodies of the deceased brethren, and being enclosed by a door of open rail-work, every one can look in and see this *memento mori*.

The Mole runs out from near this, and has a square fort, and telegraph at the end of it ; to which, from the Capuchin-gate along the Mole, is a handsome flagged walk : it is the mall, and is crowded every evening in summer, having the full benefit of any breeze there may be ; and since the English have been here, has occasionally the *agrément* of a military band.

The Franciscan convent is very large, and the church good. They have a very fine gold chalice, highly ornamented with coral, beautifully engraved, and a coral Christ, about a foot high. So large a piece of coral is a curiosity.

11th.—This morning at nine o'clock I went to the garrison parade ; and after breakfast, as

the wind came fair, embarked, and with some persuasion and difficulty got the gun-boat under weigh.

The port of Trapani is very bad, having rocks to the north, and extensive banks to the south ; and it requires a wind one point at least to the north, to weather these shoals, for any vessel going southward. The wind changed again to due west, and blew hard with a swell, so that after beating about for four hours, we found it impossible to proceed, and were obliged to return to Trapani.—I saw a poor procession to the chief church : the women all in black cloaks and veils, looked like nuns. Many of them wear boots—a vile custom.

12th.—Blows hard, and contrary. This climate is almost as uncertain during four months of the year, viz. January to the end of April, as that of Ireland. One could hardly imagine that in this southern latitude, in the middle of April, there would be eight days continuance of stormy and very cold weather ; yet so it has been, and what is worse, no appearance of changing.

Loud thunder, lightning, heavy rain and hail came on about nine, p. m. and continued all night.

13th.—The wind came round N.W. this



morning, but the sea was so rough we could not go out. After breakfast I got a horse, and rode about six miles on the Marsalla road. When I returned, about one o'clock p. m. finding the sea not so rough as in the morning, and the wind quite fair, I persuaded the master of the gun-boat to put to sea, though there was still a heavy swell. I therefore took leave of general Henstids (of the German Legion), who commands here, and from whom I received all possible attention and civility; indeed as there is not any sort of inn at Trapani, I was indebted to his hospitality for not only a good quarter, but I breakfasted and dined with him every day during my stay.

To avoid the shoals off this port, vessels stand across, till close in with the island of Fagniani. The direct distance from Trapani to Marsala is eighteen miles: it looks to be more by land, but by standing across, it is certainly twenty-four miles, and this we sailed in three hours: we left Trapani soon after one, and arrived at four o'clock.

Marsala\* cannot be called a harbour, and it would be dangerous, if not impossible, to enter it at night. A bank runs out, and only a miserable pole stuck on it for a mark; and as

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\* Et vada dura lego saxis Lilybeia cæcis.—Æne. iii. ver. 706.

the gun-boat had to beat up after passing the point, and the wind was so strong, she touched the ground; they hauled her in, but she lost her anchor.

Marsala is the ancient Lilibæum—Cicero was prefect here.

I went to the British vice-consul's, who gave me a room; and I called on Mr. Woodhouse the wine-merchant, who lives about half a mile out of town. He was very polite, offered me a room, and sent me four bottles of good old wine—a very acceptable present.

People who travel in Sicily will meet every civility; but comfort or good living is out of the question, unless the traveller bring his cook in his suite.

14th.—I got good quarters from the consul, a very civil old man. I was told there was nothing worth seeing at Marsala; but I found work for a day. I went out early this morning, first to mass, at the Madre Chiesa, a very large and good church. I next called on Mr. Woodhouse, and he walked with me to the convent of Funto Francisco de Paula, a large building, and in a fine situation. They shewed me an underground room filled with dried dead bodies, which is, I believe, almost universal in the Sicilian convents. They have

a pretty garden in a sort of latomy, or quarry; but a little further in the country, is a very great curiosity—it is an immense quarry, cut out in caverns of various dimensions: the stone is porous and soft, the strata are at least 100 feet thick; they can easily cut out square stones of any size: the great natural curiosity is, that those quarries are entirely composed of shells, and of many not now found in this part of Sicily, viz. scollops. I saw, and took out shells from the very middle of these rocks, I may safely say, that had been enclosed fifty feet in them, and with a knife I easily worked them out. In some parts where these quarries are cut through, there are beds of shells in the very centre. What convulsions of nature, and what time it must have taken, to form such masses from mere shells heaped together and petrified!—The earth about these quarries produces excellent salt-petre.

Mr. Woodhouse has a great wine establishment here; he buys the surrounding vineyards, and makes a very good wine called Marsala, not unlike Madeira.

The Sybil Cumæa's grotto is under a small church out of town, and a much larger is under the church called Madona de la Grotta.

I could not discover the least vestige of any old works about Marsala (Lilibæum), as there

are at Trapani, and even Mazzara; and yet it is remarkable for having stood one of the greatest sieges of antiquity in the first Punic war. It was so well defended for five years, that though attacked by every mode which the art of the day suggested, the Romans could not take it.

Carnot, in his able work, *Sur la Defense des Places*, in speaking of it, says it was the strongest fortress the Carthaginians had in Sicily;—et les Romains n'oublièrent rien pour s'en rendre maîtres, ni les ennemis pour la bien defendre.

Polybius gives an account of this siege, which Folard describes as—"sans contredit le chef d'œuvre de l'art et de la capacité Romaine. Rien de plus savant, rien de plus beau, rien de plus instructif que cette attaque—de plus admirable, et de plus profond, que cette defense; tout ce que l'art a de plus fin paroît ici au plus haut degre de perfection."

I walked about the environs of Marsala, reflecting on what it once was, but could find no trace of any thing in the slightest degree indicative of what the historian describes. As to the present inhabitants, I doubt if they know it was ever called Lilibæum.

Marsala is a good town, close to the sea, and surrounded by a wall: it has an old castle, some bastions, and two handsome gates. The roads from it, for about a mile, are wide and

excellent ; and the country tolerably well cultivated.

At three o'clock p. m. I took leave of the hospitable consul, and embarked. The wind being perfectly fair, we ran down to Mazzara, sixteen miles, in two hours, but the sea was extremely rough. I had a letter to Mr. Paine, an English merchant, and went to his house ; but Mr. Paine had gone on board an English man of war in the bay.

While dinner was preparing I walked out. The town looks very well from the sea, but is the worst I have seen in Sicily : it is a perfect model of ancient fortification, before the invention of gunpowder, being surrounded by a very thick wall, at least thirty feet high, with a battlement on the top, and parapet wall inside and outside ; and square elevated towers every thirty yards. A young Englishman shewed me a pretty church about a mile distant in the country ; there was a pleasant walk to it ; but though he has been a year here, to every question, " I don't know, I'm sure," was the answer. I heard there was a fine cathedral—" I don't know, I'm sure."—Well, a college—" I don't know, I'm sure." In short, he had never seen either, but was very civil, and willing to go about with me. On my return, I found Mr. Paine had arrived with captain Down and two

English gentlemen from Palermo. We passed a very pleasant evening, and I had a most hospitable reception.

15th.—I went out early this morning to see the cathedral, in which are four very fine antique marble sarcophagi, with basso reliefs on them. At the head of the church are several good marble figures of Jesus Christ, the Virgin, Holy Ghost, &c. &c. and a colossal one of the Supreme Being. St. Catharine's, belonging to a Benedictine monastery near it, is a very pretty church. The cloisters for monks are all called convents; those for nuns, monasteries. The college, a handsome building for the clergy, is in the square opposite to the bishop's palace. The town-house and cathedral were on the other side of the square. There seemed to be a good market, and plenty of fish.

After breakfast I embarked. We had a very fine day; the sea was smooth, but there was a brisk and fair wind. They call it twelve miles to Peleri, the ancient Salenuntum, and eighteen from thence to Sciacca; but I should reverse them, for I am certain we went nearly seven knots an hour, and it took three hours to get to Salenuntum, where I landed. There is an old square castle and watch-tower near the beach, with a guard, on account of smugglers.

The padrone or master, came on shore with me, armed with a huge stiletto, and I directed the gun-boat to go on to Cape St. Marco, and there bring to, for us, as I found we could procure mules from a farm-house near, and I wished to see this side of the country.

Selinus, the rival city of Segesta, was built on two hills, about a mile from the sea; and formerly had a port between the hills; but now choked up by the sand, and probably filled by the convulsion which destroyed the temples, the ruins of which are all that now remain of Selinus.

On one hill stood a very large temple, and three upon the other hill, standing parallel\*.

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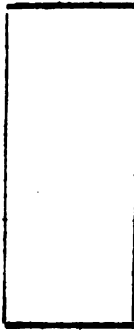
\* The lines in the following sketch represent the ground plot of the temple, the columns ranging along the lines.



Fluted columns.



Columns not  
fluted.



Fluted  
columns.



Fluted  
columns.

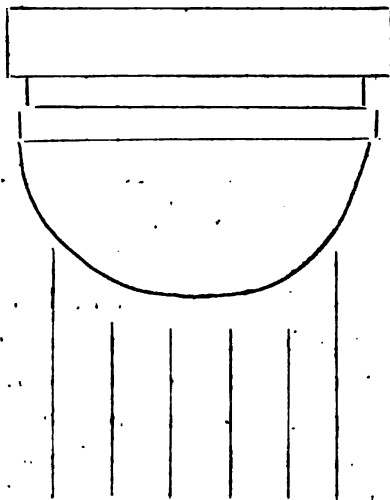
All are of the old Doric order ; but a mass of ruins, and huge blocks of stone scattered about, are all that remain of them at present.

These temples must have been demolished by an earthquake, for from the size and weight of the columns, as well as from their having all fallen in the same direction, it seems impossible to have happened by human efforts. The confusion on the inside proves that nothing else



could have thrown bases, capitals, pieces of shafts, cornices, and large stones, into such a chaotic heap. In one temple, the three steps (as at Segesta) remain perfect amidst this complete devastation and ruin. It is however very evident, that these temples were exactly similar to that at Segesta, but larger, and were probably built at the same time. I measured the diameter of one column, and found it nine feet. The shafts are not of one piece. One of the temples had columns of six feet diameter. The square on the abacus of the large capitals measured fifteen feet, and was in one piece.

Fifteen Feet.



From the large stones and pieces of columns scattered about the adjoining fields, the city

was probably of considerable extent, and its antiquity very great.

On looking into Mr. Wilkins' *Magna Græcia*, and St. Non's *Voyage Pittoresque*, I find that they mention six temples in all; three being situated in what was called the Acropolis. Indeed St. Non, who visited Salenuntum near twenty years before Wilkins, says, that so little then remained of one of these latter, that it was with difficulty he could ascertain its situation. For my part, after the most accurate observation, I could only discover the ruins of four temples, situated as I have described.

Other points in which I differ from the above authors, are, they mention that part of the columns were fluted, and part not. According to my notes, taken on the spot, they appear to have been all fluted in three of the temples, and not fluted in one; for I could only discover four temples; but the demolition is so great, and so many weeds and briars, and even small trees growing over them, that I found it almost impossible to get in the inside of the temples; and therefore most likely Mr. Wilkins is correct, and that I am mistaken as to the flutes\*. St. Non says, that some of

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\* I had an advantage which every one has not. The king was expected at Selinus, and, in consequence, 200 peasants were sent here about a fortnight ago, for a week, to clear about them, and make a

these columns were in the shaft of a single piece, and forty-five feet in length; but there is no appearance at present of any of the columns having been of a single block, but the contrary.

Mr. Wilkins, who took the dimensions with all the accuracy possible amongst such enormous and prostrate masses, states the length of the largest temple at 331 feet by 161; the diameter of the columns ten feet, and their height, including capital, 48 feet 7 inches. In one there are a few stumps of columns remaining, by which it appears they had not bases.

I sat down on the shattered fragment of a column, shaded by trees growing out of the ruins: the country was uncultivated, and appeared without inhabitants, for I could only see the distant watch-tower, and one miserable hovel: all was silence around, and presented the resemblance of a desert.

Contemplating the scene before me, I thought, how uncertain is the duration of the strongest works of man\*! who thinks himself the lord

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path-way. Still the interiors are so overthrown, and in such disorder, that it is impossible to make out more than a vast heap of broken columns and stones.

\* Many of the stones are of gigantic dimensions, so much so, as to make it matter of astonishment by what mechanical powers they were ever put up, or got there.

of the earth, though he every day may have demonstration of his insignificance, and that the labours of his hand, however solid, are destroyed by the slightest convulsion of nature.

It is, notwithstanding, fortunate, that almost all educated men have a desire to leave behind them some remembrance of their talents or their virtues, and to live, by name at least, in future ages, when they shall be laid in the dust, and can receive no pleasure from human praise.

“ Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ? ”

But whatever gratifies our vanity, we readily adopt, and the sentiment, that we are individually of importance to society, has its use ; it may stimulate to good actions, and at all events can do no injury. What influence has religion on the human mind, and how diversified are the modes of faith and the objects of adoration ! These once magnificent temples were certainly dedicated to heathen deities ; and here thousands have been to offer their devotions, and celebrate rites in honour of imaginary beings. Thus imposture has flourished in all ages and nations, and credulity and fanaticism have been the severe scourges of mankind. But whether it be the priest of the Vatican, the Bramin, the Methodist, the Lutheran, or the Calvinist, a certain degree of deception is

perhaps to be found in all\*, and may possibly be necessary.

I could not help calling to mind Volney's reflection—"Here an opulent city once flourished;—yes, this place, now so desert, a living multitude formerly animated†!"

Here indeed a traveller may sit among the broken columns of the temples, and reflect on the undoubted truth, that the greatest empires,

\* The Portuguese say, "*tropas son tropas*"—and I believe might add, "*priests are priests*." But I do not mean to go the length of Mr. Beaumont, who, in a sermon preached against superstition at Wakefield, nearly a century ago, which was afterwards versified, says,

To let my gentle hearers know  
 Who this same superstition is, and how  
 Th' ill-fated monster is descended,  
 (Pray, brother parsons, be n't offended),  
 It had no father, but a mother,  
 Or *Priestcraft* is both one and t'other:  
 All priests, you know, are of a feather,  
*Jews, Christians, Pagans*, all together,  
 This gainful cheat have carried on,  
 And this alone their work has done.  
 Can we suppose the *Romish* harlot  
 Had e'er been deck'd in glorious scarlet,  
 Triumphant rode from west to east,  
 Astride the many-headed beast,  
 If reason had not left its station  
 By force of transubstantiation?  
 She'd ne'er been rais'd where now she sits,  
 Had not men first renounc'd their wits.

† Volney, *Les Ruines*.

‡ Rev. c. xvii.

and every monument raised by man, will, some time or other, like man himself, come to its end; and yet, with so many monitors before our eyes, what numbers go on, just as if they were to live for ever. The sight of such ruins should shew us the folly of pride, and the absurdity of that presumption which so many assume; they may also teach us the wisdom of enjoying rational pleasures, considering that every hour we live in uncertainty, as to what may happen the next; they likewise afford a most instructive lesson against the anxious cares of avarice and ambition.

The padrone arrived, with two mules and a countryman, who had as usual his musket; he walked along as guide.

I went once more round these temples. In one, there are several columns partly standing, that is, about seven feet from the base;—another proof, that the destruction was not human; for had it been so, why leave a few columns partly standing, after such a terrible overthrow in other places? The stone at Salenuntum, like that at Segesta, is a soft porous concretion of shells, and the remains of marine animals; and considering their great antiquity, I wonder the weather has not had more effect on them. I cut a shell out of one of the columns. The drawings in Mr. Wilkins'

Magna Græcia give an exact representation of these ruins.

We rode several miles through an uninhabited country. I have not seen any part of Sicily so deserted. The chief cities are all on the coast. *Ætna* indeed, except in his upper regions, is well inhabited; but the iron hand of oppression has depopulated the interior of the island, and apparently also this S. E. coast. We rode along it above two miles, when the mule-path struck more into the interior, over hills and through valleys, without house, tree, or inhabitant; but the soil was excellent, as I could easily perceive, from the verdure, and from the wild plants which grow luxuriantly. Its natural fertility is great, and yet as to inhabitants it is a desert;—how happens it, that where nature is luxuriant, and invites to a happy situation, which would abundantly supply the necessities of life, all should be more deserted than the moors of Northumberland? for here I did not see even a goat; and yet we find men emigrating to comparatively barren countries, and living in cold and disagreeable climates. It must be, that men will not establish themselves under the heavy hand of despotism. What signifies the climate, the fine soil, and the natural riches of this island, when its population groans under oppression of every

sort? where heavy taxation, feudal tyranny, and a merciless clergy, devour every thing, and make no return to the unfortunate slave; for so I must call him. I every day lament that this fine island is so unjustly treated, and so deplorably mismanaged.

My padrone might have left his stiletto in his boat: we met not an individual between Salenuntum and Cape Marco, near which a few houses gave shelter to some fishermen, who send off their fish to Sciacca. The day was so warm (at least while we were in exercise), that I was very glad I did not encumber myself with my sword. It would have been useless—there are no assassins or robbers in this depopulated district.

It was nearly five o'clock when we got on board the gun-boat. During my absence I had a leg of mutton which I brought with me, boiled, not stewed to rags, and I dined well; which I have not done for some time, being half poisoned with the Sicilian cookery since Pascall left me. We hailed a fishing-boat, and got a pair of remarkably fine soles, which I had fried; a bottle of claret was also a luxury, after several hours fatigue and heat. I had just finished when we arrived at Sciacca, which is on a hill over and close to the sea. We fired a salute, and the echo had a fine effect.



I went to the consul's, and, as usual, was hospitably received by signor Bulgare Timbora. I accompanied him to a service, or funzione, in the principal church, which was illuminated. Excellent music amused me there for nearly an hour. After this, I spent an hour in writing, and then supped with the consul and his family.

## CHAP. III.

*Hot-Baths of Sciacca—Volcanic Steam-bath of Mount Calogero—Arrival at Gergenti—Picturesque situation of the City—Cathedral—Ancient Sarcophagus—Temples of Venus—of Concord—of Hercules, and of Jupiter Olympius—Ruins of Agrigentum.*

THIS morning I walked out early (before breakfast) to the baths. The conduit for the water, which comes from Mount Calogero\*, is very ancient, but the baths are modern, and much like those at Aix-la-Chapelle, with the difference of Sicilian and Flemish cleanliness. There are two†, one for gentlemen, and one for ladies, with dressing-rooms contiguous, and

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\* It was on Mount Calogero that Dædalus took refuge from Minos; who suffocated him in the sulphur stoves of the mountain.

† There is excellent accommodation in the town of Sciacca; the walk to the baths is short; and though there are rooms to undress in, and every convenience, I hear they are but little resorted to. No establishment of the kind will answer in Sicily, unless through foreign aid. The baths are ancient; and if more known, would, I am certain, bring many foreigners to Sciacca.

a well of different water for drinking. The overplus of water (for the spring appears very fruitful), is conducted to a very large tank, into which they put their corn, whether for seed, or to wash and clean what is for sale, I could not understand, but I rather think the latter, viz. that they wash all their corn, instead of winnowing it, and the heat of the sun dries it again in a few hours.

The water of these baths is naturally so hot, that I could not possibly keep my hand in it at the place of discharge into the bath, which may be twenty feet square by four deep: it soon gets tepid, however. On taking it up in a glass, it looks clear, and tastes like boiled Harrowgate water, yet more sulphurous.

To look at the bath, the water appears yellow, with a cream of sulphur on it; yet taken at the pipe of the conduit, is perfectly clear: it is drunk also, and is of a laxative quality, like that of Harrowgate. On full examination and enquiry, I have no doubt but it is a most valuable water, and in England or France, would be a fortune to the proprietor, and prove of the utmost benefit to the patient, being far stronger than that of Aix-la-Chapelle or Harrowgate. The water for drinking is scarcely warm, and much weaker than the other.

Mount Calogero is about three miles from

these baths, and on the top of the mountain is a convent and a vapour-bath. I got a mule and a guide, and rode up, though the morning was very close and sultry, and the sort of saddle I had without stirrups. It scarcely repaid me for the labour and time; but I have often been in this manner disappointed. It appears to me to be the mere boca of a volcano, which emits smoke, but no fire: they had excavated a room or cavern in the rocks, into which a very strong sulphurous vapour comes from crevices\*.

Patients get accommodation at the convent; and when enclosed in this room (with just an opening to prevent suffocation), a most profuse perspiration comes on. Such a contrivance might be made for the vapour at any volcano; and Mount Calogero is neither more nor less than one, which the volumes of vapour and smoke from it prove.

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\* "The great mountain of San Calogero, which rises above Sciacca, presents many phenomena of subterraneous fermentation. The surface being formed of calcareous strata, which in this part of Sicily is mixed with common salt (and from which it derives a saltish quality), is condemned to a perpetual and frightful sterility. But in its interior, all announces a perennial and unceasing sulphurous fermentation; and these phenomena exist there from time immemorial. Almost from every part, and from every hole or opening, vapours of boiling water and of sulphur, fill the surrounding atmosphere. I have been assured, that the island of Pantellaria, which is opposite to this mountain, at a distance of seventy miles, presents the same phenomena."

The spring which supplies the Sciacca baths, certainly come from hence, and as I was assured, are conveyed by an old aqueduct under ground. From the height I had an exquisite and very extensive prospect: on a clear day they can see Africa. On my return to Sciacca, I found that, besides the hot-baths, there is one of cold and saltish water.

I returned by half past eight o'clock to breakfast; and then walked through the town, which stands high over the sea. It is surrounded by a wall, has an old castle called Luna, and appears a most healthy situation.

At Santa Lucia are four very good pictures by Rossi. Near this is the college, and before it, a very beautiful terrace over the sea—this is the public walk. In a convent of Benedictine nuns, there is a ceiling beautifully painted.

There are great corn magazines here; of course, under the superintendence of the despotic *Real Patrimonio*, which plunders the farmers and merchants without mercy. This also is a caricatori, or place from which corn is exported, which they pretend is to encourage trade; but in fact the corn laws of Sicily are a code of fraud, pillage, and most arbitrary exaction; so much so, as to make it a wonder that there is any corn cultivated in the island.

Sciacca formerly contained 40,000 people. The intestine disputes and civil wars of two

powerful families, Luna and Pellory, occasioned its ruin, as well as their own.

The king was here last week for two whole days ; but his majesty might as well have staid at Palermo : it will scarcely be believed, but he never went to see the baths, or indeed went out at all during the two days—no doubt he found sufficient recreation in contemplating the virtues of his queen.

My room at the consul's was in a fine situation over the sea, and I could have breakfasted comfortably by myself, enjoying the prospect ; but I was obliged to submit to be stared at all the time by the consul and his family, and I believe by all his acquaintance, who came to do the honours of the house in this way. Such is the custom in Sicily.

I embarked at twelve o'clock : the day was fine, the wind perfectly fair, and the sea appeared smooth. When out half an hour, the wind freshened to a stiff gale, and the sea became very high—in short, we ran to Gergenti in three hours and a half, going ten knots an hour, and being mostly under water ; but I was not the least sick. Our launch was towed after, and fastened by a small cable, as thick as my arm ; however, so high were the waves, that one broke over and filled her. The weight and sudden jerk broke the cable, and down she

went in a minute after—it was fortunate no one was lost. The order had just been given to haul her alongside, to put two men in to bale her, and had they been in when the rope broke, we could not, I believe, at the rate we went, have saved them.

Gergenti stands very high; it is four miles from the beach, where there is a mole, harbour, and a few houses.

Though we came from a Sicilian port, were only a few hours at sea, and with a pendant\*, a consequential gentleman came alongside, and made great difficulty about our landing. Had we come from Tunis or Algiers, there could not have been more ceremony. If we had not lost our boat, we should have been soon on shore, but being now anchored some distance from it, we were at their mercy. After much dispute, we were hauled in and landed. I never was so surrounded with vagabonds; even worse than the landing used to be at Sir John Rogerson's quay in Dublin (which seemed the *ne plus ultra* of misery and roguery). At last I

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\* Every king's ship, from a first rate to a gun-boat, carries a pendant, and at least assumes the title of man of war. As men of war are not trading vessels, and do not carry suspected goods, there is always a difference made between them and other ships—unless coming from Barbary, the Levant, or some place known to be infected.





Giraffati.



London, Pub. by John Harding, 15, Newgate Street, 1855.

got a horse for myself and a mule for my baggage.

The road to Gergenti is good, and of romantic beauty; hills rising above hills, and when unexpectedly opening on the distant ruins of the temples, on very elevated ground, the view is truly impressive and sublime. At a bridge, about half way between the port and the modern town, nothing can be more charming than the scene. It is impossible to behold it without having the wish, which I think Dupaty mentions, "why are you not here, all who are dear to me?—I could wish you to witness these delightful objects."

The city of Gergenti stands on very high ground; and at a little distance has a good appearance. Towns, however, like other objects, often appear beautiful at a distance, that will not bear near examination. So it is with Gergenti. The situation, indeed, cannot be surpassed: from it the eye is gratified with such picturesque beauty, as makes me almost forget the enchanting views near Messina, Taurominium, and Palermo. Here infinite variety strikes the beholder with pleasure and astonishment, far beyond my powers of description. The hills present every variety of outline.

The country is in some parts cultivated; olive plantations, aloes, fig-trees, vines, are

intermixed and dispersed about with partial verdure, and here and there a heap of ruins; the temples at some distance, give an awful yet pleasing addition to the scene; the town forming an amphitheatre above all. From the Dominican convent, or just on the outside of the town, is the best place for enjoying this delicious landscape, which, with the beautiful basin the sea forms at four miles distance, has altogether a fascinating effect.

What a contrast on entering the town! where, churches excepted, all seems misery and poverty: narrow, dirty, and ill-paved streets; with such bad footing for horse or mule, that after nearly breaking my neck, I was obliged to dismount and walk.—Gergenti, once the seat of riches, learning and luxury, is now almost the worst town in Sicily, though one of the richest bishopricks in the island.

I got accommodation at the English consul's, who appears a worthy and polite man: indeed the letters he has from lord Nelson, and almost every general and admiral that have been to visit this curious place, prove the fact.

While dinner was preparing, we went to see the cathedral, which is a large handsome building. In it is a beautiful sarcophagus, with fine figures in alto relievo, representing a hunt of the wild boar. It is of white marble, and

very beautiful, and still more curious, from the known circumstance, that it was found in the time of the ancient Agrigentum, and its antiquity could not then be ascertained\*.

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\* The prince Biscaris says, "in this magnificent temple there is a marble sarcophagus, certainly the most beautiful that we have in Sicily. There are many opinions as to the object it was intended for. It was generally supposed by the Agrigentines, that the body of Falerius was buried in it (not considering that this tyrant had drawn on himself the contempt of the people to such a degree, as to have fallen in an insurrection, and his memory was so much detested, that after his death, it was forbidden to use the colour, blue, in any article of dress, as it had been much used by his favourites; consequently it is highly improbable that they would have erected to him so magnificent a monument. Others were of opinion, that it represented the hunt of the Caledonian boar, the object of Meleager's pursuit; but they did not perceive that the figure of Atalanta was wanting, who was the principal object of this ideal scene. The last person who has written concerning the monument, is the Signor Vincenzo Gaglio Girgentano, who, on mature consideration, deemed it to represent the tragical fable of Hyppolitus and Phædra. On the principal front is represented Hyppolitus in the act of setting out for the chase, in a Roman vest, with a small sword under the left arm, and in the left hand he holds something, that the Signor Gaglio takes to be two tablets, with some appearance of writing; in the right hand he holds a short lance. Around him are eleven other figures, ten of which represent the hunters, companions of Hyppolitus, ornamented with clubs and shields; some leading horses, others hounds.

The ancient Œnoue, the nurse of Phædra, appears to present him with a letter, which he and his companions do not seem to notice. The east side presents Phædra in a swoon at the account of the repulse, communicated by Œnoue, who is supporting her, and other female friends endeavouring to soothe her sorrows by the sounds of their lyres. On the third side, which is behind the first mentioned, is seen, in basso relievo, the boar hunt, and Hyppolitus on horseback in the act of striking the boar with his lance, accompanied by his followers on foot, and many dogs falling on the animal. The fourth side expresses the tragical end of Hyppolitus, thrown from the car by the disorder of the enraged horses,

The altars of the cathedral are rich, being mostly of silver, in high relief, representing sacred subjects. There are also some good pictures, one of a Madona and child, a true Guido. The chalice is wonderfully well worked; it was made at Palermo, and is rich in diamonds and emeralds. The cornice, which from below appears but small, admits a man to walk all over it with ease, and without danger. Persons standing at the great entrance whisper, and when the man on the cornice gets behind the chief altar, he hears it plainly; but his answer must be given loud. Brydone has made a comical story out of this circumstance. They also shew an urn, and likewise a silver sarcophagus, in which the bones of their patron saint are deposited, which the people hold in great veneration, relying on these reliques as certain protection against earthquakes, or such misfortunes\*. Such is superstition, and the state of mind of the majority, in the nineteenth century.

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who were terrified at the appearance of the sea-monster sent by Neptune at the instigation of Venus. This is one of the finest pieces of antiquity in Sicily, and at present serves as a baptismal font in this remarkable cathedral.

\* We certainly cannot in this age allow the justice of Polybius's remark, viz. " Je suis persuadé que la plus grande déesse qu'il y ait parmi les hommes, celle qui a le plus de force et de pouvoir, c'est la Vérité.

From the consul's house there is an extensive view of the beautiful country about Gergenti, taking in the temples, and the distance bounded by the sea; all which form as interesting a scene as can be imagined. I breakfasted in the open air, on a terrace commanding this charming prospect. Afterwards we rode to the ancient Agrigentum, or rather its ruins. The day was uncommonly fine. The site of the ancient city and of the temples, is full two miles from modern Gergenti. The view of them, as I cannot too often mention, is singularly interesting, for the country round is in such cultivation, and at present so green (with some wood also), that one might suppose them in the middle of one of our fine parks. It is imagined the temples were at the extremity of the city.

The first temple is dedicated to Venus (some say Juno); about half of it remains. The second, that of Concord, known by an inscription found on it (and which is now placed in a wall in one of the houses at Gergenti), and

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*On a beau de tous côtés s'élever contre elle, en vain toutes les probabilités semblent favoriser le mensonge, elle s'insinue et entre par elle-même je ne sais comment dans l'ame. Quelquefois elle fait éclater d'abord sa puissance, il arrive aussi quelquefois qu'elle demeure longtems obscurcie, et comme étouffée sous les ténèbres; mais enfin elle reprend le dessus par ses propres forces, et triomphe glorieusement de son ennemi."*

is nearly perfect, except its roof, which has long since fallen. The consul, who remembers it for fifty years, sees no alteration or destruction in that time. I think one thousand pounds would repair it, and make it as perfect as ever it was.

What a pity, not to repair such a monument of antiquity. It is on the same plan as that of Venus, has thirteen columns on each side, and four at each end, or six, as Brydone says, with the angle columns, which may be counted either as front or side. In short, the number is thirty-four. There are two sets of stone steps perfect, by one of which I went to the top.

The third is the temple of Hercules, nearly a ruin; and the fourth, of Jupiter Olympius, a heap of ruins; but from the foundation, which has been cleared, it evidently was very large; the remains of its columns lie about in enormous masses.

The temples were built of huge stones, requiring great mechanical powers to raise and put together, and were joined without mortar; indeed their weight would be sufficient to keep them in their places.

The columns are all of the Doric order, and fluted. The bases, capitals, and entablatures in that of Concord, are nearly perfect. If the

columns were plastered with a strong cement, to fill up the devastation time has made in some places, which would last in this climate, where there is no frost, and if a roof were put on, the inside might be easily fitted up as a church; the fluting of the columns could be preserved, and they would look very handsome; the colour is a fine brown.

Opposite the temple of Hercules is the monument and burying-place of Hiero, king of Agrigentum, and though probably 2000 years old, is not much in ruin; but the pyramid has fallen. There are several other temples, viz. of Æsculapius, Vulcan, &c. but in such total ruin, that little vestige remains of them.

On the hill to the left of these temples, towards the sea, the Roman army was encamped, and on the other, to the right, or the Gergenti side, the Carthaginian. The catacombs were extensive, but are now so choked up, that it is impossible to go far into them. A part of the south wall remains.

The rocks on these hills, and the stones of all the ruins, are composed, like the quarries at Marsala, of a concretion of shells\*, gravel, pebbles, sand, limestone, all cemented together,

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\* Shells are found on the top, and over the whole mountain on which Agrigentum stands, nearly fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.



but the shells are not decomposed. This proves the great antiquity and revolutions of our globe. Sicily is an interesting country for geological enquiry. The different forms of mountains, the various minerals, rocks, and strata, composed of different materials, are curious subjects for both physical and metaphysical research, or for what Voltaire called, "*groping in the dark.*"

We sat down in the midst of the colossal ruins of the temple of Jupiter, or, as it is frequently called, of the Giants. Here a multitude once lived, influenced no doubt by all the passions and corruptions of the present race. I beheld ruins, cultivated fields, and humble cottages, where palaces and temples stood—such are the revolutions of time! I thought of Volney's beautiful expression—"Silent and awful ruins cannot be viewed without a portion of melancholy meditation."—In such I here indulged myself, reflecting on what Gergenti was, and what it now is—the contrast between the wretched state of the modern town and the splendid scenery all round it,

"Here many a wonder, many a scene sublime,  
As, on he journeys, checks the traveller's steps."

Agrigentum gave birth to several great men, amongst others, to Empedocles.

"Quorum Agragantinus cum primis Empedocles est.

The impressions received on visiting places famous for past events, are mixed with pleasure and awe, tending to melancholy: in short, they occasion a train of thought not easily described, particularly when connected with the recollection of great men, all dead and gone centuries ago, as well as those friends we have lately lost, and of all whom,

*"Poca polvere son, che nulla sente."*

A little senseless dust alone remains.

These are intellectual pleasures, mixed, however, with pain, but affording useful lessons on the uncertainty of all things.

After we had rested ourselves (though at this time I had no idea I should leave Gergenti so soon), I visited each temple again. That of Concord is certainly grand and beautiful, and is situated in a retired spot; the columns are thirty-six feet high, and five diameter. The consul gave me the dimensions of these temples, but not according to our measurement. As they stand, it is impossible to look at them without feelings of veneration and admiration. Wilkins has given accurate plans and measures of them, in his *Magna Græcia*, a work which every man of taste will find pleasure in perusing.

This temple of Jupiter was three hundred

and forty feet long, sixty broad, and they say, one hundred in height. From the immense blocks, pieces of capitals, &c. &c. which lie scattered about, it must indeed have been a work of giants.

There are scarcely any remains of the temple of Castor and Pollux. Numberless pieces of broken marble, and other mutilated remains of ancient Agrigentum, also lie scattered about, and though so near the modern town, are undisturbed, and remain in silence and solitude.

At a little distance from the temples, in a part called Neopolis, are the greatest number of ruined tombs, and by their extent, it is evident there must have been a great population.

There is an entrance to these catacombs near the temple of Concord ; but the galleries are so choked up with rubbish, that it is impossible to go far, though their extent can be traced on the outside by many apertures, through which air and light are admitted. Some are still open, and many partly filled up. I believe the dimensions of these excavations have never been taken ; they are now in such a state of devastation, and so covered with old olive trees, shrubs, and wild plants, the growth of ages, that it would require the labour of many hundred men to clear the ground, so as to enable an antiquarian, or any curious person, to take a plan of them.

We returned by a different road from these ruins. Immense blocks of stone and broken columns lie all along in the fields, scattered about, the sad testimonials of former magnificence, now in destruction, and visited only by the harmless and beautiful lizard: pieces of marble, and various fragments of stonework, are here dispersed over a large tract of ground; and the olive and carob trees that grow amongst them, shew they have not been disturbed during many years.

Not far from the temple of Jupiter Olympius, is the famous Piscina, a vast excavation, from whence the materials for building these temples were probably quarried.

Agrigentum did not escape the depredations of Verres. “*Quid! Agrigento nonne ejusdem P. Scipionis Monumentum, signum Apollonis pulcherrimum, cujus in femore, litterulis minutis Argenteis, nomen Myronis erat inscriptum, ex Æsculapii religiosissimo fano sustulisti?*”—CIC. in Ver. lib. iv. sec. 43.

His rapacity was so great, that he violated the temple of Hercules to rob it of its treasures; but the Agrigentines rose on him, and prevented this plunder. What a contrast between Agrigentum and Gergenti: as at Syracuse, how are the mighty fallen!

The number of vases and antique busts,

marbles, &c. found (casually) here, is great ; but they are immediately sold, or sent off, particularly if good : little real excavation has been made, and no doubt there are hidden treasures in abundance ; though many vases, and other antiquities, and coins, are occasionally found, at the same time there is great roguery—the coins, however, they cannot counterfeit\* to profit ; I bought, for instance, from a peasant, for four taris (one shilling and eight-pence), what no art could make under (if for so little as) a guinea. Of the vases, I confess I have my doubts, for I observe they make them, and exactly of the same clay as the ancient, and I have compared them, viz. vases, common utensils, and lamps in all shapes. Now we know, they excel in painting, and why not imitate the antique, bury them for half a dozen years, and then take up and sell, with all the marks of earth, for a pound, what in reality only cost a shilling ? No bad trade, and one which, I am convinced, *exists*. How can such large vases (as many are) be taken up so perfect, from casual digging in the earth ? We know that all crockery is brittle, and yet that such numbers of fine vases should be found, and taken

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\* I have been since informed, that I am mistaken on this point, and that they counterfeit coins with great facility.

up perfect, warrants enquiry, and also strong suspicion.

The consul, on my account, put off his dinner till five o'clock, which gave me a long morning; and immediately after, we sat on a terrace to drink our wine. From hence I again viewed the temples at a distance; the setting sun shining on this entire classic ground, and on that very spot where the Roman army was encamped.

St. Non says—"Hannibal, who was encamped with the Carthaginians on the other side of the town, lost his own life, and the greater part of his army, by the plague; but the inhabitants being starved out, it was taken. The plunder was great, an infinite number of pictures, statues, and other curiosities, with the famous Bull of Phalaris, were sent to Carthage. Imilco totally ruined the city."

This is a mistake (St. Non is sometimes incorrect). The Carthaginians took Agrigentum from the Agrigentines many years before the Punic war; and then carried the Bull and plunder to Carthage.

In the first Punic war, the Carthaginians had Agrigentum, and it was taken from them by the Romans, after seven months' siege—it had been the great station and magazine of the Carthaginians.

Hanno (not Hannibal, or Hamilcar) arrived with a powerful army from Carthage to its relief; and the two armies encamped on each side of the town. The Carthaginians were defeated. The great Hannibal, so far from dying of the plague in the first war, was not then born, but (as is well known) lived during the second and third Punic wars; invaded Spain; took Saguntum; passed the Alps; invaded Italy, and carried on war in the Roman territories for fifteen years. He was afterwards defeated by the Romans in Africa, which ended the second Punic war. Therefore, instead of dying of the plague during even the second, he appears again on the theatre in the third; and after the final overthrow of Carthage, poisoned himself.

If St. Non meant the first Hannibal, he is equally wrong. He was besieged by the Romans in Agrigentum, but escaped with part of his army, and afterwards commanding the Carthaginian fleet, was defeated by Duilius, in the bay of Milazzo; and after that, was crucified by his own sailors (at Lipari) who mutinied.

St. Non's expression is—"Annibal lui même fut emporté par la contagion;" but he contradicts himself in the next page; for after killing Hannibal by the plague, he says, "Annibal manquant de vivres, pris le parti de l'abandonner,

et de défilér le long de l'Acragus, pour s'embarquer et retourner à Carthage."—So much for accuracy.

Mr. Wilkins makes the same mistake: he says, "Hannibal himself fell a victim to the contagion which broke out in his camp."

During the first Punic war, Agrigentum was the chief Carthaginian station; but being ruined after they lost it, its destruction may be dated from that period.

On our return to the modern town, we visited several churches, and a large college of divinity. The Dominicans is an extensive and fine convent; travellers often get rooms here.

The Conventuales de St. Francisco have a beautiful altar; and the parish church of Pietro is very handsome; the plan simple and beautiful, and the finest stucco work I ever saw; it also contains some good pictures.

The population of the modern city (which is built on what they call the Acropolis), is about 15,000; that of Agrigentum 800,000.

Polybius says, "Agrigenti n'a pas seulement l'avantage sur la plus part des autres villes, elle les surpasse en core en force et en beauté. Batie à dix huit stades, de la mer, elle en reçoit toutes les commodités. La nature et l'art semblent avoir conspirés pour la mettre à couvert d'insulte de quelque côté que ce soit. Sur la



cime du Rocher sont deux temples, l'un de Minerve et l'autre de Jupiter. On y voit encore d'autres ornemens et entre autres des temples et des portiques d'une grande beauté. Le temple de Jupiter Olympien ne'st pas à la vérité si orné et si enrichi que ceux de la Grece ; mais pour le dessein et la grandeur il ne cède à aucun d'eux."

Such was Agrigentum ; all that Gergenti can boast of, is its situation and ruined temples : indeed in this respect, few spots in the universe can produce such a variety of objects, and such picturesque effect.

## CHAP. IV.

*Departure from Sicily—Driven back by a Storm to Scoglietta—Savage conduct of the Inhabitants—Embark again, and driven back a second time—Reflections on the Climate and Government of Sicily—Caprice of the Sicilian Court—Sicilian Morals—Change produced by the English.*

17th April.—On a star-light night we sailed for Malta, with a fine wind and good weather. I have been now so accustomed to voyages, that small as our vessel is, and however great the swell of the sea, I am not the least sick or uncomfortable, and can eat, drink, and sleep, as well as on shore.

This gun-boat having but a very small close cabin, though with a good birth, I preferred sleeping in my great coat on deck, wrapped up in a sail, and never slept better.

18th.—The wind continued fair, but not strong. I now found out, that by a strange

mistake in my hurry last night, I brought no provisions on board. The shortness of my stay at Gergenti, and the interest I took in viewing the temples and ruins of great and splendid magnificence, really put every thing else out of my mind. We were fully employed all yesterday; and after I determined to sail, having some antique vases and coins (which I had purchased) to pack, and a letter to write for the consul, in a book he keeps for that purpose, I was much hurried, and my servant boy seeing a basket in which my vases were packed, imagined it contained provisions, and therefore did not remind me of them; and I now found myself at sea without even a loaf of the excellent bread of Gergenti\*.

As to provision this day, I did without any. At night I again slept on deck; it blew hard, succeeded for an hour or two by a calm, but with a heavy sea, which always is the case in sudden calms after high wind.

19th.—I saw the sun rise beautifully; at this moment we got sight of Malta, and immediately after the wind chopped round direct against us. We tried hard by tacking, but

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\* This district was famous for good living in ancient times, and is now better in that respect than the other parts of Sicily.

could not make Malta. At ten, a. m. it blew fresh, and we bore away for Porto Paulo at Cape Passaro. At noon the wind changed, and came fair for Malta. At one, p. m. it changed again, and obliged us to tack—it began to blow very hard, and we had a heavy sea—I thought the gun-boat must founder. Padrone proposed to run back for Gergenti—the best thing, if the vessel could have stood the sea. I doubted it so much, that I proposed making the Sicilian shore at all events. At past three, p. m. blowing very hard, and with a heavy sea, we came opposite La Scoglietta: I saw ships there, and proposed going in—"impossible," was the answer; however, on coming nearer, we saw a small village, and several vessels, many larger than ours, but all hauled up dry—on consultation, we determined to run for Terra Nova, but the sailors grumbled, and all wished to go into Scoglietta. By this time we had passed it; I found the storm increasing, the sea high, and I really thought the boat incapable of undergoing the buffetting she must encounter by standing out far to sea; and to attempt the coast in the dark would be madness: I therefore ordered the padrone (to the great joy, and I believe ultimate preservation of us all) to put about, and make for Scoglietta. No entreaty could induce them to make a pilot sig-

nal. I could not even make them haul down sail, and use their oars. In endeavouring to get in, we struck on a bank. The port indeed, or rather the entrance, is so narrow, that it is a thousand to one against a stranger hitting it. At last we hauled down sail, took to the oars, and got off the bank; but we struck on sunken rocks immediately after. All seemed now at an end—the sea washed over the vessel, and she worked so as to be almost on her beams. A boat put off from shore, but was called in by the pratique-master, under a shameful quarantine imposition; and from this circumstance, had we struck a mile out, we should have been all lost, when all might have been easily saved. Nothing could be more infamous than this conduct, as by the law here, all men of war, or Pendant vessels, sailing *coastways*, are exempt from quarantine; and it must have been evident that such a vessel as ours could not have come from Africa or Turkey. The savages here appeared eager for the destruction of the gun-boat. I must do justice to the Sicilian sailors: their first idea seemed to save my *excellency*, and I am certain (being excellent swimmers) every effort would have been made at any distance from land. In sixteen voyages with them, I have found them faithful, sober, scrupulously honest, and obliging. I got on shore completely

wet; but as we struck near, and as it was fordable, they saved all the small baggage I had. When we got on shore, no oratory or sign could induce the infamous fool of a pratique-master to recede from his original idea of preventing all assistance; at last, vexed, and in a passion, I ran at him, and gently put my hand on him, and as fast as I could, on all round him, saying, "Now, if I have the plague, you have it." The bye-standers seemed pleased, and cried out, "*viva!* there is pratique." All this humbug now ended—but still no assistance. The people, evidently like our coast savages, looked for a wreck, and were collected by the expectation of plunder; but our numbers, and some muskets we had saved, prevented it to any extent; some it was impossible to prevent, but on the whole, they were disappointed. An anchor was got out to haul on—the rotten cable broke. They then attempted to haul her on shore, as all vessels are at this place, for which purpose they have capstans and cables. Two of these cables however broke in the effort, so we were obliged to give that up, and finally she overset. Masts, sails, ropes, and every thing in her (the 18 pounder in her bow excepted) were scattered about. We mounted a guard on the articles saved, and I got as good accommodation in a poor house as at Stromboli. I

saved my mattress and blanket, but being completely wet, they were useless for this night.

The gun-boat men made every exertion, and behaved uncommonly well. They are naturally a good people—what a pity they are not better treated.

This Scoglietta is a poor wretched fishing village, but carries on a smuggling trade to Malta.

I am persuaded that if we had kept the sea this night, we should have been lost: the storm continued with increased violence.

As I had been almost fifty hours without eating (for even hunger was not yet sufficient to reconcile me to the gun-boat rations\*) I was glad to buy a fowl, and some as fine fish as London or Dublin markets ever produced.—The vin du pays, which is brought here from Vittoria, is of the claret quality, and very good.

20th.—It certainly was singular to be shipwrecked, both the first time I was going to Malta, and also the second, and what the knowing-ones would reckon out of all calculation; yet so it has happened. After the storm

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\* The ration consists of intolerably hard biscuit, which I had not teeth to conquer, very bad stinking cheese, hard bad beef, and sour wine; but with which these poor people seemed perfectly content.

of yesterday, we have a very fine day, but a strong sirocco, which is as contrary as possible.

I expected to find the gun-boat in pieces this morning, but that was not the case—a great part of her larboard-side beat in, at least an aperture sufficient to allow a man to pass through with great ease. It is something, to be able to save the hull in any state. The planks seem much opened ; in short, to me she appeared only fit for the fire. The English vice-consul came from Vittoria, and by very great exertions, and with an obedient and well-conducted crew, in the course of this day they succeeded in hauling her up.

The consul will send carpenters and caulkers to repair her, so as to be able to reach Malta, where she can be thoroughly repaired—not that I think her worth it.

The mast went over, but being saved, will answer to carry her to Malta. Her yards and sails are saved ; all small articles are lost : the waves drove them up and down, and the people, as in all such cases, helped themselves ; it could not be prevented, so many were watching to steal. The powder and provisions were rendered useless, as she was nearly full of water.

21st.—Wind in the same point, and very hot. There are several Sparenaros here ; these ves-



sels, when not overloaded, are very fine sea-boats. The padrone, or master, of one of them, says he will sail for Malta this night, if the wind should at all change, and I have engaged to take my passage with him. These vessels both row and sail, and are well manned with excellent seamen.

The distance from hence to Gergenti I find the same as from hence to Malta, viz. 70 miles. It is vexatious to be detained here, yet I should be thankful I saved my life.

As I shall soon take my leave of Sicily, I shall conclude this day's journal with a few remarks: possibly some may have been noted before; which, in the hurry of writing a journal every day for a year, I may not recollect.—Just as I was going to note my remarks, I received information that the vessel would positively sail early this afternoon.

Little did I think, after being twice shipwrecked going to Malta, that in endeavouring again to reach that (to me) ill-fated port, I should have had such an escape as I had this night.

Sparenaros are in fact nothing but a large sort of half-decked boat, but of a particular construction. They are good sea-boats, and well-manned, but the owners are so greedy, that they always overload them, and in the heavy

swell which almost always prevails here, they are very dangerous\*, and yet infinitely better than the wretched and likewise overloaded zebèques and country brigs. We sailed at eight o'clock, p. m. ; for two hours we had every prospect of a fine passage ; it then blew hard, and changed from north-west to east, which, though a good enough wind for Malta, invariably occasions a heavy sea. I confess I do not think I ever was in such danger in my life as last night, and for four hours, expected every moment to be swallowed up. One sailor, who spoke good English, was my interpreter. Four vessels sailed together, viz. three sparenaros and a brig—one sparenaro wisely put back early, and got safe in by midnight ; the brig bore away towards Gergenti ; but the obstinate fools in my sparenaro and the other, would not put about, but continued till within twenty miles of Malta, where the sea was very high, and a heavy swell. They found they could not make Malta or Gozo, and at last put about. Running before the wind is an advantage when the sea is high. We therefore were not now so buffeted about. I slept none this night, and indeed as we shipped a heavy wave every five minutes, I was all wet.

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\* The sparenaro had corn on board, which increased our danger, from additional weight. The master was at last obliged to throw half of it, and some of his live hogs, overboard.

22nd.—At sun-rise I was happy to see land, with *Ætna* looking very clear; but the velocity with which we went, kept us mostly under water; it was hard work to bale it out. At last, at eight o'clock, a. m. got under shelter of the land near Santa Croce, and then easily ran up to La Scoglietta, eight miles more, where I was very glad to disembark. The gun-boat men came down to the shore; flocked round me, and carried up my small baggage, all wet; but being spread for a few hours on the common (such was the heat of the sun even in this month), they were before night as dry as possible.

Soon after our arrival, the boat of the brig came in with her crew, seven men: she sprang a leak, went down, and was totally lost, giving them only time to get into their boat. They wanted me to go in that vessel, but I did not like her appearance. So here I am again in Sicily, twice driven back, and nearly lost.

Had the fellow put about last night when I advised him, we should have been in by midnight, and without any danger.

I am thankful for my escape, but see no chance of getting from hence. It is now two o'clock, p. m. blowing hard as possible. The whole month of April has been stormy here; yet the weather is very warm, almost as much so as ours in August.

I dined early (at three), and in the evening took a walk, to see how they were patching up the gun-boat. The consul has behaved very well, and I think she may, from the number of hands on her, be ready in a few days.

The common on which this village is situated, has a variety of wild plants, myrtles, and other shrubs. It is strange, that such a miserable collection of huts, and such a wretched port as no country in the world can match (La Scoglietta being literally the Italian for a collection of rocks), should have any trade; but, wretched as it is, it supports a very considerable trade. There are two ranges of stores for grain, quantities of charcoal and wine, and a great magazine of potash. This is a riddle which I cannot solve, but I never saw greater poverty nor misery in any part of Ireland than here, and yet there is positively a brisk trade. As to a port, they never can trust a vessel afloat for one day—all are hauled up dry, and to be launched again with immense labour. There are now at least thirty vessels here, and yet such abject poverty, that were it not for fish, we might starve.

I concluded the day, by inviting a Franciscan friar (who speaks French well), and the sub-consul, to drink a bottle of wine after my evening's walk. I really wanted something to dis-

sipate thought, for I began to be very gloomy : it passed away an hour, before the solace of sleep, a friend who seldom abandons me ; but though tired, I shall not answer for him this night.

The 23rd—was a fine day, and a fair wind for Malta, but too high a sea for the sparnaros to venture out. To-morrow morning we hope to get away. April is the worst and most uncertain month in this climate—it is wet and dry—warm as our August, and cold as our December. The only thing it appears constant in, is *stormy* winds and rough seas—changeable and uncertain as to heat or cold, there being frequently twenty degrees difference in the thermometer in two days.

I now come to my remarks, as I imagine it is the last day I have to spend in Sicily.

The island is 180 miles in length, from Trapani to Messina ; or from Cape St. Vito to Cape Passaro, it may be 200 miles ; and being triangular in form, its greatest breadth is from the Faro to Cape Passaro, or to Santa Croce, 120 miles ; and from Palermo to Allicata, 90 miles ; it is divided into three great districts : the Val de Mazzara, Val Demone, and Val de Noto. The climate, on the whole, for a hot one, is good, and mild most of the winter

months—in June, July, August, and September, it is too hot, and in those months very unpleasant; May and October are fine months; November, December, and January, a mixture of wet and fine: there are occasional torrents of rain in the month of September: fires are agreeable in December, January, and February, and sometimes in March, but certainly seldom necessary; and a fire-place was not known before the English came here. All the natives use a chafing-dish only, with wood-ashes. April is the worst month in the year, changeable, stormy, and most variable. In my opinion, it is an unfit climate for invalids, as one may fairly reckon five months of intolerably hot and most relaxing weather, and three of very changeable and even damp, so much so, that rheumatism is common. Four months are indeed delightful; that is, about two in spring, and two of autumn. Persons of relaxed habits, and consumptive, do not do at all here, except in the above four months; but there is no frost and snow, except on the mountains.

The country abounds in rich mines, minerals, and wines of different qualities; some of which are execrable, and others excellent; but none equal to what they might be, if properly managed.

The government is bad in all respects; per-

haps the worst in Europe, or in the world. The queen manages and orders every thing with despotic sway, though having such terrible examples before her eyes, of the deplorable insanity of persevering in abuse, and expecting support in the hour of danger from an oppressed people. The taxes levied are enormous, and recently, many obnoxious ones decreed by her will, though, strictly speaking, they claim a constitution something like the Norman. The barons should, by it, be called together, and their consent is necessary, but is not attended to. To describe all the vice of this government, would lead me into a folio volume. I refer those who wish to know it, to the excellent work of Mr. Leckey, though in a few points, I am told, he has been mistaken. To paint Sicily properly, it is enough to say, "*Every thing is as it ought not to be.*" A Frenchman would add, *Voilà la Sicile.*

The tour of this country might be made in three months, if there were any roads; but the fatigue of riding over mule-tracks through mountains in hot weather, and no inns, makes it a tedious work. Coasting voyages\* are at-

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\* By reference to the map, it will be seen that every town in Sicily, of the least consequence, is built on the coast. Castel Veterano, Lentini, Vittoria, Castro Giovani, and Cattagirone, are fourth-rate towns; they are inland. Alcumo is more inland than it appears by the maps, and is a second-rate town.

tended with great delay, in waiting for winds, and not free from danger.

The country is in general mountainous. The Val Demone is almost all volcanic production ; few plains, but very rich ground. The forests will soon be extinct : they never plant, and one seldom sees what can be called wood, only olive trees. The consumption of the army has cleared all about Messina ; and I was sorry, when at Milazzo, to find an avenue of trees near the town, which shaded the public walk, *condemned*. Had I commanded at the time, I should certainly have spared them ; but the next commander would probably have taken them for the garrison use. The commander, however, could not do this without the sanction of the senate ; but they will sanction any thing. A senate of from three to five persons, appointed by the crown, are a sort of lord lieutenants in every great city and district ; and a captain of justice (generally a gentleman) regulates the police. There are criminal and civil courts of justice ; but in which very little justice is ever administered.

I wondered first, how it happened, that in a country so long in the hands of the Romans, one of whose maxims always was to make good roads, there should scarcely be a vestige of any. I am now convinced the Romans had



them—in making the late military road from Messina to the Faro, they evidently, in many places, came on an old Roman one; but the neglect of centuries, and the revolutions this country is subject to from earthquakes, must account for roads having vanished. Now, as great sums are levied for the roads every year, and as no country has finer materials, it will be naturally asked, how happens it, that there are none? Answer—all the money is applied to other purposes, and squandered on favourites, Neapolitans, and spies. Under a tolerable government, it might be as fine, productive, and commercial a country as any in the world; yet all is in decadence and misery.

The king neither reads, writes, nor interferes; he has a mistress, and in general spends his time in shooting, and in a sort of farming, and *actually* selling his own *butter* to any body, and receiving the *cash* himself; as I am told he used to do for the game he killed at Naples. His butter is very good. The hereditary prince is married, and also makes royal butter, and sells it. The people of Palermo benefit by this, as there is a great competition in this article between the father and son. Huber, in his treatise on bees, says, that when the queen bee is dead, a common grub can be nursed and enlarged into a royal bee, by feed-

ing it with a particular substance, which he calls *royal jelly*. I never heard that the royal butter made here produced any remarkable change in those who eat it: however, that made both by the king and his son, is good, and is the only good thing the subjects obtain from them.

The duke of Orleans is married to one of the Sicilian royal princesses (for here we have other princesses innumerable). By every account, she is a sensible, good woman. His highness the duke bears a good character, and is undoubtedly very clever. I know he had an excellent education, and he has since been trained in the world, in courts, in camps, and in the school of adversity. He is much liked. The queen, it is confidently reported, gave the duchess (her daughter) a good boxing lately, for daring to express sentiments favourable to the poor oppressed Sicilians. By all I hear and see, this court appears to be going fast to destruction.

If the king's mistress at any time interferes in state affairs, as Donna \*\*\*\*\* did, he sends her off. But his majesty may have as many mistresses as he pleases, provided the lady in favour keeps strictly to that department.

To shew the absurdity and uncertain conduct of this court, it might be sufficient to state, that there is no security for even its favourites. Medici, late minister of finance, was impri-

soned at Naples while head of police, for three years, then released; and about four years after, made minister of finance. Ariola, minister of war and marine, was imprisoned, and sent from a jail in Naples to Trapani, where he was confined nine years, and then released, and resumed his place as minister. And the minister of justice (I suppose to enable him to know the due measure of imprisonment), had also a tolerable long confinement, without knowing why (though I think it very probable he deserved it); and after his release, without trial, just resumed his office.

Prince Canosa got a government, but being accused of extortion, was sent to prison; he contrived, however, to get his pardon: they say he is at one time a prime favourite, but at another in danger of exile.

The marquis St. Clair was originally in the ranks, but promoted to the highest honors and emoluments, through the queen's protection: he is well spoken of, and esteemed; but has been some time out of favour with her majesty.

I merely note a few remarks: as I said before, to go into an historical description of all the vices of this government, or of all the consequent vices of the people, would be endless. The vices of the latter may fairly be considered as the effect of their government; the people are naturally well disposed,

In respect to depravity of manners, I have before remarked, that truth, morality, and even hospitality, are out of the Sicilian catalogue. As the consul at Palermo observed to me, how can it be otherwise? amongst the better orders they see no encouragement; virtue is not respected, I mean virtue in the enlarged sense of the word—I am not talking of mere intrigue;—morals, and even appearances are set at defiance. The higher classes are so far depraved, as not to even mind them—if any great man with a mistress gave good dinners, suppers, &c. &c. the first duchess, or princess, would visit her, and be on an intimate footing—observance of outward appearance is what they have no idea of, and perhaps there is some honesty in this. But they are loose in their habits.

The custom of stealing, which some of the English attribute to them, is quite false. The gentry here, are gentry, as in England—a single case does not prove any thing; if it did in any description of depravity, public or private, what would become of the English character? A man's silver forks\* are as safe in Sicilian as in English company. The very lowest people,

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\* I believe an instance did occur at Malta, where silver forks and spoons were stolen; but surely, because such a thing happened, it is very unjust to attribute such mean theft as a general custom. The Sicilians certainly pocket cakes, and even meat, fruit, and such things, at a supper, without ceremony; but it is the custom.

like the lowest people in all countries, and particularly in poor and ill-governed ones, plunder and steal where they can, and all are disposed to get the better of their neighbour.

While I write all this, I must in justice recollect London; and perhaps a Sicilian traveller might find as much to comment on there, as I do here; but certainly very different. There, as in the latter times of ancient Rome, we see the vices of great luxury, and a state which has arrived at its utmost pitch of perfection, the consequence of long prosperity, great wealth, and particular accompanying circumstances; but it is a civilized corruption, with still an observance of apparent virtue.

Our courts of justice are pure, our great establishments are subject to controul, as well as our greatest men; and our women must mask their amours (if they have any), or they are blasted; but no doubt a part of the people are just as much disposed to roguery as the Sicilians, and as many cases of individual dishonesty will be found in other countries.

The common people are far from what I heard them described to be: they are poor, and live under a government, and in a country where every thing is to be obtained for money; but the men are robust and hardy, sober, and when well treated, grateful.

The women are, in general, the ugliest in the

creation—I speak of the lower orders,—their dirt, filth, and wretchedness, is beyond belief\*, yet all are clothed. The only comfort appears in their bedding—they sleep well as to bed, but are devoured by vermin of all sorts. A woman will sell her daughter, and this is no impediment, but the contrary, to her marriage; it is the high road to it; for if she has only prudence to save a few dollars (as all is for money here), she is sure to have offers enough. I have known many instances of girls being months with officers, and then saying, “Now, I wish to be married—let me go.” The officer, glad to get rid of her, took her at her word, and she was invariably married. They never get drunk, and are free from many other vices. Their great faults arise from their government—ground by oppression, and ill-treated, they are dirty in the extreme, indelicate, and ready to sell themselves from their poverty.

Most of the peasantry have arms—a man would not stir three miles without his musket.

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\* I describe these women as they appear to mere mortal eyes. A poet, one of the *Lake* poets of England, on his return from Sicily, described the same women a race of angelic beings, the ‘*Sicilides Nymphae*’ of ancient song, with whom he actually spent days and nights in rapturous ramblings among the forests of *Ætna*. Such is poetical taste, but *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

No individual ever mounts a mule to go a mile from his house, without his arms. Whether, like the Turks, they go armed to the plough, I really never thought of enquiring: if forced to give an opinion, I should certainly say yes; but at all events, if they have not the musket with the plough, I am positive it is at no great distance, and most of them carry poniards and stilettos.

The armed peasantry has its use, as was exemplified at St. Stephano; but no idea of the true sentiments of the people is to be taken from that affair on the coast. The peasantry near Messina derive such benefit from the English, still hoping they will assist them to overturn their own government, they therefore made exertions on that occasion, and for the moment, which would not be found in the interior.

The similarity between Calabria and Sicily is so great, with the exception of fine trees, in which Sicily is certainly very deficient, and Dolomieu's description of the former appears to me so suitable to the latter, that I give it in his words:

“ On ne peut pas se former l'idée de la grande fertilité de la Calabre, sur-tout de la partie dite la plaine. Elle est au dessus de tout ce qu'on peut s'imaginer. Les champs

couverts d'oliviers, les plus grands qui existent nulle part, sont encore susceptibles d'être ensemencés. Les Vignes chargent de leurs pampres les arbres de différentes espèces, sans nuire à leurs rapports. Le pays ressemble à une vaste forêt, par la quantité d'arbres dont il est couvert, et cependant il donne encore du bled pour nourrir ses habitans. Il est propre à toutes espèces de productions ; et la nature y prévient les desirs du cultivateur. Les bras n'y sont jamais assez nombreux pour recueillir toutes les olives, qui finissent par pourrir aux pieds des arbres dans les mois de Février et Mars. Des bandes d'étrangers, de Siciliens, viennent pour lors aider à en faire la récolte, et partagent avec les propriétaires. L'huile est le principal objet d'exportation, et on peut dire qu'il en sort toutes les années un fleuve de la plaine de Calabre. Dans les autres parties, le principal produit est la soie, il s'y en fait une très grande quantité. Par tout les vins\* sont bons, et très abondans. Le peuple seroit enfin le plus heureux de la terre si . . . . . mais

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\* This is not correct as to Sicily; in many places the wine is good, but in many more, very bad, or rather execrable. In ancient times it may have been better.—Fagelli, the Sicilian historian, states, that the Roman emperors had four sorts of wine on particular feasts, looked on as the best in the world, viz. 1. The Falernian from near Naples; 2. Greek wine from Chio; 3. That from Lesbos; and 4. The Sicilian called Mamertinum, from near Messina. There is a good growth now at the Faro, and another at Milazzo; but the vineyards are small.



il n'entre pas dans mon plan de faire la critique, ou du gouvernement, ou des seigneurs particuliers qui ont de vastes possessions en Calabre."

Many of the upper class as well as of the middle, are in the French interest; seeing that the English government do not interfere in the correction of the many abuses of which they complain, and merely support the king and the old regime. I think this bad policy. The entire Sicilian system is rotten, and cannot long go on\*.

To resume private manners. Though extreme dirt is a leading minor feature, it would be incorrect to say the higher orders were not clean in person; but beyond that, they are not. They spit like people in a salivation. I have seen even young ladies do so on the floors, and without ceremony. Fleas, bugs, lice, and mosquitos, are the consequences of climate. Having shaved my head, I escaped one, but have been nearly devoured by the others. They swarm so in the houses, that no precaution in the hot

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\* Since writing this, a partial change has taken place. But obliging the king to go to a country-house—appointing his son vicar-general—removing the queen—and sending her out of the country—is surely a revolution. But it is just that sort of one, that will *do mischief*. The Sicilians will not obtain any further liberty. The royal family and the people will be offended; in short, neither party will be satisfied by a half measure. We should either have reformed the whole system at once, or have left things as we found them—merely as allies, keeping the military stations during the war.

months keeps them down, and millions of flies are very troublesome.

I find, as at Naples, the Sicilians are of a most extraordinary litigious disposition, and such is their obstinacy, and the nature of their courts, that a law-suit is generally ruinous to both parties; it is here literally the exemplification of the oyster—the lawyer gets all that is worth having.

Notaries are in astonishing abundance. Such is their distrust of each other, that they will not have the smallest transaction without a notary, except in the public market. If a man buys any thing considerable at a shop, or has any payment to make, a notary must be employed to witness the transaction, and the receipt for the payment.

They have no idea, high or low, of real convenience, or of cleanliness in their houses. I have been in palaces where fine furniture was incrusting with dirt; large fine glasses never wiped, and so covered with dirt, that they were useless as to reflection, and became a *filthy ornament* for the room.

Stucco, painting in water colours, and sciola, all very fine; oil-painting very bad; the climate does not require it; damp and frost are our enemies, and which require oil-paint and good fires.

The Sicilians are much changed since the

English have been here. Our large force, and having all the forts in different parts of the island, and the great sums of money we spend, have contributed to meliorate the people. Including subsidy, the army at the least spend, with commissariat, barrack, private money of individual officers, staff, &c. all together nearly two millions a year. This has been going on about ten years from first to last—an immense thing to a country which ten years ago scarcely saw money—I speak comparatively.

The money spent is also much divided—for instance, at Milazzo at least 200,000*l.* a year, where formerly there was not a penny. At Syracuse, Augusta, Taorminum, Trapani, Rometta, the regiments quartered there, with the generals, staff and commissariat, spend annually in each of these towns, a hundred thousand pounds. What a sum ! and if we evacuated tomorrow, where would these towns find five hundred pounds to be expended in them ? At Messina, the English have positively made all rich.

It must strike every traveller in Sicily, that two trades predominate, viz. smiths and apothecaries. In the most wretched villages (this La Scoglietta is an exception) there is a large apothecary's shop, often two and three ; and half a dozen smiths, besides two or three notaries ; as to manufactures, except silk, there are scarcely any.

The clergy are as despotic as they dare be ; but going down, yet still very powerful and profligate—any thing may be had or done in Sicily for money.

The lower order are by far the best, and naturally a fine good people, ruined by their government and their priests ; uniformly dirty, and totally destitute of delicacy ; for the rest, they are much on a par with other nations. They have been almost free from war since the time of the Romans ; the Austrian and Spanish dispute, and one short campaign a century ago, being nearly all the war they have had since, for it does not appear that the Saracens or Normans met any serious resistance in their attacks.

Nature is left to herself ; no renovation of seed, or assistance to the ground, which, however, is naturally rich ; law badly administered ; the civil, criminal, and minor jurisdictions, bad as can be conceived. Such is Sicily ; but far be it from me to say there are not here, as elsewhere, most worthy individuals—I am positive there are many.

The middle class rise early, and go to bed early at night, but generally get up again about one in the morning for an hour, to devour (not to eat, but literally devour) macaroni.

The houses are all on a large scale, and in a good style of architecture without ; inside, a

room or two may be finely painted, but no such thing as comfort; and all the rooms open one into the other, and with wretched locks. The houses are floored with tiles, and very little timber in them; the first story often marble or stone stairs, and no fire-place, makes it next to impossible to have a house burned. They have no laths, but cultivate a strong cane which answers the purpose, and is also turned to many other uses. Bread\* is indifferent in general, and almost always dearer than in England.

The middle classes use earthen pots in their kitchens, which stand the charcoal fires very well; a service of this ware may be had for five shillings, but which in copper would cost thirty pounds.

Tinkers and tin-shops abound in every town; plates and household crockery, knives, and cloth, are imported from England; but they make common earthen pitchers, some fine, and all sorts of coarse pottery.

A number of English merchants have settled in different parts, and while they derive great advantage, they also are of considerable benefit and use to Sicily. With the exception of a very few articles, every necessary is to be had here from English stores, and nearly as cheap as in England.

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\* In most towns there is only one baker, who must be licensed by the senate. The bread at Palermo and at Gergeri is very fine.

## CHAP. V.

*Female Education in Sicily—Marriages—Matrimonial attentions—Taxation—Means of Subsistence—Vittoria.*

THERE are no rivers in Sicily, at least none that deserve the name. That near Syracuse, where the papyrus grows, that under *Ætna*, in the plain of Catania, and a few minor streams, are in fact not to be called rivers; the fumaras, as they are called, are numerous; these are mountain torrents, more or less powerful, they are dry most part of the year; but when rain comes, or when the snow in the mountains melts in spring, the violence and rapidity of the water in them for some time, is very great, and a traveller may be detained hours before he can pass; these fumaras are in every part of the country; and while dry, form the roads and great communications; for instance, the direct road from Milazzo to Franca Villa, is through a fumara of eighteen miles; all the roads from Messina to the interior are through fumaras; they are of course full of stones brought down from the mountains.

The water in Sicily is in general bad ; the iceing it, which is universal, makes it palatable ; and for nine months in the year, ice is the great luxury. The snow of *Ætna* affords great traffic and revenue. Ice is all made from snow, and very cheap. The snow is collected in hard cakes, and sent on mules to all the towns in Sicily from the mountains, or exported to Malta. Iced water is sold in all the streets ; in short, it seems their great comfort.

The women are in general poorly educated. The church establishment finds provision for many of the younger male and female branches of noble families ; that is, in the convents and monasteries ; and what else can they do ? There are no other means of livelihood. No army\*, no navy, little trade, but what foreigners carry on, and no manufactures but silk.

The usual mode of educating girls, even if the mother is alive, is to put them into a convent ; and a match is made between parents for a son and daughter, without ever asking the consent of the parties, or their seeing each other till brought together to sign the marriage contract—hence so many unhappy marriages : uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, sisters-in-

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\* There are only four native regiments of the line. The rest of the army is composed of Neapolitans and Germans.



law, &c. all marry if convenient, paying for a license. I have been assured, that parental authority is carried very far here, which seems odd, as they see so little of their children. I knew a lady who was married, as she told me, very unhappily, chiefly from its being forced on both sides : they were some time separated, then came together, but did not agree. I heard next, that her father, unable to settle matters, intended to put her into a convent. This struck me as singular, and I asked if she and her husband consented ? The answer was, "that is not necessary, except on the husband's part;" he cares little about her, and such is parental authority, that if her father orders her to go into a convent, *she must go*—not to take the veil, but as an inmate, and shut out possibly for ever from the world.

Marriage being a sacrament in the Roman Catholic church, divorce is not permitted ; but amongst the nobility, if a man and his wife disagree, on application to the king, he will give an order of separation ; after which, the man cannot oblige his wife to live with him ; but this is rarely applied for.

Unhappy marriages\* must be, and are fre-

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\* The entails are so strict, that the whole estate goes to the eldest son : but he is obliged to give a moderate support to his brothers, if he has



quent, from the manner in which they are made by the parents, without consulting the inclinations of their children; and though intrigue and mutual dislike frequently follow, still the custom of a *regular cicisbeo*, as in Italy, is not known, or tolerated here. But different customs arise out of various minor circumstances, and where even a married couple are happy and agree, which of course is sometimes the case, yet a woman would not be seen walking arm and arm with her husband on any account. It would be considered a mark of the utmost disgrace, in as much as it would shew she was quite unworthy of admiration, and had no friend on earth. She would walk with any one sooner than her husband, and if he is at all of the party, he must follow at a respectful distance. This is an etiquette most strictly attended to—a lady will go in a carriage with her husband, but to walk with him would be a dreadful impropriety\*. In the very higher ranks it is no uncommon thing for the nobleman to inhabit one side of the palace, and

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any. Should a baron be without heirs, and chuse to sell his estate, he must first get permission from the king. There being no fortune portioned for younger children, they consequently have no resource but in the convent or monastery.

\* At Palermo, it is still reckoned very *mal bônnet* to walk at all, except in the gardens, or on the Marina.

the lady the other. Each have their carriages and servants, and seldom meet but at dinner; and little or no jealousy exists in this class.

With the lower it is quite different; though a man will sell his daughter or his sister, *sans ceremonie*, he is most jealous of his wife, and will *resent* any thing like a liberty towards her. But all persons agree, that when a Sicilian suspects any advance towards his wife, he invariably gives warning,—“Take care, you must not come here;”—and if this notice is not attended to, the stiletto as invariably ends the business. Many of our soldiers have been assassinated in consequence of their imprudence.

In this picture of Sicilian manners, it is but charitable to observe, that the women of the higher order are continually exposed to examples of levity, and the lower too often to depravity; and therefore great allowances should be made for them.

The men are all gamblers: play seems their chief amusement, and the women partake of this folly: I am told the nobles seldom pay their ordinary debts, though those of *honour* are discharged.

In warm climates, the passions are certainly stronger than in our northern latitudes; and in a country where adultery is not looked on as very criminal, we cannot be surprised that

it is frequent ; not but I dare say even here there is frequently more talk than reality, in such reports ; and as to prostitution for money, which certainly is very extended in Sicily, that may be regulated, but cannot possibly be prevented, in large towns.

The barons hold under military service or tenure. When the great and honest Caracciolo was viceroy (30 years ago) he did every thing in his power to ameliorate the institutions, and the lot of the people, and by a wise system, the Sicilians enjoyed under him for five years a tolerable government, and a very superior one to any they had before, or have had since.

All complain of the taxes, and of their misapplication. There are a great many ordinary and extraordinary imposts, besides taxes on articles of commerce, and vexatious local burthens, all at the disposal of the king, or rather the queen, without restraint.

There is one very oppressive tax, viz. one per cent. on circulating money, lately imposed on every money transaction whatever ; and they have laid very heavy duties on the exportation of corn. The Bola, a tax for the purpose of equipping guarda costas, is very productive, but not a shilling is applied to the intended purpose. In short, between direct and indirect taxes, forfeited property, and a

heavy demand on the church lands, an immense revenue is raised ; but no account of its expenditure is deemed necessary. The taxes on articles brought to market, are not higher than those imposed in our corporate towns. The Sicilians declare they pay sixteen shillings in the pound, including all taxes.

One of the most extraordinary imposts, is that levied at Messina and Palermo, on the women of the town. The personage who proposed this tax, *it is said*, ought to stand *first* on the list of courtizans.

An assembly of their parliament called to Palermo to register a new edict, had the courage to refuse, and stated to the king, that he had left them so little, he might as well take all they had remaining, as impose any further tax.

Trade is under every possible restraint and shackle ; still they do export corn, wine, oil, marble, silk, cotton, amber, hemp, barrilla, oranges, sulphur, bees' wax, figs, lemons, honey, potash, salt-fish, the tunny (which is very productive), and sword-fish ; vitriol, alum, antimony, mercury, and salt. There are salt mines in the interior, of the finest quality, and very productive ; but there are no roads, and therefore all articles are brought on asses or mules ; and these animals go over paths and precipices safely, even in dark nights.

The officers of the army are in general three months in arrear, without pay. The men get about four-pence per day. They say, there is a good corps of artillery: if there is, we got no assistance from them when Murat threatened his invasion.

I believe I mentioned before, that butchers' meat is very indifferent: the heat, and the filthy shambles in which they kill their cattle, and the millions of flies which immediately cover the carcasses, all tend to make it worse.—Poultry is good; game not very plenty, for every man shoots. I saw none but hares, and red-legged partridges.—Fish is certainly in plenty, and good all along the coast. In short, this beautiful country abounds with productions, which might be brought to the highest state of perfection. Its liability to earthquakes, is no doubt a considerable disadvantage. I am positive there have been other and many volcanos on the island, besides *Ætna*; the country round Messina has all the appearance of it. The terrible devastations and calamity on these occasions, are such as to make one shudder—in the year 1693, sixteen towns, and 90,000 persons were destroyed, besides vast tracts of land, cattle, &c. and Catania has been twice nearly swallowed up.

In the foregoing account of Sicily, I have

stated things as I actually found them. I formed no hasty opinions—I wish the poor inhabitants a better fate; on the whole, they deserve a better. I should be sorry to give the lowest individual offence. Nations are not reformed by abuse; but it is impossible, consistent with that regard to truth (which ought to be the foundation of every thing), to avoid mentioning imperfections and faults—they exist in all countries; and should this book fall into Sicilian hands, what I mention, I wish them to understand as admonition, and the consequence of my obligation to speak truth. I write not in ill nature, or with the most distant ill-will towards them. Faults they have, but they possess many good qualities to balance them. Abbé Ferrara very justly observes—“*Le relazione di viaggi ordinariamente meritebero stima, si lo relatore oltre ai talenti, osservasse con culma, con tempo, e senza pregiudizj. E assai comune il succedere che un secondo osservazione smentica quanto la prima avea fatto credere, e que l'esame intiero di un luogo rettifichi le ideï mal concepite acquistate nella visita di una parte de esso. Percio le buone relazione debbono aspettarsi dagli abstanti suvi luoghi che hanno talenti, che sanno osservare o che sanno descrivere.*”

.. There cannot be better advice than what is

contained in the above lines. I have myself often experienced their truth, and in now concluding, I can state, that I have on all occasions conformed to the above maxims as much as possible. Nothing can be more unjust than drawing national character from accidental circumstances. It is a failing with English travellers in general, to undervalue all foreign nations, and frequently on very light grounds. It is also true, that after the utmost diligence and enquiry, we may sometimes be deceived. A residence of nearly a year, and constant application to the subject, may entitle a man to form a tolerably accurate estimate of manners, &c. which is quite impossible for those who merely post through a country, and who often, without further examination, take all they hear for facts.

25th.—I sent to Vittoria (ten miles) for a horse and guide, and as they arrived early this morning, we set out at eight o'clock. We got there soon after ten o'clock.

Vittoria is a very tolerable town, said to contain ten thousand inhabitants. There are several churches and convents. They are an ugly race of people, but (dirt excepted) they appear to be comfortable, and are well clothed. Provisions are plentiful and cheap. The land

is well cultivated\*. A considerable quantity of wine, oil, soda, and hemp, is produced in the vicinity; the wine a sort of strong-bodied claret, very good, and a great quantity of it is exported to Malta. They also carry on a good trade in soda. The cultivation of kelp for soda is greatly attended to; but the grain all bad. The Sicilian farmer may well say it is useless for him to mind the seed, as his corn is invariably mixed with that of others at the Caricatore.

The acting consul was not at home. I returned early to dinner—if detained much longer, shall certainly remove to Vittoria.

26th.—A fine day, and good wind for Malta: gratified myself with a sea bath this morning, and sailed at noon in company with two spararos: at night fell calm. We had, however, twelve oars, and the sailors rowed, singing their hymn. Slept on deck, wrapped up in a sail: very heavy dew.

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\* This is the case in some parts, but in general they are bad farmers; in fact, they are afraid to be good ones.



## CHAP. VI.

*Return to Malta—State of the Fortifications—  
Estates in Ireland, &c. formerly belonging  
to the Order.*

27th.—The sun rose beautifully ; soon after, got sight of Gozo ; there was a little wind ; then fell calm. We were in sight of Malta from noon, yet could not make it. At four, p. m. the sparararos went into Gozo. We might have done the same, but being now close to shore, preferred going on to Valetta. At five, p. m. we were opposite St. Paul's bay, and at last, by hard rowing, got into La Valetta at nine o'clock, p. m.

I remained three weeks at Malta, and during that time lived with my hospitable friend general Oakes.

At present he inhabits the palace at Valetta : in the very hot months, he resides at the delightful villa of Florian, or at St. Antonio. Lucien Bonaparte occupied the latter most of the time he was in the island.

During this my second abode in Malta, I

saw all that I was not able to examine on my former visit.

Soon after my arrival, hearing of a ship going directly to Dublin with the next convoy, I put some articles on board, and in my way called to see the French frigates lately captured by captain Hoste. I went on board the *Bellone* and *Corunna*; they are fine ships, and suffered much in the engagement, but are very dirty, compared to ours.

The afternoon of the 3rd of May, there was a religious procession of several orders; they were well dressed; a few children had wings on, &c. &c.—What folly! at night one of the churches was illuminated on the outside, with lamps of coloured paper, which looked very gay.

Abate Carlo has the care of the botanic garden, and has also a handsome one of his own. He gave me some plants. The botanic garden affords a pleasant walk, and little more—there are few plants; indeed, it is all rock, and therefore fine or curious plants are not to be looked for. It is in fact a long paved double walk, with a few plants, with but little earth; they exist by watering only. Though it is very hot at present, such is the comparative difference, that I recollect last year in the heats of August, I thought it was three miles from Va-

lette to Florian, and yet in fact it is barely one.

There is a good church at Florian, called (very properly) *Il Pubbico*. In this church there is a large vaulted cemetery, very airy and light; there are 365 graves, all numbered; and flagged over; each is to contain ten bodies; they are arranged for the reception of the poorer classes. One is opened every day in succession, and all the middle and lower classes are buried here. They are not allowed coffins, but come dressed in their best clothes, and are thus deposited. The remains of the former deposited bodies, whether somewhat perfect (which sometimes happens) or all bones, are then taken up and thrown into a large vault; there I saw millions of bones—an awful lesson for contemplation!

The church parade is at seven o'clock, a. m. and that for guard at ten; during what they call winter here, it is in the square in front of the palace; in the very hot weather, it is in one of the court-yards of the palace.

On the 5th of May, I went to Civita Vecchia. The cotton manufacture is in a large building, it was established by the late bishop, and an abbé, who directs the concern: it is extensive, and a variety of articles are made, from common rubbers to coloured carpets; but I think it will

not answer long, the demand is small, the prices great, and consequently little money comes in.

The Boscetta, which is mentioned particularly in all the books on Malta, is nothing but an oldish castle with four towers, one octagon, two square, and one non-descript as to shape ; surrounded by a dry ditch and high wall ; there is a large court of offices, with high walls in front. It is just fitted up as a receptacle for prisoners of war, and a very proper use for it. It stands high, and commands a bird's-eye view of Malta, as far as, and beyond La Valette. A bad down-hill pavement road, leads near a mile to what they call the garden and orange groves ; but is a mere nothing, only some old orange trees in a sheltered valley ; in short, a visit to Boscetta is complete waste of time.

I called at St. Antonio in my way home. The gardens are all for flowers and orange trees, with fine flagged walks, and are open to the public on Sundays. The Maltese drive out and walk in them, as we do in Kensington or Richmond.

There are several fountains with good *jet d'eau*s, which the gardener set in motion for me ; but as the supply of water is but small, they do not play long. I called at Florian, to

see general and Mrs. White, now there, and after walking about the bastion gardens of that pretty villa, got home in time for dinner at near six o'clock.

The calashe, a sort of one-horse or mule carriage, peculiar to Malta, is very convenient, and a boy runs almost all day along with the horse, sometimes jumping up for ten minutes on the shafts, to rest. It is astonishing how these poor creatures hold out. The Maltese people are much cleaner than the Sicilians; but, poor wretches, they have been, and still are, ground and devoured by their clergy. The priests and monks have a fine time of it here.

Though some real Maltese families remain, the population is principally made up of adventurers from all nations—Turks, Greeks, Moors, Dalmatians, Italians, and a mixed breed out of all; many have been induced to settle here, since the great trade and prosperity of the island under English authority.

The clergy retain their power over the minds and pockets of even these bastard Turks and heterogeneous breeds of the lower inhabitants, who are almost all catholics.

The 7th—I breakfasted early with major Nixon; then crossed the water to Isla, and

went round all the fortifications south of Vallette, fort Salvatore, &c. &c.; the works are very extensive and fine, and as perfect as any of art can be, but from their extent, taking in the north, south, and Florian districts, the Ricazoli, St. Angelo, and Manual forts, they would require at least a garrison of ten thousand men.

Captain Reynolds, of the Royal Artillery, quartered at fort St. Angelo, shewed me all the works in that singular fortress, which perfectly commands the harbour. There are four great batteries, one above the other, of twelve guns each, and a cavalier, all bearing on the entrance of the harbour; so that with the other commanding, and the *fleur d'eau* batteries, all the fleets in the world would be destroyed before they could enter.

These wonderful works could not possibly have been made, but through the Turkish slaves captured by the Order. It took me nearly seven hours to go round this part.

There are two dock-yards, but no dry dock or slips; that for the merchants answers, but is small. The royal dock-yard is a fine establishment; the architecture is so superior here, that it alone gives a consequence and magnificence to all public establishments. But this dock-yard is really as good for its size as any

in England (and I have seen most of them): Every thing is also in order, and stores complete.

The vaulted fire-proof buildings are very fine. The new rope-walk is nearly as long as that of Portsmouth.

I went on board two store-ships bound to England—one, the *Swift*, highly recommended by every one; the other, the *Weymouth*, as much abused; but on general representations it is difficult to find the truth. The *Swift* is but a *transport*, with as close and bad accommodation as I have seen: the *Weymouth* the best I ever saw. Unfortunately for me, she is not to sail for three weeks, and that may be five—but singular as it is, after so bad a report, I found her the very best, most convenient, and, to use an Irish expression, *most elegant ship* for the passage I have seen, with a quarter-deck equal to a ninety-gun ship, clean and right in all points; carries 16 guns, and has 100 men. Such is the deception frequently practised in this world; but in this, as in all cases, there must be some *reason* for the misrepresentation.

My walk this day was very interesting. The lower battery of St. Angelo is most terrific to vessels coming in. The Cottonara lines are not finished—the main work is done, but there is

still, according to our estimates, nearly one million expenditure in reserve to complete it. There is a handsome church just without the lines.

8th.—I went all over fort Ricazoli this morning; it is south of Valette, and commands the harbour. I never saw a more complete model of fortification, or one in such perfect order. It was here Froberg's regiment mutinied, and blew up the magazine; the damage has however been repaired. This fort would require at the least 1500 men. The casemates are very fine, and the barracks perhaps the best in the world. It is impossible to conceive a more perfect work; but those of Malta are so extensive, they would really require (if fully garrisoned) 25,000\* men to defend. It is true, such is the situation, that it could not be attacked at the same time in all points, under an army of 100,000 men.

The best proof of its strength is, that the French garrison held out two years, though closely blockaded and besieged, and only then surrendered from want of food; and yet it never amounted to 7000. They say, that when the officer left in command, asked Bonaparte

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\* I said ten before, but 25 more correct.



for instructions, his answer was—"All you have to do, is to lock the gates, and put the key in your pocket."

A building between Ricazoli and St. Angelo is intended for a naval hospital. The situation is good, but to complete it, the expence will be great.

I went to see the ice reservoir. They ram the snow very hard, and avoid moisture as much as possible. They sell it at three half-pence per pound, for cooling wine.

The 9th—I set out at seven o'clock with major Nixon, a serjeant of artillery, and a soldier with a tremendous load of keys, being those of all the stores, mines, and out-works which I might chuse to visit. We intended to go all round the works of La Valette, but in four hours could only accomplish half. These works are most extensive and perfect. In all my travels, and inspections of some of the best fortresses in Europe, I never saw a more perfect one than Malta, in all its parts. The magazines, stores, &c. &c. are in the highest order; the wonderful works done by these knights, the excavations, in short, the *tutti* is beyond belief. I went round the east side of Valette, and the front towards Florian; nothing in art can be more perfect. The cap-

ture, unless by starvation, is next to impossibility. The high order and perfect state of every department, is highly creditable to the commander, general Oakes. These extensive works, cut out of the solid rock, are all mined ; —and looking down on them from the cavaliers, they exhibit the most complete and perfect model of fortification imaginable.

The Commissary General's establishment is well worth inspection. The bakery was so in the time of the Order, and a fine one it is—all the attached stores and organization are equally perfect.

10th.—I got up this morning at gun-firing, and went round the remainder of the Vallette district, and St. Elmo. The 14th regiment is in a very fine barrack, which was one in the time of the Order ; and the officers have a magnificent palace for a quarter.

The public library here contains books of science in all languages, and is in all respects a good and useful selection : but there is not a regular bookseller's shop in the island ; not a description, not a plan, not a guide of any sort, great or trivial, to be had, and yet in old times that certainly was not the case.

I saw the arsenal and foundry this morning—formerly they cast guns in the foundry ;

now it is reduced to a large blacksmith's shop for the artillery.

An artillery serjeant and corporal, with all the keys, again attended me, and I went the entire round, minutely inspecting every thing in these strong but most extensive works. We ended at the bastions, where Ball, and the excellent Abercromby, are interred; and I looked into the church of Jesus, formerly the Jesuits. The chief altar-piece, the Circumcision, is a very fine picture, but they could not tell the master. There are several other good pictures in the church.

A convoy which sailed for England this morning, was visible from the telegraph tower at sunset, as was *Ætna*, the weather and horizon being remarkably clear. This tower is very near my apartments, and I often go up to enjoy the view from it.

11th.—I rose very early this morning; left the palace at five o'clock, and went in calashe to the Capuchin convent at Florian, where we have a guard, a store, and battery. An artillery serjeant was appointed, with all the keys, as on the preceding days, to accompany me.

Before I left the Capuchins, I went to mass, which was going on, and then down to the vault, where the preserved bodies are. On a

re-inspection of them, I find they really are better preserved than those of Palermo, or other places in this part of the world: they do not tie their hands and arms, or put ropes round their necks (in humility), as they do at Palermo, and other places; and so far those bodies are not so disagreeable. The preservation varies—I observed some of fifty years standing, more perfect than others of only four; but the latter were very old men. This vault is also curiously ornamented with skulls and bones—on the whole, disgusting.

After this, I went entirely round the inner works of Florian, which form a strong advanced fortress to La Valette. The two harbours (great and quarantine) so nearly meet, that it is astonishing the Order, who executed such enormous works, did not cut through the isthmus, and so insulate Valette and Florian, particularly as the ground is most favourable to it, and not many hundred yards in distance. When a person views these extraordinary works, mostly cut out of solid rock, it is singular how this comparatively easy task should have been omitted.

We went all over the bastions, curtains, counter-guards, &c. and to the line wall and bastion, over the garden of general Mackenzie's country-house; from thence to where the Flo-

rian and Valette works join. I never saw any thing in higher order : the guns and magazines the same, and so organized, that any thing could be almost found in the dark. The works cut out of the rock just under the gate Reale, leading to Florian, and the communications, are most surprising; the magazines all dry, and bomb-proof. There is one very large magazine perfectly safe and proof, and as dry as possible. There is a very fine bomb-proof barrack near Florian, now occupied by Meuron's regiment; also a good hospital, and twelve field-train guns on the Florian parade, or esplanade.

The gardens, on some bastions and ditches where there is any soil, give a beautiful appearance; and are, till a siege, no impediment, and in case of that fatality, would not be respected, consequently are useful till then.

After four hours' fag, and without any dry clothes, I returned in time to change all, and be ready for the general's breakfast at half past nine o'clock.

After this, I may say I lost the rest of the morning, by the changes made about ships; but it was finally arranged, that I should have a passage on board the Freya frigate, fitted *en flute* as a troop-ship; and I went on board. As senior army officer, I had a right to the best

of two private cabbins partitioned off the more public one (*i. e.* ward-room), but finding them in possession of married officers with their families, I could not think of disturbing ladies; who at best are to be pitied on ship-board. The first lieutenant very civilly offered me his. They all said, and indeed from every appearance, justly, that she could not sail for a week at least; but on my return to the palace, I was greatly surprised to hear she was to sail to-morrow morning.

A very hot day; thermometer in the shade, 72; the same at six, a. m. At noon and at midnight no variation, though a considerable one in the feel.

12th.—I started again at six this morning, and went all over the out-works of Florian; they are most curious, and though so extensive, are impregnable. Well might Bonaparte say to his general, when he left him at Malta, "All you have to do is to shut the gates."

Near 1000 pieces of ordnance are mounted in all the different works, there being in fact four strong lines on the land side, viz. La Valette, its out-works, then Florian and its out-works; besides this, the whole to the land-side is mined and counter-mined.

After breakfast, I went again to take a fare-

well of St. John's church. The fine silver gate has just been cleaned. They painted it black when the French were here—no one told, and so it escaped their rapacious plunder.

The church\* is at present hung with very fine gobline tapestry, and the chapels of the Eight Tongues are all ornamented highly; the ceiling well painted in fresco, and the whole looks grand, though there are no columns; but there are green marble pilasters. The chief things worth notice, is a colossal groupe in marble, finely executed, of the Baptism of Jesus Christ by St. John, at the great altar; some fine monuments to grand-masters—in one of them a negro and an Algerine slave, admirably executed, are introduced.

From this I crossed the water to fort Manuel, which is at present used as a prison, and nearly five hundred French, Germans, and Italians are confined in it, all well-looking young men: and as to their uniforms, they have all the facings which colours will admit of. The

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\* The beauty of the pavement in this church, is very great; it looks like one large piece of Mosaic, being of marble; the tombs to the memory of different knights for many centuries, are laid flat. I do not think there is room for one more. They are inlaid with marble of different colours, and on many of them are recorded the actions and good qualities of the knight buried under them. On many of them I read, "*Amor gratè posuit*;" others have the arms of the knights inlaid.

lazaretto almost joins this fort, and seems but a poor building.

13th.—I arranged all matters this morning for embarking in the Freya frigate, and shall mess with a party of officers of the 44th regiment, who go by her to Portugal.

The archduke Ferdinand of Milan, landed this morning with a suite of seven persons. Our hospitable general has lodged them all in the palace, and they are to breakfast and dine with him every day. He is brother to the queen of Sardinia, brother-in-law to the emperor of Austria, as also his cousin-german, consequently is second cousin to the empress, wife of Bonaparte. Some of the suite were of very singular appearance; however, on entering into conversation, I found them to be well-informed men.

Though I lived in the palace, and of course saw it every day, yet before my departure I went over it very minutely. The collection of pictures, now well arranged, is very fine: in the great dining-room are several whole lengths of grand-masters, and of Louis XV.; there is also one of Catharine, empress of Russia. In another part are fresco paintings, representing the principal events, from the foundation of the Order to near its termination; and in the gal-



leries and corridors outside the rooms, various pictures of sea-fights between the knights and the Turks, Algerines, and other barbarians. In one large room, some beautiful goblin tapestry represents allegorically the four quarters of the globe, and four seasons, well done; the colours very fine.

There is a very good meridian traced in the great hall of the palace. I went again to the telegraph tower on the top of the palace, from whence is a commanding view of La Valette, with St. Elmo and fort Manuel, and Florian, the two harbours, and Ricazoli, St. Angelo, Vittoriosa, Isola, Salvador, the Bormola, Cottonara district, and the country to Civita Vecchia; also Gozo, Sicily, and Mount Ætna, are visible in clear weather.

There is one hill near the harbour which commands it; this ought to be taken in, and at least have a martello tower on it. But what would complete La Valette and Florian, would be a cut between the great and the lazaretto harbour. This would isolate them, and be of great importance: it is said the Order had it in contemplation; the ground is most favourable to it: if we keep the island, it will probably be done at some future period.

During the time of the Order, the condition

of the Turkish slaves was very melancholy ; I have heard it described in terms shocking to humanity. No doubt the Maltese prisoners were as badly treated at Tunis, Algiers, and in Turkey.

Though the heat is greater during eight months than in the East or West Indies, yet when a person is once seasoned, the climate is healthy. There being no woods or swamps, the air and ground are dry, and to this cause is owing the absence of all venomous reptiles. Malta, for the officers or private soldiers, is certainly the best quarter out of England.

The harbour of Malta contains all the various sorts of vessels which traverse the Mediterranean—sparenaros, feluccas, scampavras, galiettas, Ragusan and Turkish vessels, with pinks and tartans, zebeques, &c. coming into harbour with their lateen sails, present an appearance which adds to the singularity of the place.

The Barracas (Italia and lower) were public walks in the time of the Order ; they are now stores. They command a view of Valette and the harbour.

I believe it is not generally known, that the Order of St. John had once large possessions in Ireland. Kilmainham, near Dublin, was a priory of St. John's the Baptist (afterwards

it is said to have been a Benedictine convent) founded by Strongbow about 1174. Clontarf was a commandery of St. Congal: first it belonged to the Knights Templars, but under Edward the Second, came to the Hospitalers. Henry the Eighth created John Ransom (prior of St. John of Jerusalem) Viscount of Clontarf during life.

There were also many other priories and commanderies of the Knights of St. John, with a right of sitting in parliament, viz. in the counties of Kildare, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Carlow, Meath, Louth, and Down. Clonmel was a commandery, first of Templars, and after, of Hospitalers, founded in the thirteenth century; some of which lands are now, I believe, in possession of the Harding family. But I never heard that there was an Irish tongue at Malta. The Order had also many grand priories and commanderies in England.

This powerful Order had also many hospitals, monasteries, and houses for hospitaler dames, or nuns, of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, in most parts of Europe. These ladies were under various rules. The following list of their principal hospitals may be gratifying to the reader: an hospital and commandery of St. Mary, at Jerusalem; one at Buckland, in

**England ; one in Spain, near Saragossa ; the temple of St. John in Tuscany ; one in Catalonia ; one in Genoa ; one at Antioch in Syria ; one at Beaulieu, in France ; one at Toulouse ; one at Verona ; one at Florence ; one at Seville ; one at Evora, and one at Estremos, in Portugal ; and St. Ursula, at Malta.**

## CHAP. VII.

*Departure from Malta—Arrival at Lisbon  
(1811)—Effects of the War—Conduct of  
the French and British Armies—Extor-  
tions of Junot—Belem Castle and Convent.*

ON the 14th of May, I embarked on the Freya frigate, of 38 guns. We passed Kaura point and St. Paul's bay: not a vestige remains of the Lively. We touched at Gibraltar on the 29th\*, where we got a supply of provisions. This place has at present good markets: they get bullocks from Barbary. The geraniums were in full blow at Gibraltar, and of such fine scarlet, that rows of them on the hill, at a little distance looked exactly like a regiment drawn up.

I was astonished at the population on the

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\* In passing Ceuta, we were telegraphed to come on shore for letters. I merely mention this, to remark the perfection of the telegraph system; on this occasion we kept up a long conversation with the commander at Ceuta, though I only note what gave rise to it. He seemed very anxious that we should come in to Ceuta, and it was explained to him that our sailing orders made it impossible to stop. All this was done with perfect ease and rapidity, and without bringing the ship to for an instant.

**Rock.** The military organization of the garrison is a complete contrast to that of Malta, and our fine army in Sicily. Gibraltar was always a drunken place ; and I am sorry to observe it is so still—almost every man I saw (not on guard) was reeling drunk.

From every appearance, our engineers will never be satisfied here ; after thirty years, one would imagine, nothing in the art of fortification could be wanting, particularly in a place so strong by nature ; yet several new works are going on. Many officers of experience think the place has been weakened by the extension of the works. As the old ones stood the test of a long and famous siege, I think we might have been satisfied.

If suggestions are not treason against the engineer department, I think all that was (and is still) required at Gibraltar, is a strong martello tower at the Old Mole head. I remember the Old Mole and grand battery suffered most during the siege ; the former, indeed, was almost demolished. I was surprised to find that, with all the money expended, there is not yet a bomb-proof guard-house at Willis's batteries.

Our ship is to proceed to Lisbon to land the officers of the 44th, and there receive further orders. Passages in men of war from Gibraltar, are very uncertain, and as there is a brisk

Levant wind, which is necessary for passing the Gut, I have determined to go on. Captain Campbell went on board, but politely left me a boat, and said he would wait for me till sun-set, as I am to dine with the lieutenant-governor. At half past seven I took my leave of the general and the Rock, walked to Ragged Staff, and embarked. The Freya had come in near to the Old Mole, and had difficulty to work out. At nine o'clock, p. m. we got clear, and with a famous breeze stood through the Gut at a great rate, certainly thirteen miles an hour. I had a fine sun-set view of this extraordinary spot, the prospect of which from the bay, comprising the Queen of Spain's Chair, the Rock, Algesiras, Ape's hill, and the Barbary mountains, is singularly beautiful; and at present there are a great number of ships, transports, and vessels of all nations anchored between the Moles. The weather extremely hot.

31st.—Having had a fair wind the whole of yesterday, we passed Cape St. Vincent's at ten, a. m. this morning. The rocks south of it, are very high and perpendicular. Wind W. by S.; thermometer 67.

June 1st.—At ten o'clock last night we got

a good breeze, and fair; but a heavy sea: at eight o'clock, a. m. this morning, in sight of the entrance of the Tagus; wind continues good, and enough of it. Expect to get in, in four hours. At noon near the land, and little appearance of a summer day in England, much less in latitude  $38\frac{1}{2}$ . At half past noon, found we had passed the Tagus—a most extraordinary blunder in full day-light, and though yesterday close to Cape St. Vincent\*. At one o'clock, hoisted a jack at the fore, the signal for a pilot, and back'd the main sail: no appearance of a pilot—let the ship under weigh again, and put about: came on to blow hard: carried away the main topsail yard: wore ship, and stood from the land at three o'clock, when we found we had passed Lisbon five leagues, and must now beat back against the wind. By four, p. m. got up a new main top-yard, and

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\* I have before presumed to give an opinion on the subject of masters in the Royal Navy: and unless I am greatly misinformed, the pay of those officers is so very small, that it is difficult to get a sufficient number of duly qualified and experienced navigators to take the situation: thus a ship, worth so much to the nation, and the lives of the people on board, are often in jeopardy, as it would appear, from the economy of a few pounds in the master's pay. In the army also it seems forgotten, that a soldier, before one year in the service, costs the country at least fifty guineas; and then, by a miserable economy, the service of the man is in some degree doubtful, from a saving of about five shillings in the lock of his musket, and twopence a year in the price of his flints. The service flints are better than the common, but the lock is the same.



bent a new main topsail: blows hard, with rain, and a heavy sea: every thing obliged to be well lashed. It is difficult to sit or stand.

At five, p. m. while at dinner, a heavy squall came on: tables, plates, knives, dishes, and most things in the ward-room, upset, and the officers all left sprawling on the floor; many of them bruised. The ship pitched, rolled, and strained greatly during the night.

The charts lately published at enormous expense, and furnished to the men of war, are in many instances incorrect. Cape St. Vincent is thirty miles out of its place in these charts. The old or common charts are much better than these fine bound large-margined ones. I am of opinion a ship would be better without them. Merchant vessels, from not having, or not depending on them, seldom shave points, capes, or head land, but keep a good offing.

June 2nd.—This morning the weather moderated, and at eight, a. m. a pilot came on board. At ten we were off the mouth of the Tagus: soon after we passed close to fort St. Julian. Several field works have been thrown up about this part of the coast, and have guns mounted. The Buzio tower is on an island at the entrance of the river, and has also a light-house on it: a sand-bank runs out from the south side of the

Tagus very near it, and is now so dry as to admit people to walk on it.

Before noon, we got a full view of Lisbon, which, like most great cities, looks well at a distance. The harbour is full of large ships. The current which sets in and out of the Tagus with the ebb and flow of the tide, is very strong. Belem castle is a very curiously built old Gothic building, with a modern battery, *à fleur d'eau*; on its tower there is a telegraph.

At half past noon we anchored. Immediately after, I went with captain Campbell on board the admiral's ship the *Barfleur*, a three-decker. A squall of wind and rain came on, so that we were detained on board nearly an hour. We heard the particulars of lord Wellington's action of 5th of May, and Beresford's of the 16th.

I never expected to get a billet, and was in fact on the look-out for a decent hotel (not a very common thing in Lisbon), when the brigadier ordered me a quarter: I accordingly accepted of it, but determined to return on board the *Freya* for this night, it being too late to land my baggage.

We dined at the admiral's. He says the *Freya* is to remain here, and no chance of her going to England. I cannot say I am sorry. I shall easily get a passage; and can now see Lisbon and its environs. After dinner we returned on board.

The officers and detachment are to land this afternoon. My quarters are at baron Quintella's palace, almost as good as that of the grand-masters of Malta. The baron lives mostly at his country-house, about a league from Lisbon; but his major-domo received me with all possible respect, and I have got no less than the actual quarters of general Junot: in fact, a suite of rooms finely furnished and clean; they would answer for any duke or emperor in Europe.

I returned on board for my baggage, first going to the post-office, which seems to be a very great establishment; and the thousands of letters, and the numbers of people enquiring, proves Lisbon to be either a city of great trade, or that the inhabitants have got the *mania scribendi*.

Boats are to be had in a moment: when I got on board the Freya, I found all in confusion—two of the ship's officers in arrest, our soldiers mostly drunk, and my servant in the same state. The fact is, we had a cask of wine slung in the ward-room, and as it was not all consumed during our voyage, the servants, soldiers, and some of the sailors, taking advantage of the absence of the army officers, who had gone on shore to look for quarters, attacked the cask, drank what wine was in it, and were all drunk. They came into the

ward-room, and helped themselves to all our remaining provision or sea-store. A party was also on shore for water, and two of the naval officers on duty at the flag-ship; I was therefore glad I hired a boat to myself, and after some trouble, got my baggage into it. The town-major sent a cart to the landing-place for it; but it was four o'clock before I got to my quarter.

I dined at a military *table d'hôte*, with about sixteen British officers, among whom were some well-informed men just come from the army; the greater part recovering from wounds.

Lisbon is a long straggling town; I believe, including Buenos Ayres and Belem, nearly five miles in extent, and without any exception, the most dirty, filthy, stinking town I ever was in; the worst town in Sicily is far its superior, even in cleanliness. Indeed the dirt of Lisbon is beyond description, and the fronts of the houses are filthy, and look wretched. The men are dirty, filthy objects, and covered with vermin; but the women, as far as dress and outward appearance go, look smart and clean, very different to what one would expect from the appearance of every thing else in Lisbon, and the very poorest of them have clean white stockings. The contrast is therefore striking, but they have a strange fashion of wearing great

coats thrown loose over their shoulders, (even in this warm season of the year), in make, not unlike that of an English stage-coachman's box-coat, except that they are not loaded with capes; they are in general of red cloth.

During my stay at Lisbon I frequently dined at the military *table d'hôte*, by which, besides agreeable company, I obtained a good deal of information. Although it is certain that the French committed great excesses, I was sorry to find our troops nearly equalled them, notwithstanding the discipline of lord Wellington, and his frequent orders against plunder. The people here say, the French troops were bad—the English worse—the Portuguese much worse, but the Spaniards worse than all the rest together; indeed they all appear to be so heartily tired of the war, that they seem to think it very immaterial which side is victorious, and in reality wish for nothing so much as peace.

The French had advanced within fifteen miles of Lisbon, and on their retreat, certainly plundered, burned, and, like all retreating armies, lost sight of discipline. The peasantry murder them when they can, and they give no quarter to the wretched people; and so destruction goes on. The magnificent convent at Alcobaco was burned by the French,

and also the fine convent at Batalha ; and they did all the injury they could to the famous building adjoining, of which Murphy took views and designs ; but they could not burn it, being all stone work. Massena burned several fine towns and villages in this retreat. What a dreadful scourge is war ! little are the people aware of their good fortune, who are not visited by it.

The bells never cease ringing here, but are different from those I have generally heard abroad. They have neither the chimes of Flanders, or monotonous deafening noise of those of Sicily, Italy, and Malta : they are more like the English, though not triple bobs or peals ; they are not unpleasant, and have a musical tone, inclined to melancholy. I should not object to them occasionally, but they go on night and day.

4th.—After breakfast I walked out ; looked into two churches, which were very full, and the women all clean and well dressed—in one I saw a pretty little child lying, and well-dressed, with its little hands folded, as if in prayer. I thought it a wax figure, but found it was a dead child brought here for burial, and laid out in the church, as is the custom in Sicily ; but it was not in a coffin.

Lisbon stands on a rising ground and hill above the river, and from some terraces, and many of the houses, there is a very fine view of the Tagus and shipping. I went to one, to see the fleet fire at one o'clock, this being our king's birth-day. I never saw a finer sight: the men of war all dressed out with flags of all nations, and the whole firing; the day too is very fine. I was invited to dine with our minister; I went to Mr. Stuart's by water, as his house is close to the river, and it commands a fine view of it. Our company consisted of nearly 40 people, amongst them all the remaining nobility of Lisbon, for the greater part emigrated with the prince to the Brazils. The bishop, the regency, with the Portuguese ministers, and several English officers, &c. also dined there.

I have seldom seen a better dinner;—turtle soup,—very fine fish,—a capital *dessert*, and excellent wine; and what one seldom meets at so large a party, very good attendance; in short, as good as possible: considering the difficulty and expence of every thing in the eating way now at Lisbon, there must have been great exertion. Mr. Stuart really did the honors of the birth-day most handsomely. I here met the baron at whose house I am lodged, and was introduced to him.

It is a positive fact, that Junot ordered him to supply a table to dine 40 persons, wine, &c. &c. every day, and breakfast and supper for as many; and he had the impudence to *ask* the baron to dine with him once or twice, by a written invitation, in his own house, and at his own dinner. This went on for eight months, and cost him full ten thousand pounds, besides the wine, and they drank almost all in his cellar. What would John Bull think of such a visitor? However, they say the baron did not, after all, pay more than others, in proportion to his riches; for Junot, on this account, excused him from paying to the contribution levied on Lisbon, and also left him the contract for tobacco, which he had from the Portuguese government, and by which he made so large a fortune; but I doubt if he is of that opinion. The French, however, plundered and robbed every body high and low, but in a *polite* way.

At half past seven the company broke up. Some of the houses were illuminated in compliment. On these occasions, it is astonishing what quantities and mixtures foreigners appear to eat.

I find, before Portugal was the theatre of war, every eatable, and the finest fowl, game, &c. &c. were plentiful and very cheap; it is now difficult to make out an ordinary dinner, and except fish, every thing is extremely dear.



The climate of Lisbon seems to be very fine; the air very good out of it, and would be so in it, were it not for the stench and dirt of the streets.

5th.—The baron Quintella has insisted on giving me breakfast every morning, and a very splendid one was set out for my *excellency* alone, sufficient I think for Junot. I walked about the town afterwards, and looked into some of the churches; they appeared very poor, after seeing Sicily, and particularly after Palermo. I went into some shops for a few articles I wanted, but here they outdo the Sicilians (they have had more English intercourse)—in fact, they were so absurdly and ridiculously extravagant, that it was in vain to attempt to buy any thing.

I was engaged to dine in the country with Mr. Jeffries, the English consul, exactly at four. The consul and I set out to walk to his country-house at three, but the four o'clock dinner was five. We passed through many dirty streets, far worse than Barrack-street or Dirty-lane, in Dublin, and then through what they call the public garden—poor enough, and not much resorted to—yet a pleasant walk, to escape the filth of the streets. A large party of officers dined with the consul.

6th.—I hired a carriage this day, and went to Belem. It may not be improper to note here, that Lisbon, Buenos Ayres, and Belem, are three towns which join, and run along the Tagus from west to east, and are all situated on a hill above the river. The palace at Belem is not more than half finished: the plans, which are to be seen, show that it was conceived on a scale far too great for Portugal, and, like all these palaces, consists of heaps of masonry, with no comfort. The mason-work, as in Sicily, and the stone-cutters, are excellent. The carpenters better than the Sicilians, yet very bad; the floors are inferior to those of an Irish barn. The architraves, door-cases, bases, sur-bases, all of stone or marble, and excellent vaulting, but the upper story of the finished wing, which contains the bed-chambers, is most uncomfortable. A vast suite of rooms, with *coach-house gates*\*, and all open into each other: it will never be finished. The huge colossal pieces of stone and marble lying about to carry on this building (if ever it is attempted to finish it), are great indeed. Nothing in the time of the ancients, even the single stones in the old amphitheatres, are not greater. I looked at them with astonishment, and cannot conceive how:

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\* The fashionable term for the large folding-doors lately adopted, to open two rooms into one.

they were brought to where they now are. The Portuguese must certainly understand mechanical powers as well as the ancients; and after what I saw here, the huge blocks at Segesta; or the Temple of the Giants at Gergenti, cease to be wonderful. I think it in a very bad situation, there being no ground about it, but surrounded with wretched houses, as bad as Brentford or Stoney-Batter, but commands a view of the Tagus. There is a chapel adjoining, with a fine set of bells. Lower down is a very pretty church, La Memoria.

From this I went to the king's garden at Belem—a miserable thing—it is open to every one on Thursdays, and at least one hundred English soldiers were waiting at the door for admittance; our convalescents and wounded, and a large hospital, are all established at Belem, and likewise the depôt for detachments. Adjoining is a museum, for its size, extremely well arranged; to this also, the world is admitted on Thursdays. The collection of butterflies is far the best preserved and most perfect, that I have seen; many of them very large, and as beautiful as can be conceived; they all came from the Brazils; the birds are also fine. The guardian told me the royal family carried away the best part of the museum, and took it back to the Brazils, lest it might be sent to Paris. He also

stated, that as Portugal was now safe, the articles were returned again from South America, and actually in cases at the custom-house, and would be restored in ten days to their former places. If this be true—query, are they not too sanguine? but I could not discover any vacancy of consequence in this museum; so if the guardian's story be correct, I know not where the articles in question were, or will be placed.

From this I went to see Belem convent. St. Maria is a very fine one, but has suffered by the times. The monks, once a hundred and twenty, are now reduced to forty, and the greater part of the convent is taken as an hospital for our soldiers. They sleep in the corridors, or rather cloisters, quite in the air, which appears to me a strange arrangement for sick men. The garden in the cloister-square has not been injured by the English soldiers, for a wonder—the square is a fine old Gothic building, highly ornamented, and the garden is well laid out. The inside gallery, from which the monks' apartments have their doors, is 250 paces long. This gallery is upstairs, and under it is a vaulted Gothic piazza, which must have been very fine when open, but it is now built up to make store-houses for our commissariat.

The church of this convent is a fine Gothic building; the great entrance ornamented in stone-work, and the inside very beautiful. It

is on a singular plan—the choir is at one end, and elevated like a gallery; the great altar at the opposite end; some curious pillars supporting a vaulted roof, are ornamented in stone-work, like that at King's chapel at Cambridge. The carving on the seats, &c. in the choir, is from designs of Raphael. Murphy copied them. One of the monks went round with me, and was very civil. Two kings and two queens are buried here, in four rough sarcophagi, which are well adapted for, and in character with tombs. These monks have a handsome library, far superior to what one generally meets in a convent; and yet the French plundered them—they have one folio manuscript left; it is beautifully illuminated. The French took an invaluable curiosity from them, viz. the bible in manuscript, seven folio volumes, and with the finest old drawings, or, to use the proper term, *illuminations*. I ought to have remarked, that the museum before mentioned was full of our soldiers, and it was curious to hear their remarks: I positively heard one fellow say, as he looked at a dried fish, “*Loord, I’ss think ’twould be better to eat that there fish, than to have him here\**.” The Scotch were better informed, and more rational than the others.

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\* Ignorance, however, is not monopolized by any one rank or profession. A clergyman from the marshes of Lincolnshire, was by some business brought to London, and called upon sir Joseph Banks, who

Belem castle is an old Gothic building, and commands the river. The greater part is, and long has been, a prison; its battery would be most formidable, if it were mounted, and in order. St. Julien's is a very strong fort, on a construction different from any I have seen: it is intended to command the river, which it does (or rather will do, when they put guns into it) most effectually; it has two tier, and by a singular and ingenious contrivance, an excellent bomb-proof between the first and second tier, and between every two guns, forming at the same time traverses, and also magazines and stores, all detached.

From this I returned, and dined at the military *table d'hôte*. The pavement is so bad and slippery, and the continual ascent (Lisbon being on a hill over the Tagus), makes it impossible to drive fast here.

The dirt and stench of the town are very horrid, and though there are many good houses, yet all have a poor appearance. To give a true idea of Lisbon (except fine climate and delightful weather, which it fully enjoys), I refer any one to Barrack and St. James's streets, Dublin, or Ring's End, particularly the latter.

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obligingly took him to the British Museum: at the sight of the Egyptian mummies, the reverend visitor exclaimed, "Lord, Sir Joseph, are they sea monsters or are they land monsters, Sir?"

I know no English town that could give any idea of it.

7th.—I had arranged all, to set out to-morrow for Cintra, but captain Phillimore, who goes with me, is unfortunately on a court-martial. I went to see the Dominican church, which is a very handsome one, and though wide, its roof is finished with a single vault. There is a convent attached. It is near the Inquisition-square, which is the largest in Lisbon, and the palace of this infamous court occupies nearly one side of it. From this square, three streets run parallel into another square, or rather place, for it is bounded by the river; it is called St. Alfonso, and in the centre is a colossal figure of Alfonso on horseback, in bronze, and finely executed. This place or square has a palace (half finished), the gate of which forms the communication with the centre street to the Inquisition-square. This palace fronts the river, and on one side is the custom-house, on the other the India-house, and a piazza all round, as in Covent-garden. The exchange is in a corner of this square. I heard much of it, but it is the poorest I ever saw. These squares, and three streets, would be very fine, if clean. They are large, and at a little distance look magnificent, but on close

inspection, the dirt of both streets and houses is not to be described ; they call them Gold-street, Silver-street, and Cloth-street. A passage for persons on foot, is *posted* off in these three streets, by very strong large posts of stone, but not flagged ; there are few or no lamps.

The baron Quintella's palace, where I am quartered, has a magnificent suite of rooms, and finely furnished : in one drawing-room is the best tapestry I ever saw ; not gobelin, but superior ; the colours beautiful. They keep all the window-shutters closed as much as they can, to keep out heat and flies, and prevent the furniture fading. There is also a very pretty town garden, with fountains, and ponds having gold fish ; and fine old-fashioned *cut-box* trees, &c. &c. Thermometer 75 at noon this day. I dined with Mr. Stuart, our ambassador.

8th.—It was so hot, that I hired one of the Lisbon carriages, which, considering the vehicle (not much better than what were formerly called *noddies*, in Ireland), are very dear, viz. four dollars a day, and half a dollar to the driver. I went to St. Rocque's church—a very poor building on the outside, and the inside mean enough, after Palermo and Catania ; but there is a chapel of St. John in it, well worth seeing,



having three large and finely-executed pictures in Mosaic, done at Rome, viz. the Baptism, the Salutation, and the Pentecoste. The front of the great altar is very rich, with fine alto-relievo figures, in silver on lapis lazuli. I next went with a Sacristan to see their paraphernalia, which is very rich, in gold and silver ornaments, particularly a fine crucifix of silver gilt, all which escaped the rapacity of the French. The dresses in their wardrobe are as fine as any I ever saw, with the richest and most beautiful embroidery in silk, silver and gold. I visited several other churches.

Lisbon, from its fine situation over the Tagus, ought to be the cleanest town in Europe. It has the finest falls for sewers, and yet there is not a sewer in the city.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Imposition of the Portuguese—Palace of Cintra—Cintra—The Cork Convent—Mount Seratte, Mr. Beckford's House—Palace of the Marquis of Marialva—Vale of Coulares—Palace and Monastery at Mafra—Vimiera.*

THE attempts to impose on the English are so general, that one might imagine the Portuguese have a very poor opinion of our understandings. I cannot illustrate it better, than by the following instance: I must first observe, that there are very few carriages for hire at present in Lisbon, and therefore some advance more than usual may be expected.

I proposed to visit Mafra, and the lines north of Lisbon: through the politeness of our minister, Mr., now sir Charles Stuart (son of the late Lieut.-gen. sir C. Stuart, an officer whose merit and memory will be long cherished by the British army) I got a Portuguese officer, Capt. Azedo of the engineers, to accompany me; likewise an orderly dragoon to attend us. It was so difficult to get horses to hire in

Lisbon, that I had an order which enabled me to press a carriage and three horses ; but I did not wish to avail myself of it, if possible. To avoid doing so, Capt. A. was so obliging as to lend me a saddle-horse, as we preposed to ride, except during the heat of the day ; and I requested him to offer double the usual hire for the carriage and horses, or mules, we wanted ; but not one would stir under a price far beyond that. We produced the order to press, and explained that I did not wish to resort to it : it was all in vain—we were obliged to press a carriage and three horses ; and at the moment of setting out, and when in the carriage, I offered them double fare, but it was still refused, and thus they unaccountably preferred being taken at a comparative small rate, "*par force*," to volunteering, and getting double. Such was their obstinacy, amounting to this—“ If we cannot impose, and make you pay what we chuse to demand, you may take us under your order, and we will not accept any thing—you must feed the horses, and return them.”

The horses and carriages were pressed from different persons, and on my return I offered them what Capt. Azedo said was very handsome, but one would scarcely take it ; and another refused to take any payment.

As it happened, Capt. P. was not able to ac-

company us. We dined at baron Quintella's, and after four o'clock this afternoon set out.

The road to Cintra is hilly, and all the way bad pavement. We arrived by six at Quilhus, where there is a palace, in which the queen and prince Regent lived part of the year: it is called eight miles from Lisbon. The palace is an irregular building, now almost dismantled, but the little furniture that remains, shews they had some idea of comfort, for every room has at least two chests of drawers, and of the most beautiful inlaid workmanship. The looking-glasses, like all abroad, shew the want of housemaids, and attention. The gardens are the most old-fashioned that can be imagined, though I just recollect that Hampton-court pleasure-grounds are much in the same style. Terraces, and fine cut hedges, box in all forms, and statues, busts and fountains, avenues and tall trees, clipped and formal. At the end of the garden is an artificial water-fall, formed by the spouting of water from various figures, faces, noses, mouths, fish, birds, &c. and on each side, *jets d'eau* spouting from evergreens, pipes being brought up through them: as singular and grotesque in their way, as prince Palagonia's villa is in his *fancy* near Palermo, We staid an hour here.

I sent my orderly dragoon on to Cintra, to

order supper, beds, &c. When we arrived it was ten o'clock, and bright moonlight: the appearance of Cintra was curious, and most romantic by it, as well as by day-light. The best inn in Portugal is here, kept by a huge old Irishwoman, Mrs. O'Dacey, from the "*county Cork—all the way!*" as she says, and in the true *Italian accent*. She has been settled here 38 years; a more comfortable, good house, is not to be found any where, and very clean. The situation is beautiful; one may conceive it to be the middle of the Dargle, in the county of Wicklow—" *there is its description, without more words.*" I was surprised to find the house nearly full, though large. Parties come continually from Lisbon during the summer.

9th.—We set out on our tour of Cintra mountain this morning at ten o'clock, on two jack-asses (*buros*) without stirrups, with a fine little boy of 12 years old, as our guide; and, as Mrs. O'Dacey said, "*the devil a better, my jewel, in Portugal!*" The poor boy walked and kept up all the way.

It is certainly against any place, to be too much praised. All persons I have met, are in love with Cintra—it is a picturesque glen; but I have been disappointed. Though the

scenery is like that of the Dargle, near Dublin: I think the Dargle, Hackfull, and Studley, far superior to it.

We visited the Cork convent—it might as well have any other name—a little cork nailed against the doors and ceiling, is all the claim it has to the appellation. It is not even situated in a cork wood, but is built amongst some curiously disposed rocks. The convent is the most wretched I ever saw; the cells little better than English pig-sties; the garden and orange-grove pretty, and there are some shady walks, with aromatic shrubs. Here fourteen Franciscans seem to enjoy no other blessings than what Mr. Twiss gave our Pats at Killarney, viz. good health and a fine prospect.

The ride over the mountain from this to Coulares, is very beautiful: it is just a quinta, or villa, with a garden and water-works, old-fashioned, and in the greatest disorder.

I rode on to a large pine wood growing out of a rabbit-warren: the view of Cintra mountain on this side, covered with wood, chiefly cork and orange trees, is very fine. As we got up the hill again, the prospect (taking in the sea) was equally delightful.

We stopped at Villa, or Quinta Palma, belonging to two old ladies, who spoke French well. Junot, when ambassador here, hired

this villa for six months. There is a beautiful terrace, with a geranium hedge now in full blow, and commanding a fine prospect. We rode on to Mount Seratte, a country-house in a half Gothic style, built by that extraordinary character, Mr. Beckford. On the outside it still looks well, and as to situation, for wood, sea-view, rocks, and romantic beauty, Mount Seratte cannot be exceeded; but this once splendid and costly mansion is now, by most shameful and foolish neglect, in such a state of ruin as cannot be imagined; it was melancholy to see the fine mahogany stairs, the stucco-work, fine plated glass, all at the mercy of the storm and weather; the house in such a state of ruin and destruction as not to be inhabited by owls or bats, or even jack-daws; the doors and windows all open and clapping, &c. &c.; the roof almost off, and the rain and damp has consequently ruined the whole fabric: beautiful floors nearly rotten, but enough is preserved, to prove that English workmen were brought over at a great expence to build this house; and to shew the excellence of the workmanship, and the goodness of the materials. It is difficult to conceive such wanton and foolish destruction as has been allowed here; it would have been far better to have taken the house down, and sold the materials.

I hear the extraordinary character who built it, took the ground for twenty years—the term is out, and it reverted to the landlord. He is in India, and never conceiving that any man would lay out twenty thousand pounds, and abandon it, had not taken any precaution, or left any direction; and Mr. Beckford went away at the expiration of his term. The troubles of the country then came on; in short, Mount Seratte, which was finished in the highest style, and not thirty years old, is the most miserable ruin that can be conceived. The walks and grounds are now a perfect wilderness.

Pedra Verde is another villa commanding fine views, particularly of the plain to the north. I am told the gardens were once beautiful, and in the highest order—they are now a wilderness.

Near Cintra is a very fine country palace, belonging to the marquis of Marialva. He is a prisoner or half prisoner in France. It is in as beautiful a situation as can be conceived. Here the Cintra Convention was signed: I saw the room, and even the spot. Either the parties were confused at the time, or their ink was very thick and bad, for its stains are visible on the floor, as if the parties dash'd it about in passion. No desperate hazard-player ever



marked a table, more than this floor is marked with ink. The Portuguese are very indignant at this convention, and they preserve and shew these marks.

This palace is handsome, well furnished, and convenient; there are several fine prints, a chapel, and good offices; in short, more like the house of an English nobleman than of a foreigner. The carpenters' work is very good, which I never saw before in a Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian house, Mount Seratte excepted. The gardens are in the old style, but commanding a fine view of rocks, mountains, sea; &c. &c. There are not any fine large oaks, as in our English parks; they do not give them room, their plantations are so thick. The guardian of the palace does his duty; it is in excellent order; yet I observed the usual antipathy to fresh air\*. The gardens, for old-fashioned, are well laid out, and there *once* were, and easily might be again, pretty walks; but they are all grown over with weeds and brushwood.

There are many other villas on the Cintra mountain, but all are more or less *Castle Rack Rents*. The Vale of Coulares is beautiful. I

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\* They shewed us a most extraordinary curiosity for Portugal, viz. two water-closets!—and well they might, for I doubt if there be another in the kingdom.

observe, with the exception of oranges and grapes, they have no idea of fruit, and scarcely any kitchen-garden. Water they have in abundance; indeed at Palma there was a cistern large enough to water fifty men of war. The old lady said the orange-trees required it all. Mentioning water, I forgot before to note, that on our way here yesterday evening, I saw the famous aqueduct which supplies Lisbon. In this I was disappointed—I think it inferior to that at Caserta, but certainly so to that near Montpellier. The greater part, like the ancient one at Syracuse, is a mere conduit under ground; but where it passes a valley near Lisbon, it is certainly, for its length, as fine a work as any ever executed by the Romans; but instead of extending miles, is not more than twice the length of Westminster-bridge. This aqueduct was erected in the year 1732. It is of such strength, that it resisted the great earthquake. It consists of thirty-five arches, some are Gothic and some semicircular. There is a passage over it five feet wide.

We got back to dinner at six, having been out just eight hours. It was a fine day, and though I was in some respects disappointed, I must allow that Cintra is beautiful, and well worth seeing.

After dinner I walked into the town, or ra-

ther village; its situation is romantic in the extreme. Mrs. O'Dacey's house is situated over the glen, or Dargle, the scenery of which is romantic and beautiful.

10th.—Before breakfast this day, we went to see the palace—a very curious old building, now unfurnished. There are a vast number of rooms, and two terraces commanding a fine prospect which extend to the sea; and at the top is a large octangular room, where the council sometimes assembled during the residence of the court in old times. They also shew a room in which one of their kings was confined sixteen years: he must either have been well guarded, or had little energy, for it would not be difficult to break out of it. This unfortunate prince was Alfonso the Sixth: he was confined by his wife and brother. It is said he was chained to a corner of the room; but they show the marks of what they call his walk by the tiles (for there are seldom floors in this country), which are worn like a foot-path.

The kitchen is very large, and no doubt there has been good cheer in this palace in former times; two large sorts of chimnies, exactly like those of a glass-house, give vent to the charcoal or fuel; they are extremely ugly on the outside, and spoil the appearance of the

palace, being full as large as those of an ordinary glass-house.

The palace has the finest shower-bath imaginable; they have a great command of water, and in a tiled room on the lowest story, are a number of pipes, which by one turn of a key, shower over the room, absurdly large for the purpose, and the water is immediately carried off by communications, and a fall to a great drain. The room is sixteen feet square, and the water-spouts from all parts of the walls, ceiling, and floor, which is made of a sort of puzzolane, and the sides tiled.

After breakfast I went to Romolin, a palace and garden belonging to the princess of Portugal. It is unfurnished, having been dismantled on the French invasion. The gardens are in the old style; the house an uncomfortable one for habitation—a great suite of rooms, all opening one into another; in short, a most unenviable residence.

From the princess's palace, we rode up a very steep mountain on jack-asses, indeed almost a perpendicular path through rocks, not unlike those at the Scalp, in Ireland. Here, on the point and top of a conical mountain, a convent is built on steep rocks: the boldest situation imaginable. It is capable of holding thirty monks, but only four reside there at pre-

sent. Monkish devotion is certainly on the decline, for a more secluded spot cannot be, for those who really wish to retire from the world. It is the prettiest model of a convent that can be conceived, having a double (upper and under) cloister, a very tolerable church, and, in short, every establishment belonging to a convent, and in a pleasing style. The prospect from their elevated terrace, is extensive and beautiful. They told me, the state of the times, and the lowness of their funds, would not allow more monks; but I rather think *the profession* is going down, for this convent is a branch of that at Belem, which is rich, and *their numbers* have also greatly declined. I believe few like the banishment of Cintra mountain; and less than a *detachment* of four, could not keep guard and take care of the place. However, there is good masonry here; and money has been laid out. For a real pious monk, I should think it a desirable situation. Lower down, but yet very high over Cintra (though it stands very high), are the ruins of a Moorish castle, certainly not worth half the trouble of climbing over rocks, which I took, to see it. There are also within the walls, the ruins of a small mosque, and of a bath, or water reservoir—I think more like the latter than the former. I was told the water was always clear, but I did not find it so.

After this, I rode and walked about Cintra, and in the evening set out for Mafra, where I arrived before dark. I had sent on my orderly dragoon with a letter to the chief magistrate for a quarter, as there is not an inn.

The second line of redoubts for the defence of Lisbon, begins at the sea near this, and passes through Mafra. I went up to the redoubts: the chief one here, No. 77, is situated in the deer park attached to this Portuguese Escorial, and which is very extensive, walled in, and well stocked with fine deer. I have got a billet at the only good house I see in the town. My landlord and his family are most civil and attentive, and seem excellent people. There is an officer of our engineers stationed here.

Mafra is a poor village, but there is an immense palace and monastery, equal to the Escorial, and built by John the Fifth, a century ago. The church is very fine. Evening service was going on. I looked in, and then walked about the galleries, corridors, and passages of this immense building.

11th.—I got up at five o'clock this morning, and went to the palace and monastery at Mafra. The building is fine, although architects may, and do find many faults with it. In point of extent and appearance, it is certainly equal to

the Escorial. It took me three hours to examine it, without any unnecessary delay. The church is fine. There are ten chapels, with altars in alto relievo, of course scripture subjects. The great altar is highly ornamented, and the pillars have a grand effect. There is great variety of carving over the doors, windows, &c. &c. In the portico in front of the building, are twelve gigantic statues of saints, in marble, one of St. Sebastian particularly well executed.

The church contains five large organs. The entire building, comprising church, monastery, and palace, is said to have five thousand windows, and eight hundred rooms. The number of marble statues is very great: with those in the vestibule, and in front of the church, and others in the body of it, I reckoned nearly eighty great marble statues, well executed, which alone shew the magnificence of this royal palace and convent. The sacristy is rich in sacerdotal ornaments and dresses. The iron-work before the choir, and the sides of the great cross in the church, are of the best workmanship.

The church is exactly a miniature model of St. Paul's in London, and has a gallery in the dome (not a whispering one). The proportions of this church are so just, that it looks

much larger than it really is. The gallery of the dome, which makes a respectable figure when looked at from below, is on a nearer acquaintance a mere pigmy, compared to St. Paul's; but the church is far better finished and ornamented than sir C. Wren's boasted fabric. They have intermixed a great deal of fine black marble, more perfect than the best of the Kilkenny.

The order of Monks, Franciscans, were mendicants, but were supported by the prince, and before these troublesome times, three hundred rogues, fools, or lazy individuals, found bread here; but since the prince went to the Brazils, taking one hundred and fifty of these religious friars with him, there are only now forty-six remaining; an additional cause of their decline is the want of funds. Franciscans are mendicants, but mendicants are men, and though this order professes to live on charity, they were very glad to partake of the Prince Regent's liberal bounty, and from poverty to step into Benedictine luxury.

The kitchen is a noble hall, in which there is every convenience, and room for at least thirty cooks; close to it is the refectory, the finest I ever saw, and I have seen all the great convents in Europe. It is a splendid hall, with four rows of mahogany tables, like a London



coffee-house; each table for eight persons, and of excellent workmanship. This long hall is vaulted, and attached is a large anti-room, with four fountains in it, for the fathers to wash themselves after dinner and supper. I know not how this mendicant order lived in the prince's time, but the *kitchen* is evidence sufficient to warrant that it was good. I went to the top of the church, and had a fine bird's-eye view of the convent, and also of the surrounding country. The convent, palace, and church, form an immense mass of building; disposed in three squares.

The top of this extensive building is not its least curiosity: it is vaulted, and flagged entirely over, so as to form an extensive walk, having parapets. The prospect, as may be supposed, is very commanding. After walking all over the roof, from which we had a good view of the park, and part of the lines, I went to see the bells, in number fifty-eight: they are very fine. There is also the finest set of chimes I ever heard. My landlord, who has the care of them, was our *cicerone*; he has brought the chimes and clock-work to the greatest perfection, keeps all their apparatus in the best order, and can play any tune on them, just as on an organ or piano forte.

From the roof we got through a communi-

cation-door into the inside of the dome, and walked round its gallery.

The library is a magnificent gallery in the Gothic style, having an upper gallery for books, such as in the public library at Malta, Dublin college, and many others. It is three hundred feet long and thirty broad, vaulted, as are almost all the public apartments in this convent. They have many French books, and in an adjoining room a collection of *prohibited* books—but no manuscripts. The French took all their plate; they paid the same compliment to every church they visited in Portugal.

From the church side of this magnificent building (which, by the way, has been injured by earthquakes), I went to the royal, or palace-side; for the pious prince who built it, combined church and palace together: it consists of a long suite of uncomfortable rooms, now unfurnished; many of them, like those of the convent, have of late served as barracks to both French and English. In the great audience-hall are the finest painted imitations of alto relievos I ever saw. In the prince's apartment there is a little furniture—a very handsome bed, but from neglect, it was absolutely swarming with fleas, which entirely covered it, like a swarm of bees—a disgusting sight. The palace, like most abroad, may be

fully described in two words, viz. "splendid misery."

I next went through all the galleries, corridors, cloisters, &c. &c. of this (as to mere building) magnificent convent, in which a stranger might almost lose himself. Last night, it being rather dark when we left the church, and walked through some of the lower passages of the monastery, we were indeed nearly lost, and I was at one time apprehensive we should have had to spend the night there. In the monk's waiting-hall are some tolerable pictures.

Such establishments ought always to have a fund for annual repairs. This great, and certainly very wonderful building (though with many faults), and which cost so much, is now in the greatest decadence, with broken windows, and such other marks of decline; indeed, considering the times, the absence of its protectors, the royal family, and its having been for the last five years alternately an English and French barrack, and military hospital, it is perhaps surprising to see the degree of order it still retains. Attached is a garden, and at a mile distant, another, chiefly orange-groves, but now all in disorder: a wilderness of wild shrubs and weeds. I have only to add, that this vast building is nearly square, being 770 feet long

by 680, and required a *guide* to go through it. I should also mention a grand and magnificent flight of stairs. •

After satisfying our curiosity, we rode up to the lines and redoubts near Mafra, having had but a slight inspection of them last evening, and then returned to breakfast; and at ten o'clock I took leave of my polite and obliging host, and proceeded to Torres Vedras, which is about fifteen miles from Mafra, by a very bad road.

We examined such of the works as we passed on the way, forming part of the lines for the defence of Lisbon. The country is naturally very strong.

It was two o'clock when we reached Torres Vedras—a poor wretched town. I got a tolerable billet. We brought provision with us; which was fortunate, as scarcely bread could be got here; but the poor people are all civil and attentive.

I determined to ride to Vimiera, to see the field of battle where Junot was defeated. It was difficult to get any information. I had a letter to a gentleman who had seen the action, and who had frequently attended English officers who wished to see the ground, but he had left Torres Vedras. The Portuguese, like the Sicilians, are not troubled with curiosity,

and I believe few of the inhabitants have even been to see the redoubts above the town. My orderly dragoon had been in the battle; but private soldiers can only know (if they know so much) the position of their own regiment; it was even difficult to get a guide to shew the way. This, however, being accomplished, we rode to Vimiera, about eight miles from Torres Vedras. The road to and about Vimiera, seems impracticable for a carriage, but is, on the whole, a good horse-road; the country open, and through great fir woods.

At Vimiera we fell in with the priest of the parish. He had seen the battle from a distant hill, but could give no other information. By a plan of it, which I cut out of a pamphlet, I was able to trace the movements; and I immediately took a sketch of the ground about Vimiera village, which is a very miserable hamlet. On the hill above it, towards Torres Vedras, are two stone towers, formerly windmills; but as far as I could make out the position, this hill (on which general Anstruther's and Fane's brigade were posted) appears to have been in advance of our centre. The village is nearly at the bottom (on the north side) of this hill, which is isolated. The battle was chiefly to the northward of it, the French having attacked our left. North-west across the valley

are very steep, bleak, and high mountains, and on that next the Atlantic, the right under general (now lord) Hill was posted. General Ferguson was on the left, and the right was not at all engaged. Junot came from Torres and Ventoso.—South of the windmill-hill, towards Torres, there is an inclined plane, extending above a mile and a half, and bounded by hills covered with fir wood, and the little river Maceira runs through it: on this plain the cavalry engaged. The country, though strong, appeared to me favourable for military movements, enabling a general to exert his ability, and avail himself of the localities, whether attacking or defending, for it comprises mountain, valley, wood, a village, river and plain, all in no very great extent, and though the ground is strong, there are no impediments to deploy infantry, except on the rugged hills towards the ocean.

The roads are very bad for artillery, but practicable; and south of the windmills, where the cavalry acted, I saw no impediment to a fox-hunter. Capt. Azedo and I examined and went over all this ground minutely; and from the nature of it, the battle must have been a fine sight to those who had a bird's-eye view of it from the north-west mountain.

12th.—This morning before breakfast, we went up to the large redoubts\* about a mile from Torres, and on a steep hill. The work is large, but as yet, there are very few guns in it, and what there are, old Portuguese, with very bad carriages. But there are about 200 good English pieces of heavy ordnance in 140 redoubts of the three lines. These works will be formidable, when fully furnished with cannon and ammunition. The position is so very strong, the roads so bad and few, and the country such, that I think an army ought to make a great stand here without any redoubts.

The old castle, though on high ground above Torres, is much lower than the Torres redoubt. Some old Portuguese guns placed here, command the roads. The positions are well taken.

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\* A number of Portuguese peasants were at work in this redoubt. I observed the earth thrown up to be in colour like iron ochre, and the stones which they occasionally met, appeared to be half composed of a sort of iron dross. Some were flat, or slaty, but others large and rough.

## CHAP. IX.

*Fortifications of Sobral—Retreat of Massena—  
Dreadful outrages committed by the French,  
British, and Spanish Troops, in Portugal—  
Silk Manufacture at Lisbon—Frequency of  
Earthquakes—Church and Convent of Es-  
trella—Convent of St. Vincent—The Theatre  
—Portuguese Volunteers—State of the Por-  
tuguese Army.*

WE left the miserable town of Torres Vedras, and proceeded to Sobral, in the centre of the line. Here the French were established from after the battle of Busaco till Massena's retreat, and our advanced picquets were close to the town. In my way here I went off the road about two miles, to see the ground where a smart action took place, and though so lately, the bones of the killed were lying about, quite divested of flesh; the bodies were *scarcely buried*; the rains brought them up, and then the hot sun as completely destroyed them as if they had laid in England half a century.

I found an English officer (Capt. Williams,



of engineers) at Sobral; he was so obliging as to walk with me to the works and great redoubt. The town of Sobral is on the outside, and full two miles from the large redoubt. These works stand very high, and in a fine position. They are in the centre of the advanced line, and from hence there is a full view of the whole, beyond Torres to near Alandra, where it ends.

We ordered the vehicle on, and rode and walked several miles; but before we could reach Alandra night overtook us. We passed along the whole of this line, and the last work just at dark. A large palace between Torres and Sobral was turned into an hospital. The towns and villages here suffered greatly.

The town of Sobral was never very good, and has now all the appearance of a place lately sacked. Several houses were burned, others unroofed, and all plundered by French or English.

I was sorry to have houses pointed out to me, as burned by the English troops, and to learn from authority not to be questioned, that notwithstanding the strict and repeated orders of lord Wellington against such proceedings, joined with the punishment of delinquents, and the greatest personal exertions to lessen the afflictions of war, still great outrages were committed.

The account of the wanton and cruel behaviour of the French to the unfortunate inhabitants during Massena's retreat, were shocking to humanity, and scarcely to be believed. They set fire to villages, plundered and destroyed, and absolutely murdered old men, women and children; at least I cannot doubt what has been told me by the Portuguese, particularly as it was confirmed by English officers who saw the sad proof, as they pursued Massena. As for the destruction of property, I witnessed that myself, and the excesses of various sorts, which I have heard of from witnesses of veracity, exceed belief. But the officers all state, that Massena's retreat from these lines was masterly.

The Portuguese say, *tropas son tropas*, and I believe they are right; they add, the French behaved very ill—the English worse—their own troops worse than both the former, but that the Spaniards were the most abandoned robbers, and without any discipline; they committed every outrage possible. Indeed I hear a guard of British was of necessity placed at Franca Villa, while Romana's army was there, to prevent their robbing all passengers, which they did, as they were a *perfect banditti*.

It was near eleven when we reached Franca Villa, where we got excellent quarters with:

the Capitano Maur, as he is called. While on this tour, I saw several houses, or rather their remains, that had been burned by the French or English army; and an officer told me, that in many instances our fellows wantonly destroyed prints, pictures, &c. &c. and often boiled their kettles by a fire made of books. As to some burning, when the army followed Massena, it was unavoidable, from the rapidity of the retreat and pursuit; and in this part there is not much wood, except olives. Bullocks were driven and killed as wanted, and of course the soldier was obliged to cook, and for this, doors, furniture, and floors were burned, no doubt, with little or no discretion; every olive tree cut, is supposed to be worth thirty pounds, and the wine vats were in many instances unmercifully burned, though such a loss to the owners.

War is indeed a dreadful calamity to the country which is the seat of it. John Bull has not the most distant idea of such scenes; secure in his insular situation, he reads the accounts with as much complacency as he does a new farce or a novel, and even chuckles with delight, if he thinks these ravages may occasion a more rapid sale for his wares or merchandise. But what would John say to a six months' campaign in England?

13th.—There is little or nothing to be seen at Franca Villa. The French were here part of last winter. The inhabitants, as usual, went off, taking their effects, and left them empty walls. They say the French did not do any material damage here\*, but when the Spaniards came, they did all possible mischief.

I hired a large boat, and having wind and tide favourable, ran down the Tagus, from hence to Lisbon, in two hours and a half, and arrived at three o'clock, p. m.

Amongst the instances of French vandalism, is the destruction of the fine convent of Alco-haca, except its library, which they did not touch—they wrote over the door, "*Bonaparte protege les arts!*" The convent was burned.

14th.—Captain Azedo and I went over a good deal of Lisbon this day, in one of the wretched vehicles. The pavement is so bad, that they proceed in the slowest walk; and were it not for the great heat, I could go faster on foot. We saw the silk manufactory. I must allow them civility, but never met a more stupid or unsatisfactory set of shop-keepers than at this royal manufactory, which is a great building.

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\* The French, however, committed sad and wanton mischief in other places. They materially injured the magnificent Batalha.

Gold and silver lace is also worked in it, and two large rooms with looms; but the silk-weavers mostly work at home. From the extent of the wareroom, and the variety of patterns in books, I should think that it must employ more people than at Catania or Palermo; but it is mostly tambour silk, of most ante-deluvian patterns, far inferior in taste to the Sicilian, and much dearer.

Near this is manufactured an earthen-ware sort of porcelain, extremely coarse, but cheap and strong. The tiles, which they use so much in all the houses, are burned here.

From hence we drove to the aqueduct. I think the visible part (as I have mentioned before) extends an English mile, with a fine flagged walk on each side across the valley of Alcantara.

Not far from it, are some works of the inner, or embarkation line. I perceived a small battery much ruined; and knowing that it could not be so from attack or from siege (these works being new) I enquired, and found it happened a few days before from earthquake. Slight shocks are frequent in the vicinity of Lisbon; and I shall not be surprised if they some day have a repetition of the misfortune of 1755. Possibly the combustible matter in the earth, which occasions these visitations,

lies in beds extending under the sea also ; and I think it not improbable that there are such beds extending from about Lisbon to the western isles, which are all volcanic productions.

We visited the new church (the Estrella), a beautiful building, with a convent of nuns attached. It was built by the religious queen of Portugal, and is a most finished work. The stairs up to the dome, and many other parts, are of marble. A large gallery, and an upper one, go round the inside, as the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, and the same on the outside. I could not resist ascending, and I was highly repaid, by seeing the wonderful excellence of the workmanship. There are, in fact, two domes (as I believe is the case in all such buildings), viz. one within the other ; and never did I see finer masonry ; to examine it minutely, as it deserves, would take a week ; all is perfect, and finished. What advantage they have in these warm climates, in their roofs being flagged, like our London foot-ways ; as there is no frost, the mortar remains strong, and resists the wet. The whole work is complete. The flagging, and all the inside, is marble, and of the best execution. The altars are handsome, and contain several good modern pictures ; the sacristy is also a fine room.

Vespers, and before it some other service,

was going on, and the nuns sang delightfully. What a pity to imprison, and pervert the imagination of so many females, who would be much better employed in following the command—"Increase and multiply."

I remained at Lisbon till the 23rd, during which time, I believe I saw all worth notice in the city, and made some excursions in the neighbourhood.

I went one morning to the English burying-ground, to see if there was a tomb to Fielding, or to my father's intimate friend, the ingenious colonel Forrister. I could not find any to either; both lie here, like many others, almost forgotten. It is strange, that merit so often goes to the grave without the smallest memorial, while petty traders, and captains of ships from poor sea-ports, I found, had fine monuments in this abode of death, to which there has been a large addition since we have sent so many British officers to leave their bones in Portugal.

As captain O'Trigger says, "There is very good lying here," at least there was; now the old burying-ground is so full, that it would be difficult to find room for a corpse. The friends of the deceased, in general, have not been niggardly in erecting monuments, for it is a *wood of tombs* and of cypress trees. Here the soldier,

the merchant, and the fair victim whom this climate could not rescue, find equality in the grave.

" Ah ! in what perils is vain life engag'd ;  
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy  
 The hardest frame ! Of indolence, of toil,  
 We die ; of want, of superfluity.  
 The all-surrounding heav'n, the vital air,  
 Is big with death."

The cathedral suffered by the earthquake, and has nothing very remarkable in it. It was plundered, and is now guarded, when it has nothing to be robbed of. I saw two children exposed for burial, according to the custom here ; that is, when the parents cannot afford the expence of interment, they leave the body in the church.

The prison is near the cathedral, and not very strong, but has a strong guard. It is a picture of filth and misery.

The castle stands high, and commands Lisbon, with one battery, but is all in decadence ; and nothing but its position, and the prospect from it, deserves notice ; indeed from hence, as from the top of the new church, there is the finest view of the whole of Lisbon, the Tagus, and the surrounding country. There is also a wretched military prison in the castle and barracks—a battalion of English marines, the 2nd, 58th, and some Portuguese are quartered here.



The armoury, and arsenal for stores, and the foundry, are near this. A number of workmen are at present employed ; all the old part is evidently in ruin, but as British money now boils the pot, the work goes on well. The situation is curious, on a hill, and from top to bottom, so that every department is on a level with part of the street.

Not far from this is St. Vincent's, a convent of *Canonicos Regulares* ; a great part of it is occupied as a British hospital, but sufficient remains for the monks, now evidently on the decline. There is as handsome a church as I have seen, with a vaulted roof. The choir, hung with fine damask red silk and gold, looked extremely well. The fathers were uncommonly obliging : after shewing their fine church, and the rich embroidery in their beautiful sacristy, they accompanied us over the convent. Fine and extensive galleries and rooms, prove what numbers these walls once inclosed ; but all is change in this world—they are now reduced to less than half their complement. In a small chapel up stairs, is a very handsome collection of pictures. These men are above common monks. I never saw a handsomer apartment than that of the superior ; it commands a delightful view of the Tagus, is well furnished, and has good prints ; more like

the rooms of a fellow of Oxford or Cambridge, than a Lisbon monk. There are two smaller rooms, one for his bed, a very comfortable one, the other, nine feet square, containing a pretty boudoir, and a choice collection of books, mostly French.

The garden is very extensive—a number of busts, statues, walks, flowers, an aviary, fountains and fish-ponds; also a building with a very large billiard table, different from ours, having at least 14 pockets; a sort of bowling-green, terrace, &c. &c. Their refectory and library were taken for an hospital, and are still used as such. I remember being once at the famous convent near Tours, and there the monks had a coffee-room, with maps, and all the newspapers and periodical publications of Europe, which indeed was like one of our colleges, and the St. Vincent Canonicos only want that, to be perfectly happy.

Capt. Azedo and I dined with baron Quintella at his country-house, three miles distant, on Sunday the 16th, and in our way called to see a church, or rather the remains of one, destroyed by the earthquake; little, however, of the ruins of that misfortune are now to be seen. Lisbon has been mostly rebuilt in the part which suffered, but unfortunately without sewers. We next called to see the theatre for

bull-fights, an amusement which has of late been discontinued—a poor wooden building, but large enough to hold 4000 persons. Attached is another theatre for plays, like Sadler's Wells.

The baron's country-house is as good as his town palace. After dinner we walked in his gardens, which are extensive, but all in the oldest style. I left him at nine o'clock, and went to the play. There was a very good ballet, that is, there were some excellent women dancers; but the greater part of the men only fit for Astley's or Sadler's Wells. I observe all foreigners (French excepted) prefer, like our mob, a hornpipe, great activity and leaping, &c. to elegant dancing; four huge fellows gratified them exceedingly; I really believe they sprang ten feet high—this was more gratifying to them than Vestris or Laborie. The women were, as to dress, nearly naked.

The palace of the Inquisition, in the *Praça de Roçcio*, is at present half occupied by the Regency: the Inquisition rooms are locked up. There is a prison attached, but I could not see it, neither could I get admittance into the principal rooms; but from the outside appearance, and the sample I saw, I am only sorry I was at the trouble of coming here a second time.

In Gold and Silver street, almost every shop

is that of a diamond merchant or goldsmith, but it is quite impossible to buy any thing— an English general must pay 300 per cent. above the value, and that did not suit me. The custom-house in the Marino-square is very large. The long room was not open. Opposite and adjoining the India-house, is a very large *public library*, which, however, though *public*, is *seldom* open: I made four attempts to get in, without success.

The palace opposite the river in this square, is not half finished, and is but a poor building. The courts of justice are now held in the finished wing. The great theatre, St. Carlos, is not at present open for performance, but I had some lights put in it, to view it. The stage part was visible enough from the window-light, and is as large as Drury-lane was; the part for the audience is not half so large, but handsome; and one of the actors, for they are endeavouring to open it, came and tried the effect of the voice, which is particularly favourable to the actor.

Here Catalani began her career; and it is supposed to be the best play-house in Europe for hearing. At the front is a façade, or vestibule, just wide enough for one carriage, and as all must take up and set down in rotation, there cannot be any confusion—it is like driv-

ing into a hall, and people get into their carriages dry—a precaution, however, unnecessary for this country the greater part of the year.

I dined at the military *table d'hôte*, and met a number of fine young officers, all severely wounded, and but just recovered enough to allow them to dine here; indeed I do not know where else they could dine, the inns are so bad and extravagant. They give a melancholy account of our losses, and the horrors of war; but all agree in the superior bravery of our men, as also in what I have often heard, viz. that in many actions, the greater part of the French, even the officers, were frequently mad drunk—this seems strange; but from the mode of report, I fully believe it.

The thermometer in the window (open) of my room at eleven o'clock last night (18th), in the air, and perfect shade, was 72°, and yet though there is no ice here, I do not feel the heat so much as in Sicily, Malta, or in the Mediterranean.

While I recollect it, I must observe, that the recruiting for the Portuguese army is thus carried on: if the magistrates hear of any active single men, they are immediately put in requisition, and sent, tied, to the army. I remember seeing a caricature of this sort, of

the French conscription, but it is a fact here, although there certainly are a number of *volunteers*. The Portuguese army now consists of an aggregate of sixty-eight thousand men. One day, as I walked the streets of Lisbon, I positively saw a drove of *volunteers* tied in pairs to a long rope, and thus escorted to the army, the greater part of which, I am informed, have been raised *par force*. But when once they join, they behave well; and if they desert, it is to return home, not to the enemy.

The following particulars respecting them, I had from several British officers now in the Portuguese service. The men never get drunk, never tell truth, and never clean themselves, if they can avoid it; are great gamblers, and would play for their last shirt. The regimental account books are well kept; there are no regular orderly books; officers note orders in their pocket-books, and communicate them verbally. They are very slow, but correct, in taking up an alignment; well behaved, and brave; but will plunder when they can. They have no regimental courts-martial. A colonel can order fifty blows of a cane, or *sabre plat*, which is severe; but strange as it may appear, I am assured the punishment which has most effect on a Portuguese soldier, is to order him to be clean washed, and to have the dirt scrub-

bed off his skin; on which occasions crowds come to pity him.

The state of the military in Portugal has scarcely ever been respectable. We assisted it in the year 1762, but it reverted to the same bad condition, neglecting every thing, and being totally unfit for service.

By the English organization under marshal Beresford, who has been indefatigable in his attention to this army, it has got a character, and stands thus :

#### LINE.

|  | Rank and File.     |
|--|--------------------|
| 24 regiments, two battalions, each battalion 800, }<br>being .....   | 38,400             |
| 12 regiments of cavalry, 500 each, being .....   | 6000               |
| 4 regiments of artillery, 1200 each, .....   | 4800               |
| 12 battalions chasseurs, 800 each, .....   | 9600               |
| Lisbon militia and volunteers are quite equal to<br>their regulars, and did duty in the lines last<br>year, therefore I include them, viz. |                    |
| 4 regiments of Lisbon militia, two of city and two }<br>of suburbs, 1000 each, is .....  | 4000               |
| 1 of artillery ditto, .....  | 1000               |
| Lisbon militia, two battalions chasseurs, 800 each,  | 1600               |
| 1 ditto merchants' infantry, .....   | 1200               |
| A regiment of infantry and two squadrons of police, }<br>well appointed, fine men, and fit for any ser-<br>vice, .....                     | 1500               |
|  | <hr/> 68,100 <hr/> |

And in the rest of the kingdom, forty-four regiments of militia trained and armed, of 800 men each regiment. The peasantry also form a *miserable* corps, armed with bad pikes, yet still they are useful.



## CHAP. X.

*Lines and Redoubts around Lisbon—The Custom-house—Female Education—Wild Dogs in the Streets of Lisbon—Feast of the Heart of Jesus—Fate of M. Masquerino—Horrors of the War in the Peninsula.*

ON the 18th I crossed the Tagus with captain Phillimore of the Diadem, and captain Azedo, to see the works on the south side, and on our way we went on board a Portuguese 74 gun man of war, lying in ordinary, a very fine ship, but old, called the Vasques de Gama. This name naturally excites historical recollections; and the next question is, how happens it that a nation like Portugal, once famous for commerce, navigation, and enterprise, the discovery of the New World—a country, that, in fact, till this moment, has not been for a long time the seat of war—how happens it, I say, that in such a country, with a fine climate, and every physical and local advantage, it is so far behind the civilized part of Europe, and in such misery? Two words answer the question, viz. *bad government.*

The Vasques de Gama, called after a great man, though finely built, is as dirty as a Spanish man of war; but the name ought to make the Portuguese reflect, and remind them what nation they might be.

We crossed to the south, and rode to what is called the Queen's Gardens, far larger than Kensington and Hyde park together, but very inferior as to art. By nature, this park (for park it is) is in a good situation; the garden is all in the old-fashioned style, with cut hedges, but the park, in which very wide walks or roads are made round and through it, is a wild retired place, filled with Scotch fir or vines. The firs are stunted, but yet grow sufficiently to give it a wild wooded appearance. The soil a sand, fit for rabbits.

From hence we rode along the lines, formed to prevent the French from getting the command of the river. These redoubts, eleven in number, on a line of eight miles, are situated in the most intricate and difficult country that can be conceived: many ravines, underwood, walls innumerable, winding narrow paths all covered, a most enclosed country, in short, such a one as would enable an army, however great, to come to the crest of the glacis of these redoubts, or into them, almost before they could be seen. This sort of country extends

about four miles, and then comes a forest of fir, thirty miles long by fourteen wide. It took us five hours to view the gardens and lines. I do not know if the same engineer laid out these lines, that laid out those for the northern defence of Lisbon—I think it quite impossible, that the man who displayed the judgment and military science which are apparent in the north lines (which were first made), could possibly have planned the southern.

It was a pleasant excursion. We called on Mr. French; he is a rich merchant, and in the wine trade. By the way, there is a Portuguese company, which is said to have the best wine in the country, and to have a capital of 300,000*l.* and has purchased all the principal vineyards. I find they have always been at variance with what is called the English Factory. The latter give a compound of brandy; the former, it is said (but I do not answer for it), good port. At present, there is a dispute between the remnant of the factory and this company; and one party or the other must fail, in having the monopoly. I am certain we shall get better port from the company than from the English Factory.

On comparison of the lines of defence north and south, I must declare my astonishment at the difference between what to me appears all

perfection north, and the contrary south. These southern lines, &c. &c. have (like the northern) been formed at great expence. The northern are certainly as perfect as lines of such extent can be, and they have the advantage of being in a very strong and difficult country; at the same time it is so far open, that an enemy cannot advance without being seen. The roads are so few and bad, and those so commanded by redoubts, that if there is time to furnish them with guns, &c. &c. it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to carry them. The outward line, from the sea beyond Torres Vedras to Alandra on the Tagus, extends nearly thirty miles, and the second twenty-five; the third, or inner one, about seven. They have all some advanced redoubts. To occupy them, would require at least sixty or seventy thousand men. All lines have been forced ultimately, when they were the only dependance of a country; even those of Lauterburg and Weisseburg, of comparative short extent, were carried during the revolutionary war. Lines may delay, but, like rivers, seldom, if ever, prevent the ingress of an enemy.

Last winter the heavy field train, and the whole English and Portuguese army being in this position, certainly rendered it nearly impregnable. But when the active commander

in chief carried his army towards the Spanish frontier, and the lines were left chiefly to Portuguese superintendence, apathy took place. All the Portuguese guns I saw, were old honeycombed pieces; on the whole, however, these lines afford a formidable defence to Lisbon. As to those south of the Tagus, I am positive a small force coming through the Alentejo, would carry them. They appear to me very bad, and not even to command the river.

The custom-house at Lisbon is chiefly vaulted. Their long room is indeed a long one, being two hundred feet long by eighty wide.

*The Board* sit here in a raised place at the head; and there are just as many and as convenient clerks' places in this room, as in our Dublin custom-house.

I heard that the minister Pombal was famous for three great acts, besides that of rebuilding the city after the destructive earthquake, viz. abolishing the Jesuits and Inquisition; not allowing any man to be arrested for debt; and obtaining free export and import, without custom-house officers arranging duties by an excise and capitation. As to *debt*, I shall enquire if arrestis allowed—it escaped me till this moment; but the custom-house and Inquisition exist in all *their depravity* and horrors. I never saw

such a rigid office as the former ; not only do they open every box, but every parcel. London, with all its custom-house formalities ; Liverpool, with its insolence ; and Dover, with all its activity, are pygmies, compared to this *ordeal*. In all countries except Portugal, an auxiliary army is exempt from paying duty. I saw boxes containing stores, shoes, and stockings for the soldiers, and directed to the commanding officer, most cruelly unpacked and rummaged at this villanous custom-house.

Now considering our subsidy, the money we spend in this country, the Portuguese army we pay, and that we defend Portugal as much as any East or West India colony—is it not most revolting, to have the stores for an army, delayed, and subject to being opened, unpacked, and rifled by this official banditti?—What would Junot have said to them, if they had dared to take a bale for his army to the custom-house ? At the same time, I must in candour add one circumstance ; it is said that, under cover of army stores, many English merchants smuggled a vast quantity of goods—this, however, is not a sufficient excuse for such an outrage. In the same range, and not in the opposite one (as I heard) is the India-house.

The Portuguese still carry on a great trade with India and China.

We next crossed the square to the public library, which I have made so many attempts to see. The rooms are large and extensive. It is well arranged, and has a number of the best books. The rooms are very low: it is only open a few hours in the week. There were not more than three persons in these rooms.

The palace, or half palace, near, is not worth seeing. I again tried to see that of the Inquisition. One wing is at present shut up, the other is used by the Regency. It covers a considerable quantity of ground, and has nothing exterior or interior, as far as I could observe, to recommend it.

The thermometer in the shade, and in a thorough draft of air in my room this morning (20th) at eight o'clock, a. m.  $70^{\circ}$ . What is very singular, at one, p. m. in the same place, and the same current of air, but the sun then on it, it was only  $71^{\circ}$ ; at four o'clock, p. m.  $73^{\circ}$ .

In the dock-yard are four fine slips in cut stone—a 74 forward on one of them. There is a dry dock, and good stores; an anchor wharf, and a gun wharf near. The rope-walk is at Belem. At present no work of consequence is going on, but there is a good dock-yard and

also an arsenal. *Bad government* is the order of the day\*. I looked into some of the parochial churches; they are very poor.

Baron Quintella, with whom I dined this day, is farmer-general of tobacco: he has quite a bureau of clerks, eight in number, and keeps a table for them, and a priest or two of course. They say he is worth 200,000*l.* but he certainly works hard, and looks after things himself: he comes to town four days in the week at eleven, is in the office till four, when he dines with these clerks, and at six goes again to the office till ten, and then returns to the country.

The baron has one son, a fine little boy, and really a *gentle* young Irish priest as his tutor; but what strange arrangements have all foreigners as to the female society of their families, which to us is so grateful. The baron has two daughters, one fourteen, the other nine years old, both in a convent for education. They never come home, not on Sundays, Easter, nor even Christmas, and yet he has a sister who lives with him, a notable old lady. I re-

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\* The late general Mackinnon says (see his Journal of the Campaign in Portugal), "Much might be done in this country, if they once get rid of their monks and their government, both of which we are come to support."



monstrated against this custom, so different from ours; but the baron very coldly replied, "Oh! they will come out to be married when they are fit, and when I make a match for them." All his intercourse with them in the mean time, is an occasional visit. What different materials men are made of, and what strange things are tolerated by custom and prejudice. Family society, from which we derive the greatest happiness and comfort, foreigners appear to know nothing of. I should as soon think of shooting myself, as banishing my daughters from me in this manner: and I dare say (such is custom) the baron, who is really a worthy good man, would think it as extraordinary almost as shooting himself, to have his daughters educated at home, under the eye of his old sister.

The baron has a very excellent library, which (with many other valuables, pictures, plate, prints, &c. &c.) was packed up last winter when the French were so near Lisbon. He is now in the act of unpacking the cases, and arranging the library. I hope he is not *premature*: having packed the books, I should certainly have left them so, and ready to ship, until the grand question was decided.

The baron has a small house at the end of his garden, and a tower and gallery at the top,

which commands a view of the Tagus, Lisbon, the country, &c. &c. There are two very good sets of apartments in this house; and as the situation is cool, and many shrubs about it, the baron told me that Junot always came here in summer, to drink his wine after dinner.

The Loretto is a very fine church. There are others in almost every street, and all of them worth notice, though they would bear no comparison with those of Sicily.

The wretched two-wheeled carts of Portugal are invariably drawn by bullocks, and make a most disagreeable noise. Portugal does not grow corn for more than six months' consumption.

The hordes of wild dogs in the streets of Lisbon are a dreadful nuisance; and yet I believe they seldom go mad. They are very large, and of the wolf race. I know not why it is so, but certainly canine madness is much more prevalent in England and Ireland than on the Continent: indeed if it existed here in any degree, there would be no safety; for though the French lately properly killed most of these animals, they are now as numerous as ever. The lazy, dirty Portuguese, look on them as the Dutch do on the storks; they are good scavengers, and eat up great part of the dirt they throw out.

The most peculiar quality I have observed in a Portuguese, is innate laziness. Our engineers remark it, and say one *John* or *Pat* will do more work in a day than four Portuguese. The great port labour is done by Spaniards from Galicia. It is truly provoking, to observe their lazy indifference in a shop—a fellow will hardly be at the trouble of shewing any thing, or giving an answer—one would suppose the shopkeeper to be the guard, and not the seller of the articles in the shop. The same lazy indifference prevails in all ranks.

Last winter, when there was great distress in Lisbon, and men were absolutely starving, public offers were made of *rations* and sixpence a day, to any man who would work in the lines; yet the majority preferred an existence on casual charity, and basking in the sun, to the above high wages and work. They are not a working people by nature; however, the French took a much shorter and better plan—they gave no money, and forced them to work.

The inhabitants of Lisbon suffer much from damp, which I account for by their keeping all their windows closed, and admitting no air. It is found that darkness is the best remedy against the numerous flies that infest their houses.

The religiously mad queen established a fes-

tival here, to be held annually (at the new church which she built) in honour of the *heart* of Jesus—what an idea!


This day (21st) was the festival for the present year, and I went there, to high mass—there was fine music, singing, and plenty of wax candles. I saw many black men and women, who seemed pious catholics, and indeed the church was so full as to require a guard, such as I have seen when Dr. Kirwan has preached in Ireland.

I called on the admiral, and Mr. Stuart, our ambassador, from whom I received all possible civility; and in my way looked into the church of a large Benedictine convent. I went on to Buenos Ayres (a continuation of Lisbon); it has some good streets, but the stench of them was so great this day, that I was forced to have my handkerchief to my mouth and nose during my walk; the heat is also very great. The houses are built of stone, plaistered in front to the street, and were once white-washed, but from the dust and dirt, the constant throwing out water and filth from every window, and from weeds and cobwebs, the whole have such a dirty appearance, as is absolutely disgusting.

A melancholy case happened in Lisbon six weeks ago: M. Masquerino took part with the

French when they first came into the country, and was aid-de camp to Junot. By the extraordinary Cintra convention, all such persons were not to be punished, or *called to account*; however, in defiance of the treaty, this gentleman was taken prisoner lately, was tried here, and sentenced to be burned. They strangled, and then burned him, and threw the ashes into the sea. His mother and sisters still remain in Lisbon, and applied to Mr. Stuart, who I hear was of opinion, that under the Cintra treaty, the Portuguese government had no right to notice him, and that in this opinion lord Wellington joined. However, the government looked on the Cintra convention as only an English transaction, in which they had no concern. Mr. S. mentioned with great feeling, the distress of the mother and sisters, and I have no doubt made every exertion to save him.

It was thought the French would claim the prisoner, and denounce terrible vengeance; but, extraordinary as it may appear, they never troubled themselves about the matter—a good lesson for those who join the enemies of their country. Possibly, they were not in time aware of the length the Portuguese government would go: however, under all circumstances, it called for notice; and the French general Massena might have at least claimed him; but he was left



to his fate. The entire war of Spain and Portugal has been a scene of most painful distress, melancholy to think of, the details of which ought to move a heart of iron. It is clear, however, that if Spain is conquered, it will be in consequence of the disputes and jealousy amongst the higher orders.

I have heard curious accounts of their total anarchy, jealousy, disputes, and disunion, so much so as to make me wonder the contest has lasted so long. In addition to lord Wellington's military talents, he must have much political address, to be able to keep them together. But as the people are all most furiously inimical to the French, possibly they may succeed—God grant they may ! It is very difficult to conquer a hardy race in their own country, and particularly when women and children take up the cause.

22nd.—I took a boat early this morning, and went down the river with captain Azedo, as far as Cascaes, and along the sea defences. The sea line of defences on the north coast of the Tagus, consist of fort Cascaes, which is irregular; towards the sea it has two parapet batteries ; one commands the bay of Cascaes, and has eighteen guns ; the other has twenty-six, and commands the anchorage. There are souterrains in this

fort for one thousand men, and shelter for one hundred cavalry. North-west of Cascaes, and towards the rock, there are some batteries, but a landing here appears impracticable, from its natural defences.

Next to Cascaes, towards Lisbon, is fort Antonio, a square work ; it has a high scarp on the land side, and twelve guns *en barbette* to the sea, but much above high-water mark. The coast near this is rocky and difficult : next comes Villio, a small fort. Fort Jonquiere is in fact only a battery of ten guns ; between it and St. Julian's there is a long covered line, and parapet for small arms. St. Julian is an irregular work, and projects on a point of land opposite the Bugia tower, and with it defends the mouth of the Tagus. Its land front is five hundred feet, with a wall much higher than the sea defences. Capt A. told me this fort was mined. St. Julian has furnaces for heating shot, and has souterrains for 1200 men, also stores, said to be bomb proof, and tanks for a large supply of water. To the sea are an upper and lower battery, with nearly eighty guns. There are other small forts, viz. Arcos Bruno, St. Catharine's, and the old castle of Belem, which, if not strong, is at least a very picturesque object.

There are several new batteries on this coast;

erected under British direction ; in short, the Tagus appears to be perfectly defended on the north side\*. The ground on the south, or Alentejo side, is higher, and more difficult, and several batteries have been recently constructed there also. I have made my remarks upon them already. The centre of Portugal, between the Douro and the Tagus, is the part most likely to be assailed. These rivers, however, form good supports to the flanks of a defending army. The principal military points in the kingdom are in this district, viz. Almeida, Pinhel, Lumego, Vizeu, Guarda, Castel Branco, Villa Velhu, Abrantes, (the key of the Tagus), Thomar, and Santarem. Elvas, one of the strongest places, is south of the Tagus, in the Alentejo : but all military men agree, that the defence which Portugal has most to rely on, is the extreme barrenness and poverty of the country, and the difficulty of feeding an army. The defending army may, if pressed, fall back on its resources, whereas the invading one must bring every thing with it ; add to this the badness of the roads, and steepness of the mountains.

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\* The greater part of the Alentejo province, has as yet escaped the scourge of war. I am told it is a fine country : a great trade is carried on from St. Ubes, the salt of which is very fine. The Algarve, the most southern district, is said to be a rich country : it has been entirely free from war.



In 1762, the count La Lippe found the army and fortifications in much the same state that marshal Beresford afterwards found them in 1808, viz. the army good for nothing, and the fortifications neglected, and in no condition to sustain sieges. The guns old and bad ; their carriages rotten, but the people inveterate against the enemy ; and the salvation of Portugal depended on the exertions of England—such was her state in 1762 and in 1809.

The lines for the defence of Lisbon are as follows : the outward extends from the sea beyond Torres Vedras, to the Tagus at Alandra. The second from the sea at Encyra, through Mafra, and the strong pass of Busellas, to the Tagus ; and the inner, third, or embarkation line, from fort Cascaes, at the mouth of the Tagus, towards Porcaleta, on the outside of Lisbon, and to the Tagus above it. I rode one morning to Busellas, which completed my tour of the lines. I passed through Odivellas ; but did not see the convent there, not having heard any thing particular about it at the time.

The Tagus is very wide above Lisbon, and here a fleet, however numerous, can ride in safety ; but from Lisbon to the mouth of the river, the current is a torrent in strength ; there are also some sand-banks, and a pilot is necessary coming in or going out.

On our return from the sea line, we landed near the palace called Neusidad, where the prince regent occasionally resided. It is such a ruin on the outside, that I am certain there cannot be any thing worth seeing within, and therefore I would not lose time, but went into a convent near it, Del Oratorio\*, which, with its garden, is an appendage to the palace. The garden is in the old style, and covers a good deal of ground with shady walks. The convent is a fine one, and the greater part is now converted into an hospital for our sick and wounded; most of the galleries have hospital bedding in them, and, considering the heat of the climate, these airy places seem well chosen for hospitals.

The library is a large and handsome room, with the best monkish collection of books I have seen. They possess many fine works, and several military and miscellaneous books. Amongst them I found a very fine edition of naval tactics, folio, with prints, by the R. R. P. Host, of the Compagnie de Jesus, written

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\* It may be as well to observe here, that the monks, friars, and nuns, in Portugal, have the character of more vice than piety. No doubt there are exceptions; but they have absolute sway over the minds of the weak mortals in this country, who carry their religious zeal so far, as frequently to dress their children as little capuchins: the French broke up many of these communities; what remain, live in indolence and debauchery.

in French, published at the Hague about a century ago. They have many books of prints; the Crozat gallery, and others, and the best Latin edition of Clark's *Cæsar*.

I returned to Lisbon by water, and having now seen every thing worth notice in the city and environs, I was glad to find a note on my table from captain Phillimore, to say he should sail at day-light to-morrow, and send a boat for me at eight this evening\*. I invited myself to dine with baron Quintella, and at the appointed hour embarked. Captain P. gives passage to captain Waldgrave of the navy, and to colonel Otway. On our way to the ship, nearly opposite Belem castle, we went on shore near the fine church at Belem, as captain P. had to call on some officers: we found a dozen,

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\* A few days after my arrival at Lisbon, two officers of my acquaintance proposed to go up with me to Badajoz, which the allies had invested and laid siege to; there was difficulty in the journey, for such as had not horses of their own, as there were no relays on the road except for the couriers. I believe, however, we might have accomplished it; but before we could make the arrangements, the account of a failure was received. I had a strong desire to ask lord Wellington's permission to go up to the army, though at this period distant from Lisbon, on the Spanish frontier, but feeling that the situation of a general officer not on the staff (particularly as I was senior to most there) would be awkward, and very different from that of another person, besides the appearance of intrusion, and as I had neither servants, horse, or equipment of any kind, I gave up the intention, and availed myself of my friend captain Phillimore's offer to give me a passage to England.

mostly wounded, and after sitting half an hour with them, got on board the Diadem at half past nine, p. m.

Lisbon, including Buenos Ayres and Belem, certainly extends four miles along the Tagus. It is said to contain 300,000 people, but this is quite an exaggeration. The emigrations, and the men sent to the army lately, have certainly made a change. I never saw a great city with so little population. The streets are ill lighted; the houses have a most uncleanly appearance; the inns are wretched, dear, and dirty. All sorts of filth is thrown out of the windows. There are great numbers of trinket-shops, as the people all wear rings, ear-rings, trinkets, &c. The men and women really appear a distinct race; the former are diminutive, swarthy, and filthy in the extreme; the women well grown, and handsome, and are in their persons remarkably clean, particularly about their heads and ancles, the poorest having always clean stockings, and certainly not thick stumps; though it is said they admire thick ancles\*, and put on bandages to make them

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\* I have since been assured by a person of veracity, who resided many years in Portugal, that thick legs are in such estimation in some parts of the country, that the women often put on five pair of stockings, to give the appearance of them. An Irish tourist, some years ago, gave great offence, by saying the women had very thick legs (meaning

appear so, I do not believe it; but if it be true, they must have the most race-horse ancles of any women on earth, and they look well shaped and delicate.

I hear the Sicilian custom of lousing each other is universal, but the more decent have at least the delicacy to perform that operation in private, and not before their doors in the public street, as is the constant practice with all but the very high orders, in Sicily. There every man and woman on a par with a good shop-keeper in the Strand, or in Dame-street, do this in public, and I have seen three persons at work together on one head. In Portugal, the lower orders perform this operation in the streets.

The Portuguese do not in general take the siesta like the Spaniards and Sicilians. The women never put their arms in the sleeves of their great coats, an ugly slovenly custom. The Spanish and Sicilian black silk dress is much handsomer, and more graceful.

Though Lisbon is well supplied with water by the famous aqueduct, still it is not distributed, and great numbers of Spaniards from Galiera, find constant employment in bringing water to the different houses.

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the lower orders), though it is very true. I hope I shall not give offence by stating what is also true, that the Portuguese women have not clumsy limbs.

They all agree, that when the French were here, they established a very good police; obliged the people to clean the streets, and took their knives from them. They certainly were not very discriminating in making examples of offenders, and shot several innocent persons by *mistake*. Notwithstanding all which, extraordinary as it may appear, I am assured they were better liked than the English army. We must be deficient in politeness and the art of pleasing, for as to payment and fair dealing, they can make no complaint against English officers or men.

Portugal was atrociously plundered by the French, even after sir H. Burrard's armistice. Junot took a famous Polyglot bible. They showed a shameful and total disregard to the poor plundered inhabitants. They took most of the treasures from the churches. In short, the French acted in Portugal as Verres did in Sicily.

The use of bullocks for draft is universal. They yoke them in pairs to the most wretchedly-constructed cart that can be imagined, the noise of which, when in motion, is extremely disagreeable. In carriages, and all implements of husbandry, they are at least one thousand years behind England. I think nothing can be a greater mark of poverty, than men thatching

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themselves with straw in the rainy season, not being able to buy great coats.

The sovereign and the clergy are as despotic as the Dey of Algiers. There is no sort of cortes, senate, or legal medium for taking the sense of the nation. As Demosthenes counted the first, second, and third qualification of an orator to be *action*, we may as safely state the first, second, and third duty of a Portuguese to his sovereign or to the church, to be *obedience*\*. The government and the police, imprison even their English allies on the most absurd complaint, and not long ago had the impudence to put an officer's wife in the common jail, on a frivolous charge of heresy and witchcraft. Many were surprised that our soldiers did not pull the prison about their ears, though on other occasions so ready to indulge in irregularity. It is, however, probable they did not know it. As to the poor Portuguese, they are not sure of their liberty five minutes. When the French were here, these outrages were not permitted, and they abolished the Inquisition, which, I am sorry to say, the legitimate government restored. Speaking one evening to an intelligent Portu-

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\* Dr. Horsley, late bishop of Rochester, was of the same opinion respecting the duties of the English.

guess gentleman on the subject, though he lamented and allowed the truth of this absurd system of arrest, and also that no such thing could be done when the French were here, he argued thus—"But with all your disgust at a person being taken up on an individual information in this country, where we do not pretend to any constitution, how is it in your free and admired country, which looks on its constitution as *perfection*, and as affording protection to all—if the lowest individual swears that another robbed him, or makes any other accusation, is he not put in prison and tried, perhaps convicted, and possibly hanged, on a single evidence, which may be all false? therefore where is the difference?—Here *we* only arrest—the individual may be in prison unjustly for some time; but, on trial, character, situation, and circumstances weigh more than with you, who seem to require nothing but *an oath*, with which you are perfectly satisfied, and hang or transport in consequence, without further ceremony; therefore if you can arrest any man in the country on the oath of the lowest wretch, why should not we arrest here on that of one individual? but we have this difference; though *we* arrest on an individual information, *we never convict on it*, but *you* do; therefore in truth, no man is perfectly safe under your boasted



constitution." Neither did the severity of our laws escape his observation. On this point there can be no diversity of opinion, and though we can boast of many glorious features in our constitution, every man must lament the expence of a suit in the civil courts, and the unequal and dreadful severity of our criminal code : by the one, justice is almost out of the reach of any man who has not a redundancy of money. By the other (as was observed by a humane writer), numbers of unfortunate persons are every year doomed to distant transportation for the most trifling offences. Voltaire says, " He that reads history, will only find a great catalogue of crimes and follies, where the little rogue is surely punished, and where the great rogue generally escapes: by the perversion of every thing equitable, the misconduct of governments, and the ignorance of subjects, mankind seem destined to go on in error, superstition, and base depravity for ever."

I have only to add, that Portuguese education is very indifferent. I take the report from those who have long resided in the country. Religious frenzy and superstition is carried to the highest pitch in Spain and Portugal, and these countries are devoured by monks; of course religious processions, and the peregrinations of the host, are as frequent here as in Si-

cily. The populace are continually gambling, as they sit in groups in the shade, and they seem as violent, and to make as much noise, as the Sicilians do at Moro\*. It is strange they do not alter their method of counting. The milree, an imaginary coin, frightens people; at first, on receiving a Portuguese bill, a stranger supposes them mad—so many thousand rees, for breakfast, &c. &c.

Sunday 23rd.—We sailed from Lisbon with a large convoy, and had on board three hundred wounded officers and men, many of whom have lost arms or legs. Nothing occurred deserving notice during the first fortnight, in which we had contrary winds, and made little progress. There is not the same dampness in the atmosphere in the Atlantic as in the Mediterranean; the difference in the effect upon linen is very remarkable.

Some of the wounded soldiers were disposed to be troublesome, and were punished by a quart of salt water for each offender. The wounded officers on board, who had been any time in Portugal, confirmed all the particulars

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\* I have read somewhere, that they trained baboons to perform the operation of lousing. I cannot say I ever noticed it at Lisbon; but I recollect seeing a baboon hard at this work, and very expert, on a fellow's head in the street at Lipari.

that I have stated, relative to that country. When we were becalmed, the men were allowed to bathe. On these occasions a large sail is lowered, which makes shallow water for those who cannot swim.

On the 17th we were off Plymouth. Captain Phillimore was ordered to take me and captain Brooke of the 48th to Portsmouth. On the 18th at day-light a pilot came on board, and finding that we had some Merino sheep, declared us subject to quarantine. We waited in great anxiety four hours, till the health-officer came alongside. After a rigid examination he gave us *pratique*.

At the commencement of my military life the laws of quarantine appeared to me absurdly and partially executed, in going from Gibraltar to Leghorn. I now find that the same absurd system still prevails in all countries. That an evil like the plague should be guarded against, is indeed highly proper, but to attempt this in a contradictory and indiscriminate manner, is both foolish and oppressive. For instance, the Success frigate left Malta and the Mediterranean a week before I did. She arrived about the same time, and is now in strict quarantine, whereas I, who left a country subject to the *plague* a week later, am exempt, because I called at Lisbon—as if that were

an antidote. The personal convenience of any man should be dispensed with, wherever there is the slightest risk of contagion; but I have no hesitation in declaring, that the quarantine laws, as put in practice in every country in Europe, which I have visited, are vexatious, ill-regulated, and in many cases useless. This is the first experience I have had of English quarantine regulations, but I never knew the health-office abroad to be strictly correct, or to be impartially and rationally executed. I have known numbers imprisoned in lazarettos, when there was not the slightest necessity for the precaution; while in other instances, shameful negligence prevails, so much so, that I wonder the south of Europe is not oftener infected with the plague. This office (the Sanita) is supposed to be the best administered in Sicily, and I believe it to be true; still I know strange things have happened even there: if I may be allowed a simile appropriate to a commercial country—the Sanita is continually discounting bad paper, and refusing good.

Saturday 20th.—I left Portsmouth after breakfast, and slept at Godalming. What a contrast the perfect cleanliness of an English

inn exhibited, to the filth of Sicily and Portugal!

Sunday 21st.—It rained in torrents. At two, p. m. I arrived once more in London.

## POSTSCRIPT.

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*Remarks on some parts of Mr. Blaquiere's  
Account of Sicily and Malta—General Re-  
flections on the present state of those Islands.*

JUST as I prepared these volumes for press, I read in No. 43, of the Edinburgh Review, an account of Sicily by Mr. Blaquiere, and also two other accounts. I am sorry to differ from so respectable an author, but differ I do in some points, and I think it right to mention them.

I saw no houses unroofed, except where occasioned by earthquakes; on the contrary, I found the towns excellent, no large ones abandoned, nor immeasurable tracts of desert; but I allow there is "a wretched system of farming." In respect to equipages, servants, theatres, and assemblies, it is false reasoning to suppose they must be accompanied by evil, or that they occasion it, and consign industrious families to ruin—on the contrary, a certain degree of luxury is beneficial to every state; it gives employment, and assists civilization\*;

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\* It must, however, be allowed, that there may be an increase of riches in a country, with an increase of poverty. The war has undoubtedly greatly increased the riches of some individuals, and at the same time

if we were to reason otherwise, what would London be? it would follow, that it must be filled with only two descriptions of persons—the one, objects of envy, and the other, of commiseration.

I really do not remember to have ever heard the expression of *eccellenza morto di fame*, in Sicily oftener than in Ireland, in France, or even in London, and in all which it was uttered more to excite charity, than to describe a truth.

The miseries of the people appear to me to consist more in the total want of equitable justice and fair government, and in the existence of feudal vassalage the most oppressive, than from absolute hunger or want. I agree, that in a political point of view, Sicily is almost beyond example wretched\*; the badness of the

occasioned the poverty of others, as may be seen from the increase of parish-rates and poor-houses in England, and the poor room-keepers in Ireland; for individual riches are not always generally diffused.

\* Though Ireland is still unfortunately agitated by religious animosity and dissention, yet what a lesson does she afford to governments, of the advantage of attending to the sufferings of the people, and the benefit to be derived from just laws and freedom. Ireland has more than doubled her capital since the repeal of persecuting laws in the year 1782, and the consequent encouragement of industry and trade. Had the system of *law* which prevailed before 1782 continued to this day, Ireland could no more have paid the taxes she now pays, than she could the national debt. A very few years ago, Ireland paid annually half a million for corn, though more than half her inhabitants never eat any. Now Irishmen in general eat bread, and export corn to the value of three millions sterling annually. This has been effected since 1782; when Ireland,

government is the true cause of its degradation; the people are also kept in profound ignorance and superstition by the church, &c. I certainly have seen a few old men and women, and others, here and there, very poor, still not more so than in other countries.

I saw, as I mentioned, particularly at Alcumo, children who appeared squalid and wretched, but more so from filth, than from absolute starvation: they were certainly objects of great compassion, yet a little consideration will shew, that the misery of poverty cannot be so great here as in our northern latitudes. 1st, a pauper scarcely requires clothing; 2ndly, he may live and sleep in the open air ten months in the year; 3rdly, he wants very little fuel to cook with; and, 4thly, macaroni and vegetables are so cheap, that a few *taris* will support life. I mentioned before another reason, and that is, marriages between absolute paupers are not common. Yet, no doubt, various circumstances will, and do occur, to reduce families to great poverty, as for instance, a couple having many children and no employ-

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through Grattan, obtained free trade, and when Catholics were allowed to take land, and exercise their industry. These few lines contain quite enough for those who are able and willing to ameliorate the lot of Sicily; inasmuch as, though there are no religious animosities there, they have neither trade, employment, nor any encouragement to industry.



ment for them; the sickness or death of the father, mother, or both; and the increase of population without the increase of employment for them.

It is deplorable that so many governments have yet to learn, that in proportion as their subjects are free from oppression, and regulated by a system of wise laws, in the same proportion is the country really powerful and strong, and the sovereign more firmly established on his throne.

I have before given my ideas of the government of this island, and I must repeat, that the corn laws are so infamous, that it is only astonishing there is any agriculture whatever, and Sicily certainly exhibits strong marks of its downfall and degradation; still the picture of its misery is frequently overdrawn. I did see three small towns between Melazzo and Cefalla in ruins; but two were destroyed by earthquake, and the third had been for ages abandoned on account of a plague which depopulated it. Though I passed over vast tracts of land, particularly from Alcumo to Trapani, which were not well inhabited, still they were cultivated in parts, and where not so, they had plenty of cattle on them. As to parish resource for the poor, it is only known in England.

I allow, that perhaps a third of the popula-

tion is in a state of great poverty; but still there is population. The mountains about Rometta, and from Villa Franca to Taorminum, and the vast tracts in the lower regions of Ætna, are all inhabited and cultivated; not certainly as they might be, but are far from exhibiting misery; and the inhabitants are most industrious—all the women knitting or spinning. A great tract about Salinus, and near Agrigentum, and on that coast, though a fine soil, is comparatively desert. But I have seen ten times more wretchedness and misery in Ireland\* since my return, than I ever witnessed in Sicily. As to large sums being paid for corn imported—I have my doubts of it (though of course that might be ascertained from port returns), because I know, not only Malta is supplied, but there is a great smuggling trade carried on of corn even to Calabria. But if correct, it will only prove what all admit—“bad government.”

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\* Although Ireland has risen so much in prosperity and wealth since the year 1782, still I see no diminution of poverty and wretchedness; this may appear contradictory, but it is the fact. I mean, that though there is now greater opulence than formerly, still amongst the lower orders there is as great misery as ever. Since the increase of agriculture and trade, the population has increased surprisingly, and though there is great wealth, it is not generally diffused, and positively is accompanied with more abject poverty than I have observed in any part of Europe. The cause of all this is worth enquiring into.

Mr. Blaquiere represents the quarantine laws of Sicily as shamefully and corruptly executed, or being in many ports merely nominal. Now on this point I entirely differ: I have often heard it said, that they were the only laws honestly and fairly executed in the country. I know they are in Sicily as elsewhere, often vexatiously and unnecessarily cautious, and sometimes with all their caution they are deceived. But on this point it is notorious, that no interest or bribe will induce them to relax; and the Sanita Board, as it is called, is independent of the crown, and even in this abject country, have often successfully *resisted* the government interference. They suffered so dreadfully by the plague in the year 1743, that it is not yet forgotten. Such is the effect of experience.

Sir James Craig and sir J. Moore well knew, how rigidly these quarantine laws were enforced in their time; and, latterly, when an important expedition was going forward, it became necessary to send and purchase horses in the Levant. They arrived at Augusta with clean bills of health, and though general M'Farlane (which he told me himself) stated all this, at a time when we were tolerably powerful in Sicily, and though his royal highness the Vicar-general did all he could, it was in vain; they would

not suffer the horses to land, and were obliged to allow them to perform quarantine on a small island near Augusta; and it became necessary to land them there by force, but they were obliged to perform a long quarantine.

I think this is sufficient to shew, that Mr. Blaquiere's information on this point is incorrect.

I must also make some remarks on what Mr. Blaquiere says of Malta; agreeing with him in three points: first, that it is, for a hot climate, uncommonly salubrious; secondly, that its importance is incalculable; and, thirdly, that it is impossible to form an idea of what we have lost in the Mediterranean by the tardiness of our political measures. But in other points I entirely differ. He thinks that the offices of civil commissioner and commander of the forces should not be held by the same person. I am convinced they should; if divided, the two commanders will never agree; mutual jealousy would impede and injure the service; and as to a lawyer being more fit than a military man for a civil governor, I dispute it. From Mr. Blaquiere's reasoning on this point, he appears to forget that we have had, and have still, such men as lord Heathfield, lord Cornwallis, sir R. Boyd, lord Grey, Burgoyne, sir J. Yorke, Abercromby, lord Hutchinson, sir Charles

Stuart, the duke of Wellington, lord Lyn-  
doch, and many others highly distinguished for  
their civil, as well as military services. I go  
so far as to say, that military men are much  
fitter than lawyers for civil governors. They  
mix more with the world; and must be better  
acquainted with mankind, than those who spend  
their early years in one pursuit, and confined  
to the study of dry folios; at the same time  
I allow there are many brave and valuable  
officers entitled to honours and rewards, who  
are *totally unfit* to be privy councillors, or go-  
vernors. The great requisites for a governor,  
are common sense, benevolence, and knowledge  
of mankind—who is more likely to have the lat-  
ter than an officer? and he is surely as likely to  
possess the former qualifications as a man of  
any other profession. The offices of civil go-  
vernor and commander of the forces being  
united in one person, certainly leaves him no  
idle time; but I should recommend any exten-  
sion of assistants, as of secretaries or the like,  
rather than having *two kings of Brentford*.

Mr. Blaquiere speaks of the administration  
of justice, its expence, and of the bankrupt and  
commercial laws of Malta, in a manner (as it  
strikes me), as if the British government, or  
our Malta governors, were to blame for the  
defects of which he complains; and he speaks

of the noblesse of the island ; and hints at their states, or assembly. He seems not to recollect, that there was no capitulation with the present inhabitants, who were in fact vassals to a sovereignty and order of knights, now virtually extinct. When the people talk of having deputies, popular councils, a jury like that of England, or according to their ancient usage, it is a romance. I do not say they ought not to have them, but I say they had not such privileges before ; and therefore, when such application was grounded on former right, and when the acts of his majesty's representatives, (allowed to have been marked by wisdom and mildness), were insiduously perverted and misrepresented, it certainly deserved to be termed a scandalous libel upon the government.

The higher classes were the knights and priests, so that to talk of the nobility of Malta, is ridiculous ; they never had any legislative assembly. As to bankrupt laws like ours, they knew no more of them than the people of Algiers. They did not require them during the time of the Order ; the laws were not calculated for trade—a *clerico* military order could not require such regulations. In respect to outrages and crimes, I believe the London criminal calendar (take any number of parishes to the same

extent as Valetta) will be found to have ten for one.

Difficulties in recovering debts, and expensive and dilatory law-suits, are unfortunately to be found in every country; and if all the fees, and delays, and expence of justice, the various extortions under heads of bills of costs, and fees to officers of court, stamps, attorneys' bills, &c. &c. in our own courts, were scrutinized as Mr. Blaquiere does those of Malta, what a frightful picture would be the result! I do not pretend to say that there are no grounds for complaint; but under all circumstances, it has not yet been possible to adopt a system entirely applicable to the new state of Malta, and blame is not imputable either to our government, or commanders. No doubt it would be very desirable, and indeed necessary, to make alterations, and adopt such laws as might benefit the trading interest, and be applicable to the present situation of Malta, where a good commercial code is now as necessary as the military code was formerly, when the chief *trade* of the island (like that of Europe for the last twenty years) was war with infidels.

The absolute sovereignty of the island is now secured to us, and I think no minister will ever be found weak enough to give it up. But though it is a military tenure, the laws ought to

be revised, and adapted to the circumstances of a great commercial *depôt*, as well as important garrison, which, well managed and governed, would be of the utmost importance to England, both in a commercial and military point of view.

It is much to be lamented, that government do not revise the laws of Gibraltar also, where I know many difficulties have arisen between the governors and inhabitants.

Mr. Blaquiere says the streets of Valetta are remarkably filthy—I thought them, in general, remarkably clean: particular parts, in the best regulated cities, are sometimes dirty.

That the church affords a sanctuary to criminals, is correct, and is an evil much complained of in catholic countries.

All persons agree with Mr. Blaquiere in reprobating the manner of conducting the vice-admiralty court at Malta, and that a radical reform of it is highly necessary. I heard of so many abuses connected with this court, that I fully join with Mr. Blaquiere and others, in expressing my astonishment that such a nuisance has been so long tolerated.

Though I have thought it right to state at once as I have done, where I differ in opinion, still I think Mr. Blaquiere's book is extremely valuable, and in most points exact, giving a



true picture of the Sicilian government. We are all liable to have things misrepresented to us, even in our own country; and in differing from Mr. Blaquiere in these few points, I hope he will not imagine I mean to impeach the facts which he in general states. On the contrary, I strongly recommend his account of Sicily to all those who wish for information respecting it. Though I have mentioned the corn laws already, I shall add what Mr. Leckie states of them, as, from every inquiry I made, I believe he is correct.

The corn trade is a monopoly in the hands of the corporations; and in order to support them in this abuse, they are invested with an absolute authority to prevent the produce of their district from being carried to a neighbouring town, and to forbid that of another from being admitted into their territory. Thus arises a complete stagnation of the inland trade; if once the prices of corn should fall after the corporation has made its provision, the severest penalties are inflicted on any one who should endeavour to bring his corn to market, and he must submit to sell it (giving up his profit) to the corporation, or let it spoil in his magazines; if he grind it into flour, it is seized, and should he attempt to export it, he runs the risk of being punished and ruined.

By another effect of the consummate ignorance and wickedness of this board, the duties on the importation of these commodities bear no proportion to that on exportation; and foreign produce re-exported, is not worse treated; so that it seems deliberately intended to encourage foreign agriculture at the expence of their own.

It will be natural to ask, who are the men who compose this board? They are lawyers, whose whole lives having been spent in scenes of the most iniquitous litigation, possessing no kind of information on commerce, when they are promoted to this rank; so that all commercial regulations which with us are fixed by act of parliament, are here left to their absolute will and caprice, to ignorance and venality.

Foreign imports are taxed *ad valorem*, and a tariff has lately been made to that effect; but the raw produce of the soil, which is the only source of riches to Sicily, finds so many obstacles to exportation, from the difficulties which are ever thrown in the way of the merchant, that it seems as if the tribunal of patrimony took all the pains possible to keep the balance of trade always in favor of foreign nations.

As this tribunal has a controul over all the corporations in the kingdom, it has multiplied its regulations and orders so much, with respect

to the privileges of each town, that though these are explicit, and though the law prescribes the extent of their powers, the tribunal has by degrees caused every thing to be referred to itself. This has been done in order to multiply fees and writings; and it has so well succeeded, as to cause all the confusion which at present reigns; with the suppression of papers and documents, which are wilfully set aside, so that delay, discouragement and ruin, are, and have been, the inevitable consequence.

It is impossible to give a distinct account of the corn laws of this kingdom, as they differ so widely in one place from those which obtain in another; but they are nearly as follows. The tribunal of patrimony annually gives an order, not only to the corporations of the demesne, but also to those of the baronial towns, to provide at harvest a supply sufficient for the whole year; this of course forms a complete monopoly of corn in every part of the kingdom. The jealousy of each corporation, in the material concern of provision for the year, causes the most prohibitory orders to be issued in every township. In the abundant districts, the corporations, after they have obtained enough for their own supply, forbid the exportation of the overplus. The holders of the corn must therefore sell it to the neighbour-

ing districts by stealth, or give a share of their profits to the corporation. In one town, flour has been sold by the corporation for 18 taris the tumolo, while in a neighbouring one, flour of the same quality was sold at 12.

Another barbarous law in force with respect to corn is, that in almost every township the corporation take an account at harvest of the quantity of corn produced by every farmer, renter, or landholder, and the price is fixed by an assize on the 15th of August. Sometimes the corporation, after having given permission to the landholder to sell his corn, saying they had a sufficient quantity, have two months after called for his quota, and he has been obliged to buy the quantity required at a loss of 30 per cent.

In abundant years, when there is a surplus of corn, it is carried to the caricatori for exportation, where all is mixed, and the proprietors hold it as a joint stock, and sometimes its existence is denied, in which case the owners must recur to the tribunals at Palermo, where, in about three years, and after spending the whole value of the object in dispute, they may gain the cause, but by that time the officers of the caricatori have been changed, and though appointed by the crown, the successors do not hold themselves responsible for the malversations of their predecessors.

I have thus been led into the subject of Sicily again, after I thought I had closed it. The extraordinary and unexpected occurrences which have taken place in Europe of late, beyond the limits of probability, will justify these further remarks, and protect them from the epithet superfluous. I think it is Junius who says, "That there is nothing superior to the plain evidence of facts." Now, if we consider the great changes which have taken place in the last twenty years, the importance of this island, and of Malta, must be admitted; and I have no hesitation in asserting, that England ought to keep them both, whatever may be the issue of the congress at Vienna, or the divisions of Europe on a ratified peace. It is now absolutely necessary for England to have a secure settlement in the Mediterranean; either in a military or commercial point of view, this is self-evident, and it is astonishing\*, that our government does not at

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\* Our government, in all foreign intercourse, is actuated and guided more by the *point d'honneur*, than any other in the world. This may be right to a certain degree, but the doctrine of self-preservation is as justifiable for a nation as for an individual, and though an individual ought perhaps to reject preservation at the expence of character, it will not apply in the same degree to a nation, particularly when we find France actuated by a spirit of aggrandisement, which more than ever requires a preponderating balance. A wise statesman looks into futurity: it cannot be too often impressed on our government, that France must be a great naval power; that the Mediterranean will probably be the scene

once go to the full length in Sicily. They have, as far as the discredit of interference goes, incurred all the odium, by banishing the queen, and exercising the executive in reality, though under cover of (and in some degree perhaps

of important events; and that either in a military or commercial point of view, we ought to strengthen ourselves in that quarter. Important as Malta is, it is too distant as a mere naval station; and in the event of a Spanish war, a fleet could not lie at Gibraltar. If no arrangement can be made under which we might obtain Sicily, it then will become a matter of astonishment, if ministers ask no payment from Spain for all the blood and treasure expended by us in the Spanish cause. Surely Ceuta and Minorca have been fairly purchased by us; and in my opinion ought to be retained. Malta, Minorca, and Ceuta, would all occasion some expence: Sicily, without any difficulty, could support its civil and military establishment, and, under an improved and renovated system, mildly but firmly administered, would be to England worth half those West Indian islands, which, in the event of another American war, or the extension of black independence, she may lose.

It appears to me singular, that while so obvious a policy is neglected, we should so tenaciously support that which is certainly as great an innovation on what is called national independence, by annexing Flanders and Brabant to Holland: desirable, no doubt, if it could be accomplished, but certainly deeply sowing the seeds of future contest. We ought to be happy in having rescued that country from France, and there rest. It cannot be supposed by any reasonable man, that France will ever be satisfied with such a division; indeed she has already remonstrated, and protested against it. What, therefore, is to be done? I answer, what wise statesmen did before—make it a barrier country—give it to a neutral naval power: I mean, one that could have no naval weight in a contest between France on one side, or England and Holland on the other. Ferdinand of Sicily, or many other such princes, might get those countries as indemnity, securing, however, their privileges. A wise minister should not be satisfied with making peace; he should support arrangements likely to secure and render it permanent. France might consent to Brabant and Flanders being a barrier: I doubt if she will submit for any time to what is now proposed.

really having) the authority of the vicar-general, as they call him. But to depose the father, even *pro tempore*, banish the mother, and create a new executive, under the name of the vicar-general, is surely a revolution. Why stop short, and do just enough to create many enemies, without going far enough to ensure strength, and the good will of the Sicilians? For it cannot be denied, that the Sicilian government is bad in the extreme, and detested by the people.

The expence of this non-descript alliance or colony, is very great to England; still the inhabitants are oppressed by taxation; their industry impeded, and in short, every thing in Sicily is the exact reverse of what it ought to be.

We are too apt to think our systems of law, criminal and civil jurisprudence and government, perfect, and to expect every compliance with them in those colonies where we plant the English standard, without considering that what may do extremely well in England, and with a people long accustomed to civil liberty and representation, is not always liked abroad, where early prejudices in favour of even established follies, should be met by reason, and by gradual improvement, instead of going into opposite systems all at once.

This is also more singular, when we recol-

lect what numbers in England cry out at the least innovation in our laws and customs; regardless of the mischief produced by the sad and pernicious maxim—"That the good order of a state is preserved by the debasement and depression of the people."

I must repeat it, the fertility of the soil is proverbial—the climate, though hot, is good; in short, Nature has done her part, and Sicily, under a good government, would be a mine of wealth. It is certain, that sugar could be raised here, or, in short, any thing which good soil could produce. There can be no doubt of its riches in mines and minerals of all sorts. Some day possibly (but I regret to say, it may be centuries before a wise policy will see that day), its riches will astonish the world.

The population, now supposed two millions, might be quadrupled, and all be in prosperity; even now it will easily furnish 12,000 troops and 3000 seamen. That it had a numerous and wealthy population in the times of the Greeks and Romans, and was called the granary of Rome, is not denied\*.

In the selection of governors for colonies, and diplomatic agents, we have very rarely been for-

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\* Ille itaque M. Cato Sapiens, cellam panariam Reipublice nostrae, nutricem plebis Romanae Siciliam appellavit.



fortunate. Whether this arises from our really not having fit persons in the country, or whether we are to trace it to parliamentary influence, which a minister is obliged in some degree to attend to, I shall not venture an opinion.

I left Sicily before lord William Bentinck arrived there, and am not acquainted with his lordship. I hope he will have both the power and capacity to do good. Half-measures, and violence, should be equally avoided. The British officer (general M<sup>r</sup> Farlane) placed over the Sicilian army, is an appointment from which much may be expected; and, as far as the organization of it goes, which I presume is all his power, a fitter person could not have been chosen; for, in addition to ability, his manners are such as will tend to conciliate the people—a point we do not sufficiently attend to in general.

I have heard, that as yet we have by no means succeeded in giving satisfaction. A free press granted, but not allowed to be free. The duke d'Anjou\* imprisoned for a libel before

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\* I have been assured, that Anjou was not imprisoned by lord W. B. but by the Sicilian renovated government. I mention this, lest it might be supposed our act. How far we might have prevented it, or how far the duke deserved punishment, I have not now the means of knowing; but I cannot help calling to mind what Tacitus says of Veiento, who was banished for a libel—"His books were condemned to the flames, but

trial; and prior to this, Sicilians tried by English officers, under what law, I cannot understand. As for example (which I take from the newspapers), Mr. Blaquiere also mentions it.

*Messina, August 8, 1812.*

The following sentences have been published in an order of the day issued to the British army at Palermo.

*“ Head-quarters, Palermo, July 28, 1812.*

“ At a council of war held in the city of Messina, in the island of Sicily, on the 4th of January, 1812, and thence continued at different times to the 31st of the same month, the following individuals having been tried, the council sentenced them as follows; which sentences have been approved by his royal highness the hereditary prince.

“ Don Pietro Versaci, to be imprisoned in the castle of one of the adjacent isles, during the term of his natural life.

“ Don Francisco Santoro, to pay a fine of

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eagerly sought, and universally read. Men perused with avidity, what was procured with danger. When no longer prohibited, the work sunk into oblivion.”—*Tacitus' Annals, Book 14.*

Those who fear the liberty of the press, or who push the libel laws to extremities, would do well to consider the remarks of Tacitus.

20,000 ounces, which sum is to remain at the disposition of lord William Bentinck, to be distributed to the poor of Sicily; to be imprisoned for seven years in the castle of Pantellaria, or some other of the adjacent isles, and then to be banished from Sicily for life: or, in case the above fine should not be paid, to be imprisoned another seven years in the said castle.

“ The abaté Pamecio to be degraded from his sacred functions, and imprisoned in one of the castles of the adjacent islands for the space of seven years.

“ The abaté Minasi to be degraded from his sacred functions, and banished for life to one of the adjacent islands.

“ Lieutenant-colonel Infante to be dismissed the service, and banished during the war to one of the adjacent islands.

“ Captain Spandea Pandolfi to be ignominiously cashiered, and imprisoned fifteen years in the castle of one of the adjacent islands.

“ Gaetano Lo Faro, to be sent to the gallies for the term of twenty-five years.

“ Giovanni Capasso, to be imprisoned in the castle of the adjacent islands during life.

“ Pietro Soraci to be banished to one of the adjacent islands for the space of five years, or during the war.

“ Colonel Constantino de Filippis, to be publicly cashiered, and banished to one of the adjacent islands during the war.

(Signed) “ P. HERON,  
major-gen. (president).

(Signed) “ CAMPBELL, major-gen.  
and adj.-gen.”

That these persons may have been guilty of corresponding with the enemy, and deserved punishment, I have no doubt; but I cannot conceive under what law or authority they could be tried by any British officers. Such persons, surely, could not come under the English *mutiny act*. As to trial by military commission for correspondence with the enemy, in a country where we were only as auxiliaries, surely, before such a measure, there ought to have been a proclamation, declaring military law in force at Messina, and that any traitor would be tried accordingly. It therefore appears to me, that those persons should have been delivered over to the Sicilian tribunals. For a court-martial to strip priests from their functions, is certainly a novelty even in this age of wonders. I understand the court-martial was composed of half English and half Sicilian officers; but what law regulated their

proceedings, I cannot guess ; it certainly was neither Sicilian nor British.

Another court-martial of British officers, general William Stuart, president, certainly judged very differently, for they refused to try two Calabrese for a murder, though actually in the Calabrese corps, and receiving rations at the time. They thought they in no shape came within our articles of war, that they had no power to try them, and that, as Sicilian subjects, they should be given up, and tried by Sicilian law. But lately, there have been what at least may be called, strong measures.

The captain of justice was tried by a Sicilian court-martial : his crime, corresponding with the enemy : it however appeared, that what he did, was by a superior order, and that others of much greater rank and consequence, were concerned. I have been assured that he was imposed on to the last, and made to believe there was a pardon ready for him from Palermo, which would be produced at the place of execution ; but that it would be necessary to take him there, to satisfy the *English*. I am also assured, he had not the most distant suspicion of the trick. There is an old saying, " Dead men do not tell tales." When arrived at the fatal spot, he was hurried up and hanged instantly, without being allowed.

to say a word. The reader must draw the inference—I only relate the facts which the British army witnessed ; but they had nothing to say to it. This was a Sicilian act.

In March, 1812, it was discovered that eight men were sent over from Calabria to Messina, to murder, as was said, certain British\* officers. These fellows positively secreted themselves in a convent in which a battalion of the 27th regiment was quartered. Information was received ; the police officers, under the capo Oudiardi, found these men, and though it may be supposed there was no danger of their escape, and that a few of the 27th could have secured them, if the police were not sufficiently strong, they took a shorter method—they dragged them out of their hiding-places, and without further ceremony, stabbed seven, and shot one. Two of those stabbed were killed on the spot, and, with the man shot, were left there ; the five wounded were sent to one of our military hospitals ; but a council of war, composed of

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\* It was, however, more generally believed, that their object was to stop the mail between Messina and Palermo, to get the dispatches for the French general at St. Geovanni. This Oudiardi, the capo of the police at Messina, a Corsican by birth, is also a captain in the Sicilian volunteers. He is very illiterate, and I have heard, can scarcely write his name ; but is nevertheless a deputy-assistant quarter-master-general in our service at Messina ; where the rage for employing foreigners in that department is great indeed.

British officers, sat on them, and ordered them to be hanged. Their wounds were not mortal, and they were accordingly executed.

They observed, that it was useless to cure their wounds; and I have heard that the surgeons were ordered to use due diligence, and report when they were fit to be hanged.

So much for Sicilian police. It is very possible that they deserved death; but there can be no safety in any country where such proceedings are tolerated. I have heard of many similar acts of vigour, to use the modern phrase. I shall state one, which, in my opinion, cannot be too much censured, if true, viz. a priest taken up as a spy, was brought before a council of war, and ordered to be hanged, and the officer commanding, directed him to be executed in his canonicals.

I have been assured there was an application against this, but in vain. Thus, if the story be true, the feelings of the inhabitants were outraged and insulted, their religion mocked, and no object gained. Such a wanton exercise of power must ever be reprobated, and which in a superstitious country (where the clergy are revered), might have been attended with the worst consequences.

“ Oh, that to dark oblivion were consign'd,  
Deeds which brand endless shame upon mankind.”

*Latin's Transl. Hæviade.*

It is indeed melancholy to reflect, how little maxims of humanity or wisdom appear to be attended to in most countries.

Some say the Sicilians are not fit for liberty. It is strange that there is such a leaning to extremes.—It may be true, that the Sicilians and the people on the Continent in general, are not fit for that extent of liberty that England enjoys. Where the church has such influence over the mind, and while the middle and lower orders are so chained by superstition, it is in vain to expect true liberty. The sovereigns, the aristocracy, and the church, are too powerful to allow any expectation of improvement; moreover, the people are in general so venal\*, that it seems impossible to give them a fair representation. A house of commons on our model, perhaps, would not be suitable; but is this any reason for persevering in the extreme of despotism, and of every abuse? Though the Sicilians may not be fit for an actual representative system, as the main spring of the state machine, still they might be honestly governed; the feudal system entirely abolished, and also the system of corn laws; free trade given; agriculture encouraged; the sanctuary of the church taken

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\* It must in candour be admitted, we are not in England entirely exempt from venality.



away ; a certain reform in their senate, or parliament ; and a controul somewhere over the enormous sums raised, scarcely one of which is applied to the purpose for which it was levied. We might purify their courts of laws, civil and criminal, and establish a mode of redress for the poor against the oppressions of the rich, the barons, priests, or others. It is certainly very possible for a government to do all this and to be honest, although it may not (in the actual state of society), be able to have an independent house of commons.

The idea of forcing a constitution similar to that of England on a foreign people, is absurd ; moreover, many parts of it are not suitable to the Continent. But to say that any people are unfit for liberty, is an assertion so monstrous, that it only deserves contempt. All men are fit for liberty except ideots, rogues, or madmen : the persons coming under those descriptions are certainly unfit, but all others are surely capable (however humble in life) of preferring good to bad government, and are able to discern the difference.

It would be melancholy, if any portion of mankind should prefer an Algerine government to even the most despotic in Europe ; but the fact is, all men can distinguish good from bad, and do feel an interest in supporting what-

ever is an undoubted advantage to themselves and their country.

To show the strange impolicy and injustice which the non-descript power assumed by us, or tolerated in a sort of partnership with the Sicilian government, occasions, I can state the following *severe fact*. A certain smuggling trade was always carried on between Messina and Calabria, and as one consequence of it, was the export from Messina of various goods of British manufacture, one would imagine it ought to be encouraged. Some men were taken in a boat by one of our cruisers (as they were evidently coming from Calabria to Sicily), under the supposition of their being spies, and they were sent in as prisoners: they had, as I have heard, and have every reason to be certain of, 30*l.* in gold coin, to purchase the articles intended to be smuggled from Messina—Mr. Oudiardi (a British assistant-quarter-master-general), chief of the police, or what would be synonymous to one of the head Bow-street officers, of course took charge of these men, and also took care to *ease* them of their money; and in order to keep it, had no doubt of their being spies. Our higher authorities were imposed upon; Oudiardi allowed to keep the money; and these unfortunate men were, without trial, thrown into

prison, where they remained near a year, till general Maitland, by an act of grace, ordered them (and even individually by name), to be released ; but it was not done, and they remained in prison for a year and a half after, and were then transported to St. Maura, one of the Ionian islands, to labour on the works, where I believe they still are ; so that it could not have been an act of the Sicilian government.

I am very positive the British government have never heard of this, or of many other such acts, and therefore are free from the slightest blame ; but I think I render a service, in giving them a chance of hearing it, and of impressing on their consideration, how necessary it is to have wholesome checks on all in power, but particularly on subordinate officers abroad.

# APPENDIX.

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## No. I.

*An Account of the great Earthquake in Calabria and Sicily in the year 1783 ; extracted from the Narratives of Sir William Hamilton, Dolomieu, De Fay, and others ; with the result of Enquiries made during my visit to Sicily.*

It appears from an investigation of the effects of the great earthquake, that the part of Calabria which has been most affected, lies between the 38th and 39th degree north latitude, and that the greatest force of the earthquake was from the foot of the Appenines at Monte Sacro, extending westward to the Tyrrene sea, and that the towns, villages, and farm-houses near the mountains, were totally ruined by the first shock, at noon on the 5th February ; and that the greatest mortality was there.

The face of the earth in this part of Calabria was entirely altered ; hills lowered, and others quite levelled ; that in plains, deep chasms

were made, by which the roads were rendered impassable; that huge mountains had been split asunder, and parts of them driven to a considerable distance; that deep vallies had been filled up by the mountains (which formed those vallies), having been detached by the violence of the earthquakes, and joined together; that the course of some rivers had been altered; that many springs of water had appeared in places that were perfectly dry before; and that in other parts, springs that had been constant, had totally disappeared; that near Laureana, in Calabria ultra, a singular phenomenon had been produced—the surface of two whole cultivated fields, with large olive and mulberry trees therein, situated in a valley perfectly level, had been detached by the earthquake, and transplanted (the trees still remaining in their places), to the distance of about a mile from their first situation, and that from the spot on which they formerly stood, hot water had sprung up to a considerable height, mixed with sand of a ferruginous nature; that near this place also some countrymen and shepherds had been swallowed up with their teams of oxen, and their flocks of goats and sheep.

The greatest mortality fell upon those towns and countries situated in the plain on the western side of the mountains, viz. Dejo Sacro, and

Canlone. At Casal Nuovo, the princess Grace and upwards of 4000 of the inhabitants, lost their lives: at Bagnara, the number of dead amounted to 3017; Radicina and Palmi counted their loss at about 3000 each; Terranuova about 1400; Seminari still more. The sum total of the mortality in both Calabrias and in Sicily, by the earthquakes alone, according to the returns in the secretary of state's office at Naples, was 32,367; but it is believed that, including strangers, the number of lives lost must have been considerably greater: 40,000 at least may be allowed, and I believe without any exaggeration.

All agreed, that of the number of shocks felt from the beginning of this formidable earthquake, amounting to some hundreds, the most violent and of the longest duration, were those of the 5th of February, at  $19\frac{1}{2}$  (according to the Italian way of counting the hours) of the 6th of February, at seven hours in the night; of the 27th of February at  $11\frac{1}{4}$  in the morning; of the first of March at  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in the night; and that of the 28th of March at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in the night.

In Sicily, the misfortunes of the most serious nature, were those of the destruction of great part of the city of Messina by the shock of the 5th of February, and of other parts by the sub-

sequent ones. The quay in the port sunk considerably, and was in some places a palm and a half under water; the superb building called the Pallazzata, which gave the port a more magnificent appearance than any port in Europe can boast of, was entirely ruined; the Lazaret was greatly damaged, but the citadel suffered little; the tower at the point of the entrance of the Faro was much injured, and the same hot wave, that had done such mischief at Scilla, passed over the point of land at the Faro, and carried off about 24 people.

The viceroy of Sicily gave an account of some damage done by the earthquakes (but nothing considerable), at Melazzo, Patti, Terra di Santa Lucia, Castro Reale, and in the island of Lipari\*.

Sir W. Hamilton says, "I went through a delightful country to the town of Polistene. To pass through so rich a country, and not see a single house standing on it, is most melancholy; indeed, wherever a house stood, there you see a heap of ruins, and a poor barrack, with two or three miserable mourning figures sitting at the door, and here and there a maimed

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\* The earthquake in 1693 was far more destructive; Syracuse, Augusta, and Caluma, were nearly destroyed, and almost all the towns on the East Coast. It is supposed 80,000 persons perished. So difficult is it to get truth—many declared, that, in short, Messina was no more.

man, woman, or child, crawling upon crutches. Instead of a town, you see a confused heap of ruins, and round about them numbers of poor huts or barracks, and a larger one to serve as a church, with the church bells hanging upon a sort of low gibbet; every inhabitant with a doleful countenance, and wearing some token of having lost a parent.

“ I travelled four days in the plain, in the midst of such misery as cannot be described. The force of the earthquake was so great there, that all the inhabitants of the towns were buried either alive or dead under the ruins of their houses in an instant. The town of Polistene was large, but ill situated, between two rivers subject to overflow: 2100 out of about 6000, lost their lives here on the fatal 5th of February. The marquis St. Giorgio, the baron of this country, whom I found here, was well employed in assisting his tenants. He had caused the streets of his ruined town to be cleared of rubbish, and had erected barracks on a healthy spot near it, for the remainder of his subjects, and on a good plan. He had also constructed barracks of a larger size for the silk worms, which I found already at work in them. This prince's activity and generosity are most praiseworthy, and, as far as I have seen hitherto, he is without a rival. I observed



that the town of St. Giorgio, on a hill about two miles from Polistene, though rendered uninhabitable, was by no means levelled like the towns in the plain. There was a nunnery at Polistene ; being curious to see the nuns that had escaped, I asked the marquis to shew me their barracks ; but it seems only one out of twenty-three had been dug out of her cell alive, and she was fourscore years of age.

“ After having dined with the marquis in his humble barrack, near the ruins of his very magnificent palace, I went through a fine wood of olive, and another of chesnut trees, to Casal Nuovo, and was shewn the spot on which stood the house of my unfortunate friend, the princess Gerace Grimaldi, who, with more than four thousand of her subjects, lost her life by the sudden explosion of the 5th of February ( for so it appears to have been ) that reduced this town to atoms. I was told by some here who had been dug out of the ruins, that they felt their houses fairly lifted up, without having had the least previous notice. In other towns, some walls and parts of houses are standing ; but here you neither distinguish street nor house ; all lie in one confused heap of ruins. An inhabitant of Casal Nuovo told me, he was on a hill at the moment of the earthquake, overlooking the plain, when feeling the shock,

and turning towards the plain, instead of the town, he saw in the place of it a thick cloud of white dust like smoke, the natural effect of the crushing of the buildings, and the mortar flying off.

“ They tell you that a town has been thrown a mile from the place where it stood, that woods and corn-fields had been removed in the same manner, when, in truth, it is but upon a large scale, what we see every day upon a smaller; when pieces of the sides of hollow ways, having been undermined by rain-waters, are detached into the bottom by their own weight. Here, from the great depth of a ravine, and the violent motion of the earth, two huge portions of it, on which a great part of the town stood, consisting of some hundreds of houses, were detached into the ravine, and nearly across it, about half a mile from the place where they stood; and what is most extraordinary, several of the inhabitants of those houses, who had taken this singular leap in them, were nevertheless dug out alive, and some unhurt.

“ The port and the town, in its half ruined state, by moonlight was strikingly picturesque. Certain it is, that the force of the earthquake (though very violent) was nothing at Messina and Reggio, to what it was in the plain. I

visited the town of Messina the next morning, and found that all the beautiful front of what is called the Pallazzata, which extended in very lofty uniform buildings in the shape of a crescent, had been in some parts totally ruined, in others less; and that there were cracks in the earth of the quay, a part of which had sunk above a foot below the level of the sea. These cracks were probably occasioned by the horizontal motion of the earth, in the same manner as the pieces of the plain were detached into the ravine, at Oppido and Terra Nuova; for the sea at the edge of the quay is so very deep, that the largest ships can lie alongside; consequently the earth, in its violent commotion, wanting support on the side next the sea, began to crack and separate, and as where there is one crack, there are generally others less considerable in parallel lines to the first, I suppose the great damage done to the houses nearest the quay has been owing to such cracks under their foundations. Many houses are still standing, and some little damaged, even in the lower part of Messina; but in the upper and more elevated situations, the earthquakes seem to have had scarcely any effect, as I particularly remarked. A strong instance of the force of the earthquake having been many degrees less here than in the plain of Calabria, is,

that the convent of Santa Barbara, and that called the Noviziato de Jesuiti, both on an elevated situation, have not a crack in them, and that the clock of the latter has not been deranged in the least by the earthquakes that have afflicted this country for four months past, and which still continue in some degree. Besides, the mortality at Messina does not exceed 700 out of upwards of 30,000, the supposed population of this city at the time of the first earthquake, which circumstance is conclusive.

“ I (says sir W. H.) could not help remarking here, that the nuns, who likewise live in barracks, were constantly walking about, under the tuition of their confessor, and seemed gay, and to enjoy the liberty the earthquake had afforded them; and I made the same observation with respect to school-boys at Reggio; so that in my journal, which I wrote in haste, and from whence I have as hastily transcribed the imperfect account I send you, the remark stands thus:—“ *Earthquakes particularly pleasing to nuns and school-boys.*”

“ A circumstance worth remarking (and which was the same on the whole coast of the part of Calabria that had been most affected by the earthquakes), is, that a small fish, called cicerelli, resembling what we call in England white-bait, but of a greater size, and which usually

lie at the bottom of the sea, buried in the sand, have been, ever since the commencement of the earthquakes, and continue still to be, taken near the surface, and in such abundance, as to be the common food of the poorest sort of people, whereas, before the earthquakes, this fish was rare, and reckoned amongst the greatest delicacies. All fish in general, have been taken in greater abundance, and with much greater facility in those parts, since they have been afflicted by earthquakes, than before.

“At the Faro, I found a priest who had been there the night between the 5th and 6th of February, when the great wave passed over that point, carried off boats, and above twenty-four unhappy people, tearing up trees, and leaving some hundred weight of fish it had brought with it, on the dry land. He told me, he had been himself covered with the wave, and with difficulty saved his life. He at first said the water was hot, but as I was curious to come at the truth of this fact, which would have concluded much, I asked him if he was very sure of it, and being pressed, it came to be no more than the water having been as warm as it usually is in summer. He said the wave rose to a great height, and came on with noise and such rapidity, that it was impossible to escape. The tower on the point was half de-

stroyed, and a poor priest that was in it, lost his life. From hence I crossed over to Scylla. Having met with my friend the Padre Minasi, a Dominican friar, a worthy man, and an able naturalist, a native of Scylla, and employed by the academy of Naples to give a description of the phenomena that have attended the earthquake in these parts; with his assistance on the spot, I perfectly understood the nature of the formidable wave that was said to have been boiling hot, and had proved fatal to the baron of the country, the prince of Scylla, who was swept off the shore into the sea by this wave, with 2473 of his unfortunate subjects. The following is the fact: the prince remarked, that during the first horrid shock (which happened about noon on the 5th of February), part of a rock near Scylla had been detached into the sea, and fearing that the rock on which his castle and town are situated, might also be detached, he thought it safest to prepare boats, and retire to a little port or beach, surrounded by rocks at the foot of Scylla. The second shock of the earthquake, after midnight, detached a whole mountain, partly hard and calcareous, and partly soft and cretaceous, situated between the Torre del Cavallo and the rock of Scylla. This having fallen with violence into the sea (at

that time perfectly calm), raised the fatal wave, which I have before-described to have broken upon the neck of land called the Punta del Faro, in the island of Sicily, with such fury, which, returning with great noise and celerity directly upon the beach where the prince and the unfortunate inhabitants of Scylla had taken refuge (with their richest effects), either dashed them and their boats against the rocks, or whirled them into the sea.

“ A girl of about eighteen years of age, was buried under the ruins of a house six days, having had her foot almost cut off at the ankle by the edge of a barrel that fell upon it: the dust and mortar stopped the blood; she never had the assistance of a surgeon; but the foot of itself dropped off, and the wound is perfectly healed without any other assistance but that of Nature. If of such extraordinary circumstances, and of hair-breadth escapes, an account were to be taken in all the destroyed towns of Calabria-Ultra, and Sicily, they would compose a large volume.”—*Sir W. Hamilton.*

As it is not thirty years since this calamity happened, I found numbers in Messina, who were living there at the time, and from all I could learn, and indeed from all I saw, the destruction said to have happened at Messina, has been very greatly exaggerated.

The chief misfortune was in the beautiful Marino, which was almost entirely destroyed, and is now nearly rebuilt. Still, parts escaped, and I observed all the fountains, bronze statues, &c. were not injured; neither was the citadel. More than half of Messina is built on the side of a hill rising gradually from the sea. The upper parts were in no degree injured, and though reports are in general so little to be depended on, one could scarcely conceive it possible that M. Lallement, the French consul, who was at Messina at the time, should state as he has:—"Le palais du vice-roi, la cathédrale, les églises; les couvents n'existent plus. Toute propriété est anéantie." And speaking of the Marino, he says, "la partie basse a succombé de façon qu'il n'en reste pas vestige." Of course one would imagine from this, that the Marino and lower part of the city was completely swallowed up, not leaving a vestige: but, *none of this was true*. The cathedral, so far from being thrown down, still stands, and received little or no injury. Scarcely one church was destroyed; all the fine ones remain perfect; some few of the convents did suffer.

The Marino was greatly injured, and all the roofs and floors had fallen in; still the greater part of the outward walls remain, and were not



taken down to rebuild the houses ; they stand to this day, forming a picturesque circus of ruins. Many of the communication arches leading to the other streets remain perfect. The palace and arsenal indeed were totally destroyed.

But when a diplomatic man on the spot, could write to his court, that such a building as a fine cathedral no longer existed, when it was not even injured, it proves how very little reliance is to be placed in general on what we hear. Men are so pleased with the marvellous, that in such cases there is always the greatest exaggeration. It is, however, astonishing to me, that people build as they are now doing, on this very spot. The street behind it, now called St. Ferdinando, was entirely thrown down, but has been handsomely rebuilt. The fine convent of nuns, called San Gregorio, did not suffer in the least.

I believe the destruction at Catania, some years before this, was much greater ; and to which the following lines from Lucretius are applicable.

— — — quas exitus hic animæ  
 Disturbat urbeis et terræ motus obortus !  
 Multaque præterea ceciderunt mœnia magnis  
 Motibus in terris, et multæ per mare pessum  
 Subsedere suis pariter cum civibus urbes.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Dispartitur, ut horror, et incutit inde tremorem.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Ancipiti trepidant igitur terrore per urbeis;  
 Tecta superne timent, metuunt inferne cavernas  
 Terrai ne dissolvat Natura repente:  
 Neu distracta suum late dispendat hiatum,  
 Idque suis confusa velit complere ruinis.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ne pedibus raptim tellus subtracta feratur  
 In barathrum, rerumque sequatur prodita summa  
 Funditus, et fiat mundi confusa ruina.

LUCRETII, Lib. VI.

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## No. II.

An Italian account of this earthquake, says,  
 “ Il terremoto è successo giorno cinque di  
 questo mese Feb. 1783, tre quatri d'ora dopo  
 mezzo giorno: replicò a sette ore di notte for-  
 temente, e si fece sentire il dì seguente con piu  
 forza à vent' ore e mezzo. Il suo movimehto è  
 stato d'ogni genere di senosse, ondolatorio e di  
 trepidazione: non è stato moto della terra, ma  
 un rovescio totale della sua superficie. Il  
 contra'colpo si é esteso sino à Napoli, e suoi  
 contorni, ne momenti stessi de' colpi scoppiati  
 in Calabria. Messina fu la prima a sentire i  
 terribili del terre muoto, perchè questo sono-  
 vendone il suolo fece crollare à terra la sua Pa-  
 lazzata, e la rese un mucchio de calcinacci.  
 Il Villaggio di Torre di Faro, o sia l'antico  
 Peloro, non offre che ruine. I due laghi vicini  
 vi si vedono ricolmi. Il resto della Sicilia non

si sa finora che abbia sofferto. Nelle Calabrie, le distruzioni sono state piu considerabili, e mortali. Ecco le città e Villaggi danneggiati, o rovesciati. Il Pizzò, Briatico, Bivona, Monte Leone, Filocastro, Tropea con tutti suoi Casali, Mileto con' tutti i suoi contorni, Palmi, Seminara, Rosarno, Oppido, tutte nell' antico territorio di Mamerto. Gli abitanti di Palma, tutti Manifattori, son quasi tutti rimasti sepolti co' loro telai sotto le rovine, quei di Seminara, quasi tutti agricoli sono scappati. Bagnara con tutti i suoi deliziosi contorni é stata totalmente distrutta; come anche tutte le altre terre lungo la costa sino a Reggio, e sulle pendici degli Apennini. La Certosa di San Stefano del Bosco, e il Sanctuario principale de Dominicani a Soriano sono stati minati dà fondamenti. Lo Scoglio di Scylla si é apperto, ed il Castello fabbricato sopra é crollato anche a metà. Il principe di questo luogo non credendo-si Sicuro nella sua Rocca, andò a rifugiarsi nella sua lancia sul lido del mare, ma uno Straordinario gonfiamento dei flutti accaduto di notte, se lo inghiottì negli abissi delle acque, contutta la lancia, e tutta la sua gente; unitamente con due mila-sette cento de' suoi Vassalli colà rifugiati nel medesimo fine. La Principessa Gerace Grimaldi morì schiacciata con tutto il suo seguito, sotto il tetto della sua casa,

in una delle sue terre chiamata Casal Nuovo, gli altri suoi grossi Feudi. Terra Nuova, Drosi e Gioia hanno sofferto lo stesso rovarschio, e tutti i loro vicini. Gerace l'ha sofferto ben anche come tutta la Regione Reggina. In quanto puo dirsi, che tutta la Costa, e tutto l'interno del Paese da Capo Spartivento sino Capo di Stilo, e sino a Squillace ha subito la medesima catastrofe\*.”

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### No. III.

*Relation des Tremblemens de Terre arrivés dans la Calabre et Sicile depuis Février, jusqu'en Mai 1783, par M. L. Chevalier de Fay.*

“ La premiere secousse se fit sentir le 5 Février à midi; elle fut précédée et accompagnée d'un bruit souterrain, pareil à celui d'une décharge d'artillerie éloignée. Le Ciel étoit serain; mais au moment même de la secousse, il y eut une pluie abondante et un vent impétueux: cette première secousse dura six à sept minutes, c'est à dire, que pendant cet espace, il y eut trois secousses très violentes, et la terre fut

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\* These different accounts will make the reader fully acquainted with the extent of the great earthquake in 1783.

plus ou moins agitée dans les intervalles. La terre n'eut d'abord qu'un mouvement de balancement très fort, bientôt elle s'agita en tous sens, et il y avoit une commotion et un choc si violent, que la moitié de Messine fut culbutée en moins de trois minutes.

“ Il y avoit une odeur sulfurieuse qui étoit suffoquante. Plusieurs personnes m'ont assurée que la terre, dans certains moments, s'agitoit comme un vaisseau battu par les vagues, et sembloit ne reposer que sur un fluide. J'ai ressenti des secousses depuis mon arrivée ici, qui produisoient exactement le même effet. D'autres, et c'est le plus grand nombre, disent que la terre avoit un mouvement de rotation, comme lorsqu'on s'est étourdi en tournant long temps et avec force du même côté.

“ La terre fut presque continuellement en mouvement jusqu'à une heure du matin : il y avoit des secousses très fréquentes, mais foibles. A une heure il y en eut une moins violente que la première, et qui acheva de renverser les maisons qui n'avoient été qu'ébranlées : il n'y en a qu'un très petit nombre qui aient résisté à ces différentes secousses ; toute la façade de bâtimens qui étoient sur le port, est entièrement détruite ; quelques parties extérieures, quoique fort endommagées, sont encore sur pied, mais

tous les dedans sont écroulés ; la terre s'est gercé sur le quai, et parallèlement à la longueur : cela vient de ce que la bâtisse de ce quai s'est enfoncée.

“ L'endroit où est la poissonnerie est celui qui s'est le plus abaissé. Il est, dit on, sorti des flammes à cet endroit. Je n'y ai rien trouvé qui pût faire soupçonner qu'il y eût existé du feu ; ni la nature, ni l'état, ni la couleur des matières qui composent les parois de ces ouvertures, rien n'a dû me le faire penser ; mais l'eau de la mer ayant depuis baigné ces crevasses, a pu enlever les matières qui avoient subi l'action du feu, et rendre celles qui n'auroient été que noircies, de la même couleur que le reste du sol. D'ailleurs ce phénomène m'a été attesté par tant de personnes, qu'il n'est guère permis d'en douter.

“ On me fait remarquer que les eaux de la mer sont plus élevées qu'elles ne l'étoient avant le tremblement de terre. On indique le point où elles montoient sur le quai, et le comparant à celui où elles sont parvenues, on en conclut qu'elles se sont élevées ; c'est une erreur, le niveau de la mer n'a point changé, c'est le quai qui s'est enfoncé, et il s'est abaissé davantage vers la poissonnerie, parce qu'il y a plus de terres rapportées dans cet endroit. J'observe que les effets du tremblement de

terre ont été plus considérables en Calabre, qu'ils y ont occupés un plus grand espace de terrain qu'en Sicile, et que les secousses qu'on a éprouvées, et qu'on éprouve encore à Messine, viennent toutes de la Mer.

“ La Ville de Reggio située sur la rive du Phare, opposée à Messine, a été bouleversée, la terre s'y est ouverte, et cette ouverture a suivie, dit on, une direction perpendiculaire au rivage : il en est sorti, en bouillonnant, une eau blanchâtre.

“ Les habitans de Scylla, sur la même Côte, effrayés par la secousse, se réfugièrent imprudemment au bord de la mer ; celle ci s'étant élevée, les a engloutis au nombre de 2600, mais la ville n'a presque point souffert de la secousse : quatre felouques Napolitaines qui étoient amarées à terre, ont péri.

“ La Ville de Palma, située en Calabre, à dix lieues de la côte, a été détruite ; une Montagne entière de cette province s'est écroulée.

“ Une rivière, qui couloit entre deux Montagnes a été comblée par l'eboulement des terres, et les eaux ne trouvant plus d'issue forment maintenant un lac.

“ Quoique le plus grand ébranlement ait été en Calabre, cela ne me paroît pas suffisant pour conclure, comme le font certaines gens, que ce désastre est dû au Stromboli, plutôt qu'à l'Et-

na, parcequ'il seroit possible que ce dernier ait avec la Calabre des communications souterraines, et que l'effort se fût fait de ce côté. Quelques personnes de Reggio m'ont assurés que chaque secousse un peu forte étoit toujours précédée par une explosion du Stromboli, dont le bruit ressembloit à un coup de canon tiré dans l'éloignement; mais cette assertion est rejetée par d'autres; d'ailleurs il est possible qu'on ait attribué au Stromboli, des bruits qui partoient des entrailles de la terre. Il faudroit, pour s'assurer de ce fait, interroger des habitans assez voisins du Stromboli, pour avoir pu suivre exactement les effets de ce Volcan; et c'est ce que je n'ai point encore été à même de faire; ce que je puis assurer, c'est qu'ayant éprouvé moi-même une secousse très forte à Reggio, le premier Mars, à trois heures moins un quart du matin, le bruit sourd dont elle fut accompagnée, venoit bien sûrement du sein de la terre. Son effet sur la galère fut le même que si la quille eût touché, à plusieurs reprises, sur un Rocher.

“ L'Automne dernier a été très pluvieux dans ce pays, l'hiver fort doux: l'Etna n'a point jetté de flammes, il n'en sort qu'une fumée épaisse; on dit qu'il y a eu une éruption il y a quelques jours. La secousse du 5 Février s'est fait sentir dans toute la Sicile, mais avec moins de violence à mesure qu'on s'éloignoit davan-



tage du Phare. Depuis cette époque, il y en a tous les jours des secousses plus ou moins fortes. Le ciel est nébuleux, les montagnes de Sicile, et la côté de la Calabre, sont couvertes d'une brume qui ressemble à de la fumée; il régné des vents d'une violence extrême: ces vents soufflent par raffardes, avec une impétuosité effrayante. La direction ne varie guères que du Nord au Nord-Est: ils sont souvent accompagnées d'une pluie très abondante. Ces vents paroissent ne point sortir du Phare. Tous les habitans de Messine sont campés sous des baraques de bois; le Roi de Naples a envoyé des tentes pour ses troupes; nous sommes occupés à donner des secours aux malheureux qui ont été bléssés par la chute des maisons. Ces soins, si conformes à l'institut de notre ordre, font honneur à l'humanité de son respectable chef.

*“ De Messine, le 12 Mars, 1783.”*

Dolomieu, describing a person buried alive by the earthquake, says, “ La perte entière de ses biens, celle de sa famille et de ses amis, la mort même, ne sont pas les plus grands maux que pour lors il ait a craindre. Enterré vif sous les ruines qui se sont amoncelées sur sa tete, sans écraser la voute sous laquelle il a cherché un asyle, il est condamné à mourir de faim et

de rage, en maudissant sa famille et ses amis, dont il accuse l'indifférence et la lenteur à venir à son secours.

“ Un quart des victimes du tremblement de terre du 5 Février qui furent ensévelies vives sous les ruines des edifices écroulés, auroient survécu, si on avoit pu leur porter de prompt secours : mais dans un désastre aussi general, les bras manquoient ; chacun étoit occupé de ses malheurs particuliers, ou de ceux de sa famille ; on ne prenoit aucune part au sort de la personne indifférente. On vit dans le même-temps des exemples de tendresse paternelle et maritale portée jusqu'au dévouement, et des traits de cruauté et d'atrocité qui font fremir. Pendant qu'une mère échevelée et couverte de sang, venoit demander à ces ruines encore tremblantes, le fils qu'elle portoit en fuyant entre ses bras, et qui lui avoit été arraché par la chute d'une pièce de charpente ; pendant qu'un mari affrontoit une mort presque certaine, pour retrouver une épouse chérie ; on voyoit des monstres se precipiter au milieu des murs chancelans, braver le danger le plus eminent, fouler aux pieds des hommes moitié ensévelis, qui reclamoient leur secours, pour aller piller la maison du riche, et pour satisfaire une aveugle cupidité. Ils dépouilloient encore vivans des malheureux, qui leur auroient donné les

plus fortes recompenses, s'ils leur avoient rendu une main charitable. J'ai logé à Polistene dans la baraque d'un galant homme, qui fut enterré sous les ruines de sa maison, ses jambes en l'air paroissent au dessus. Son domestique vint lui enlever ses boucles d'argent, et se sauva ensuite, sans vouloir l'aider à se dégager. En general tout le bas peuple de la Calabre a montré une depravation incroyable de mœurs, au milieu des horreurs des tremblements de terre. La plupart des Agricultures se trouvoit en raze campagne lors de la secousse du 5 Fevrier; ils accoururent aussi-tôt dans les villes encore fumantes de la poussiere qu'avoit occasionné leur chute; ils y vinrent, non pour y porter des secours, aucun sentiment d'humanité ne se fit entendre chez eux dans ces affreuses circonstances, mais pour y piller.

“ J'ai parlé à un très-grand nombre de personnes qui ont été retirées des ruines, dans les différentes villes que j'ai visité: elles m'ont toutes dit, qu'elles croyoient que leurs maisons seules avoient été renversées; qu'elles ne pouvoient penser que la destruction fut aussi generale, et qu'elles ne concevoient pas comment on tardoit autant à venir leur porter des secours.

“ Un femme, dans le bourg de Cinque Frondi fut retrouvée vive le septieme jour. Deux en-

fans qu'elle avoit aupres d'elle y estoient morts de faim, et estoient deja en putrefaction ; l'un d'eux appuyé sur la cuisse de sa mere, y avoit occasionné une putrefaction semblable. Beaucoup d'autres personnes sont restées trois, quatre, et cinq jours ensévelies : je les ai vu, je leur ai parlé, et je leur ai fait exprimer ce qu'elles pensoient dans ces affreux momens. De tous les maux physiques, celui dont elles souffroient le plus, étoit la soif. Le premier besoin que tomoignerent aussi les animaux retirés du milieu des ruines, après un jeûne qui est allé quelquefois jusqu'à plus de cinquante jours, fut de boire ; ils ne pouvoient s'en rassasier. Plusieurs personnes, enterrées vives, supporterent leur malheur avec une fermeté dont il n'y a pas d'exemple. Je ne crois même pas que la nature humaine en soit capable, sans un engourdissement presque total dans les facultés intellectuelles. Une femme d'Oppido, âgée de dix neuf ans, et jolie, étoit pour lors au terme de sa grossesse, elle resta plus de trente heures sous les ruines, elle en fut retirée par son mari, et accoucha peu d'heures après aussi heureusement que si elle n'eût éprouvé aucun malheur. Je fus accueilli dans sa baraque, et parmi beaucoup de questions je lui demandai ce qu'elle pensoit pour lors ; " J'attendois," me répondit elle. Il est arrivé dans plusieurs

villes que des parens et des serviteurs fideles, allant chercher au milieu des ruines, les personnes qui leur etoient cheres, entendoient leurs cris, reconnoissoient leurs voix, etoient certains du lieu ou ils etoient ensevelis, et se voyoient dans l'impuissance de les secourir. Les debris entassés résistoient à leurs foibles mains, et s'opposoient aux efforts de leur zèle et de leur tendresse. C'est en vain qu'ils réclamoient des secours étrangers ; leurs cris, leurs sanglots, n'interessent personne. Couchés sur les ruines, on les a vu réduits à invoquer la mort, pour delivrer leurs parens des horreurs de leurs situations, et l'appeller pour eux-memes, comme l'unique consolation dans leur douleur. Cet adoucissement dans leurs malheurs leur etoit même refusé, puisque les cris souterrains se sont quelquefois fait entendre pendant plusieurs jours de suite. Des familles entieres se sont trouvées ensévelies, sans qu'un seul individu ait échappé ; alors, on passoit sur les tombeaux qui les renfermoient vivans, on reconnoissoit leur voix, et leur sort n'arrachoit pas une larme. A Terra Nova, quatre Augustins réfugiés sous une voûte de Sacristie, qui avoit résisté au poids immense des debris qui s'étoient entassés au dessus, firent pendant quatre jours retentir ces ruines de leurs cris ; mais de tout le couvent, un seul s'étoit sauvé ; que pou-

voit-il contre l'immensité des matériaux qui en-sévelissoient ses confrères ; leur voix s'éteignit peu à peu, et plusieurs jours après, ces quatre corps furent trouvés se tenant embrassés.

“ Plus de la moitié de ceux qui furent écrasés sous la ville de Terra Nova sont demeurés au milieu des ruines, et lorsque je les ai parcouru le 20 Fevrier, 1784, il s'en exhaloit une odeur infecte et insoutenable. Lorsque la ville d'Oppido fut saccée par les secousses et les soubresauts les plus violens, le feu gagna successivement les charpentes des maisons renversées, et s'établit sur une partie de la ville : il ne fut donc pas possible d'y porter aucun secours, et presque tous ceux qui auroient échappé aux ruines, furent les victimes des flammes. Vingt Religieuses de Sainte. Claire furent trouvées calcinées sous les debris de leur couvent.

“ Un effort un peu plus violent auroit peut-être suffi à la nature, pour occasionner une catastrophe presque generale, pour changer absolument l'ordre actuel des choses, pour plonger la generation presente et celles qui l'ont précédé dans la nuit de l'oubli, pour faire disparoitre les monumens de nos arts et ceux de nos connaissances, et pour ramener enfin les sociétés aux temps de leur premiere enfance. Nous calculons les effets de la nature d'après nos moyens ; elle nous paroît terrible et armée de tout son

pouvoir, lorsqu'elle change quelque chose aux loix auxquelles nous la croyons soumise, et qu'elle agit sous nos yeux. Cependant qu'est pour elle une etendue de dix lieues sur la surface du globe ? Que seroit meme la disparition de nos continens, relativement au système solaire. Combien de revolutions generales n'a pas éprouvé la terre que nous habitons ? Combien de fois n'a-t-elle pas changé de forme ? Nous voyons partout des vestiges de ses revolutions et de ses catastrophes ; notre imagination qui ne peut les embrasser toutes, se perd dans les temps antérieurs à notre histoire. Le premier qui supposa un déplacement dans les eaux de l'océan, c'est à dire un ordre de choses différent du notre, crut avancer la proposition la plus hardie ; cependant notre globe a peut-être éprouvé vingt revolutions semblables. La supposition d'une seule, n'explique rien. Nous marchons avec securité sur les debris peut-être de dix anciens mondes, et nous frémissons, lorsque la nature change quelques choses à ses effets journaliers."

Such are the accounts of the calamity of 1783:

## No. IV.

*Dates of the Eruptions known of Mount Etna.**Years before Christ.*

The first eruption of which there is any record, was in the time of the Sicani, four hundred years before the arrival of the Greek colony in Sicily.

There was an eruption soon after their arrival.

479—Eruption during the battle of Platea, which lasted many years.

427—Eruption which destroyed the country of the Catanians.

396—Eruption which covered a space of twenty-four miles in length, and two in breadth, with a solid crust, from the top of the mountain to the sea which washes the eastern foot of the mountain.

136—Eruption during the consulship of C. Lælius and Q. Servilius Cepio.

131—Eruption which burned many places, and into which places the mountain also threw up a quantity of sand.

122—The lava issued from the crater, and was thrown to a considerable distance. This happened during the consulships of Marcus Emilius Lepidus and L. Aurelius Orestes.



118—During the consulship of Q. Cecilius and T. Q. Flamminius, Catania was destroyed with its environs, and the roofs of the houses ruined and burned by the hot ashes. I find in the history of Catania, that the lava issued from M. M. Rossi, near Gravina; it ran towards Lucatia, and from thence to the sea, two miles from Catania. The gate of Ulysses was not destroyed by this lava, having been destroyed a long time before.

Eruptions a little after the battle of Pharsalia.

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*Years after Christ.*

Eruptions before Cæsar was murdered in the senate house.

An eruption whilst Octavius fought Sextus Pompeius in Sicily.

40—Smoke and dreadful roarings from the mountain during the return of Caligula from Syracuse.

80—A great eruption of Etna.

251—An eruption in the month of February.

812—The smoke vomited from the mountain was very great.

1169—During the reign of William the Second, the earthquake which accompanied the eruption was so violent, that it did not even

leave a single house standing in Catania, where 1600 people died: the countries adjoining Catania and Syracuse suffered similar misfortunes.

An eruption in the time of the emperor Frederic the second king of Sicily.

1284—Eruption in the eastern borders.

1329—A terrible eruption in the eastern borders: the lava took its course towards Aci, and stopped a short time before it reached the shore; it went as far as the high Monte Finocchio, and the tower M. Rosso, near Fleri.

1333—A considerably great eruption.

In some of the histories of Sicily it is erroneously stated, that there had been an eruption either in 1371 or in 1384. In the Chronicle MS. which is quoted, time has either worn it out, or the Chronicle has had false accounts.

1408—A great eruption upon Nicolosi.

1444—An eruption of great moment, since it threatened Catania.

1446—Another near the rock of Musarro, towards the east.

1447—Another in the month of September.

1535—This lasted until 1537, and took place after the fire of the mountain seemed to be almost extinguished; as from the year 1447 to the above time, a slight sulphureous smoke being only perceivable in the bottom of the crater. The flames which now rose from the

crater, formed an immense light, which illuminated Catania and its contours during the night. The snows liquified by the lava formed great torrents, which descended impetuously towards the base. It caused such terror, that the end of the world was believed to have arrived, by the islanders, so violent were the phenomena which accompanied it. Francesco Negro, a physician and Sicilian philosopher, was suffocated by a volume of the smoke, as well as Pliny the naturalist.

1566—An eruption of little consequence.

1578—It lasted until the new year 1579, but was not very great.

1603—The eruptions were repeated many times.

1607—Was almost a continual eruption until 1638, so as only to be considered as one\*.

1634—A great shock on the 22nd of February, 1633, which vented itself against the single country of Nicolosi, part of which was destroyed, with sixteen people, and many were wounded. It was the forerunner of the memorable eruption in 1634 and that of 1635; during which large pieces of the great cone were sunk, and the shocks destroyed many edi-

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\* 1610—Continued eruption of Vesuvius as long as 1614.

1619—A continuation of the same eruption,

fices of Messina. The lava which was seen united after the year 1634, would have formed a torrent eighteen miles long, two miles in breadth, and twenty-four feet high.

1645—Eruption in the northern part.

1654—The lava destroyed many countries towards the north and north-west.

1659—A remarkable eruption near Nicolosi, which formed the Monte Rossi. The lava burned a part of Catania, and then emptied itself into the sea.

1662—An eruption a little under the top.

1688—The lava ran from the crater into the valley of Buc, where, having liquified the half of an immense mass of ice, a sufficient quantity at the top and sides remained to give the idea of a large cathedral, formed of white and lucid crystals.

1689—The lava issued with increased fury a little under the top; it burned two men who had gone inconsiderately to see it.

1693—Whilst the volcano was throwing up smoke and flames, a dreadful earthquake destroyed the adjoining countries, with the greater part of those of Val de Noto, and caused the death of 60,000 persons.

1694—A great quantity of ashes and cinders was thrown up from the crater.

1762—An eruption four miles under the top

of the mountain, which took place at noon day.

1723—Eruption from the crater, which ran towards the west.

1732—Eruption from the crater.

1735—Eruption from the crater.

1747—Eruption from the crater.

1755—Two rivers of lava ran towards the eastern borders, and liquifying the snows which they met on their passage, produced torrents of water, which were precipitated to the bottom of these steep borders.

1759—The lava issued a short time afterwards from a new opening behind the rock of Musarro; an eruption which lasted until the new year, during which year it made a new opening between Bronte and that crater.

1763—An eruption at noon, a few miles under the crater in the back of the Asino.

1766—Another still lower than the former. Near the course of the lava, the ground was so agitated from the shocks, that the men could not support themselves on their feet.

1780—The earthquakes shook Sicily violently, and did great damage at Messina. Its subterraneous wind came on, which ran from Etna to Peloro, and came with violence against the great mountainous chain of the eastern part of the shore. The eruptions from thence took

a south-west direction, and some miles from the crater.

1781—A great eruption of smoke, ashes, sand, and lava from the crater.

1787—A great and violent eruption from the crater.

1792—Eruption towards the half of the cone at noon, which lasted an entire year.

1798—After great eruptions of ashes and sand, such as those in the preceding year, rivulets of lava ran from the crater in the month of June, after the continued earthquakes at Messina the March preceding.

1799—More copious and thick eruptions of flames and black smoke from the crater. In June, immense masses of lava were thrown to prodigious heights; amongst enormous accumulations and columns of black smoke.

1800—In February, smoke and ashes were vomited up. The night of the 27th, the inhabitants of Zafarano, almost midway the height of the cone towards the east, were awakened by the great explosions from the mountain; they saw immense columns of fire raised to prodigious perpendicular heights, rendered still more brilliant by the long and forked flashes of lightning which accompanied them. Their tops expanded, and let some kind of black matter fall, which broke upon the swift fire as it

ascended. The phenomenon was accompanied with a horrid roaring, as that of a furious tempest; a strong western wind carried to the east all the raised matter, which formed two showers of rain, sand, and of dross, which, crumbling as they fell to the bottom of the mountain, made a most dreadful noise. They formed a thick bed of half a foot. This phenomenon was renewed the 4th of March, two hours before sunset; the eruption of inflamed matter was more copious, and the noon-day wind carried with it the small dust as far as Milazzo. The inhabitants of the places in that direction, and of those nearer the volcano, were oppressed by that dreadful rain; at Malvagnia, fifteen miles from the crater, the sky was suddenly darkened, and they were obliged to light their torches that they might see, although an hour and a half was wanting to finish the day. The darkest hour appeared to arrive without any intimation, the inhabitants did not know where to go, nor what to think of it, a general murmuring was only heard in this universal darkness. This state of uncertainty lasted twenty-five minutes, after which began the rain of black dross, the largest of which weighed nine ounces, whilst at Majo and at Recella there was some that weighed thirteen ounces. Some men who had been out in the open air, had

wounds on the head and arms. The dress had so heated the atmosphere, that the rain which accompanied it fell full of heat. The eruption was repeated often during the following months, and the majesty of the representation was increased by the frequent flashes of lightning which shone in the midst of the black smoke; these had generally a line placed perpendicularly near the cone of the crater, at the other extremity of which the other arose, forming a right angle, and was then lost amongst the smokes and flames. This long eruption finished in June, which formed in the greater part of the mountain a bed of many feet of light dress, into which state the immense internal fermentation had reduced the lava.

1802—Eruption from a new opening a little under the great crater, in the great valley Del Bac, accompanied with dreadful thunder and frightful roarings from the mountain. After a few days it was extinguished. The lava ran twelve miles.

1809—In the year 1805 and 1806, after there had been eruptions of flames and copious smoke from the volcano with unequal intermissions, during which were heard some undulating shocks principally at the bottom of the mountain, and after a perfect calm in 1807, the intermitting eruptions returned in 1808, the



greatest of which were preceded by great roarings from the mountain, and subterraneous thunder, not without some shocks of earthquakes, which were even very sensible at Catania, and were continued until March 1809. On the 27th of that month, after immense perpendicular columns of smoke were raised, it formed a new aperture a little under the crater, east north-east, from which issued a river of black smoke, and enormous balls full of soot which moved slowly, because they were heavy from the ashes and sand; these were driven on by the wind as far as Messina. In the cultivated lands of the two countries of Castiglione and of Lingua Grosso, many new apertures were formed, one of them six miles from the former, and the others at unequal distances, and in the intermediate space, many crevices and lowerings of the earth were made; from these new openings, immense thick clouds of black smoke were vomited up, which appeared in the air like dreadful rocks, and from those the dross, which came down in torrents, and crumbling in its fall, produced so dreadful a crash, that the neighbouring inhabitants feared greatly; on the 28th instant, at the approach of night, rivers of lava were thrown up from the mountain, attended with violent convulsions and dreadful roarings, which were heard as far

as Catania. This eruption lasted more than a month; two new mountains or cones were formed, one of which had two summits.

1812—An eruption broke out below the Philosopher's tower; it lasted a few days, but was not a very violent one. On this occasion some fire was thrown up from the great crater. The small remains of Empedocles' tower are now no more.

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*Chronological Table of the great Earthquakes  
in Sicily since the Year 1169.*

SICILY has suffered much from earthquakes, even in modern times. Messina has been particularly unfortunate, for it seldom escaped its share at every such calamity.

The following are the dates of these melancholy visitations:

|      |      |      |
|------|------|------|
| 1169 | 1542 | 1661 |
| 1265 | 1549 | 1693 |
| 1390 | 1553 | 1717 |
| 1456 | 1563 | 1726 |
| 1494 | 1601 | 1729 |
| 1499 | 1613 | 1732 |
| 1500 | 1635 | 1780 |
| 1536 | 1638 | 1783 |
| 1537 | 1649 |      |
| 1538 | 1659 |      |

## No. V.

*Feast of Saint Rosolia.*

I WAS not at Palermo in the month of July, and therefore did not see the Feast of St. Rosolia. As this ceremony is still kept up, a short account of it (taken chiefly from Brydone) may gratify the reader.

On the first day, the saint is drawn with great pomp through the centre of the city, from the Marino to the Porto Nuovo. The triumphal car is preceded by a troop of horse, with trumpets and kettle-drums, and all the city officers are in their gala uniforms. It is indeed a most enormous machine, measuring 70 feet long, 30 wide, and is upwards of 80 feet high: passing along, it overtops the loftiest houses of Palermo. It contains a great orchestra, filled with a numerous band of musicians, placed in rows one above the other. Over this orchestra, and a little behind it, there is a large dome, supported by six Corinthian columns, and ornamented with a number of figures of saints and angels; and on the summit of the dome there is a gigantic silver statue of St. Rosolia. The whole machine is dressed out with orange-trees, flower-pots, and trees of artificial coral. The car stops every fifty or sixty yards, when the

orchestra performs a piece of music, with hymns in honour of the saint. It appears a moving castle, and completely fills the great street from side to side.

This vast fabric is drawn by fifty-six large mules in two rows, curiously caparisoned, and mounted by twenty-eight postillions dressed in gold and silver stuffs, with great plumes of ostrich feathers in their hats. Every window and balcony on both sides of the street is full of well-dressed people, and the car is followed by many thousands of the lower sort. The triumph finished in about three hours, and is succeeded by the beautiful illumination of the Marino; the whole chain of this illumination is about a mile in length, and indeed one can hardly conceive any thing more splendid.

Opposite to the centre of this great line of light, there is a magnificent pavilion erected for the nobility; and on the front of this, at some little distance in the sea, stand the great fire-works, representing the front of a palace, adorned with columns, arches, trophies, and every ornament of architecture.

All the chebecks, galleys, galliots, and other shipping, are ranged around this palace, and form a kind of amphitheatre in the sea, enclosing it in the centre. These begin the show by a discharge of the whole of their artillery, the

sound of which re-echoes from the mountains, and produces a very noble effect. They then play off a variety of water-rockets and bombs of a curious construction, that often burst below water. This continues for half an hour, when, in an instant, the whole of the palace is beautifully illuminated. This is the signal for the shipping to cease firing, and appears, indeed, like a piece of enchantment, as it is done altogether instantaneously, and without the appearance of any agent.

On extinguishing these, the illumination of the palace is likewise extinguished, and the front of it breaks out into the appearance of a variety of suns, stars, and wheels of fire, which in a short time reduce it to a perfect ruin; and when all appears finished, there bursts from the centre of the pile a vast explosion of two thousand rockets, bombs, serpents, squibs, and devils, which fills the whole atmosphere: the fall of these makes terrible havoc amongst the clothes of the poor people who are not under cover, but affords admirable entertainment to the nobility, who are.

The company appear all joy and exultation.

The second day, the entertainments begin by horse-races. They are rode by boys of twelve years old, without either saddle or bridle, but only a small piece of cord, by way of bit, in the

horses' mouth, which it seems is sufficient to stop them. The great street is the course; and for this purpose is covered with earth to the depth of five or six inches. The firing of a cannon at the Porto Felice is the signal for starting. The horses seem to understand this, for they all start at once, full speed, and continue at their utmost stretch to Porto Nuovo, which is the winning post. It is exactly a mile, and they perform it in the short time of one minute and thirty-five seconds. These are generally barbs, or a mixed breed between a Sicilian and barb. The boys are gaudily dressed, and make a pretty appearance. It is surprising to see how well they stick on; but they generally hold by the mane.

The street (before starting) is very much crowded, yet there is no interruption to the running, as the people open by a regular uniform motion, and fall back on each side, and let the horses pass. This is done without any bustle or confusion, and generally with safety; on this occasion, considering the circumstance, accidents are seldom. The victor is conducted along the street in triumph, with his prize displayed before him. The great street is illuminated in the same manner as on the preceding night. About ten o'clock the great triumphal car marches back again in procession to the

**Marino.** It is richly illuminated with large wax tapers, and makes a most formidable figure.

**Third day.**—At night the two great streets, and the four gates of the city that terminate them, are illuminated in the most splendid manner. The four gates that form the vistas to this splendid scene are highly decorated, and lighted up in an elegant taste, the illuminations representing a variety of magnificent objects. The great fire-works opposite to the front of the palace begin at ten o'clock, and end at midnight.

**Fourth day.**—Three races, six horses each, as formerly. The great church now (at eleven o'clock) is visited. It appears a flame of light, which, reflected from many thousands of bright and shining surfaces, of different colours, and at different angles, produces an effect which exceeds all the descriptions of enchantment ever read. The whole church, walls, roof, pillars, and pilasters, are entirely covered over with mirrors, interspersed with gold and silver paper, artificial flowers, &c. done up with singular taste and elegance, so that not one inch, either of stone or plaister, is to be seen. Form now (if you can) an idea of the greatest of our cathedrals dressed out in this manner, and illuminated with twenty thousand wax tapers, and you will have some faint notion of this splendid

scene. There are eight and twenty altars, fourteen on each side; these are dressed out with the utmost magnificence, and the great altar is still the most splendid.

**Fifth day.**—At night all the streets are illuminated; the great procession that closes the festival begins at ten o'clock; it only differs from the other processions in this, that besides all the priests, friars, and religious orders of the city, there are placed at equal intervals from each other, ten lofty machines made of wood and pasteboard, ornamented in an elegant manner, representing temples, tabernacles, and a variety of beautiful pieces of architecture. These are furnished by the different convents and religious fraternities, who vie with each other in the richness and elegance of the work. Some of them are not less than sixty feet high. They are filled with figures of saints and of angels, made of wax, so natural and so admirably well painted, that many of them seem really to be alive. All these figures are prepared by the nuns, and by them dressed out in rich robes of gold and silver tissue. A great silver box, containing the bones of St. Rosolia, closes the procession. It is carried by thirty-six of the most respectable burgesses of the city, who look upon this as the greatest honour. The archbishop walks behind it, giving his benediction to the people as he passes.



No sooner has the procession finished the tour of the great square, than the fountain in the centre, one of the largest and finest in Europe, is converted into a fountain of fire, throwing it up on all sides, and making a beautiful appearance. It only lasts for a few minutes, and is extinguished by a vast explosion, which concludes the whole. As this is altogether unexpected, it produces a fine effect, and surprises the spectators more than any of the great fire-works does.

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No. VI.

*The Tunny Fishery.*

THIS is a great amusement, and a very profitable one in Sicily. These fish appear in the Sicilian seas about the latter end of May; at which time the *tonnaros*, as they call them, are prepared for their reception. This is a kind of aquatic castle, formed at a great expence, of strong nets, fastened to the bottom of the sea by anchors and heavy leaden weights.

These *tonnaros* are erected in the passages amongst the rocks and islands that are most frequented by the tunny fish. They take care to shut up with nets the entry into these passages, all but one little opening, which is called the

outward gate of the tonnaro. This leads into the first apartment, or, as they call it, the hall. As soon as the fish have got into the hall, the fishermen, who stand sentry in their boats during the season, shut the outer door, which is no more than letting down a small piece of net, which effectually prevents the tunny from returning by the way they came. They then open the inner door of the hall, which leads to the second apartment, which they call the anti-chamber, and, by making a noise on the surface of the water, they soon drive the tunny fish into it. As soon as the whole have got into the anti-chamber, the inner door of the hall is again shut, and the outer door is opened for the reception of more company.

Some tonnaros have a great number of apartments, with different names to them all, the saloon, the parlour, the dining-room; but the last apartment is always styled, *la camera della morte*—the chamber of death; this is composed of stronger nets and heavier anchors than the others.

As soon as they have collected a sufficient number of tunny fish, they are driven from all the other apartments into the chamber of death, where the slaughter begins. The fishermen, and often the gentlemen too, armed with a kind of spear or harpoon, attack the poor defence-

less animals on all sides ; which, now giving themselves up to despair, dash about with great force and agility, throwing the water over all the boats, and tearing the nets to pieces ; they often knock out their brains against the rocks or anchors, and sometimes even against the boats of their enemies.

There is nothing very generous or manly in this sport. The taking of the *pesce spada*, or sword fish, is a much more noble diversion : no art is made use of to ensnare him ; but with a small harpoon fixed to a long line, they attack him in the open seas, and will often strike him at a very considerable distance.

It is exactly the whale fishing in miniature. The Sicilian fishermen, who are abundantly superstitious, have a Greek sentence, which they make use of as a charm to bring him near their boats. This is the only bait they use ; they pretend that it is of wonderful efficacy, and absolutely obliges him to follow them ; but if unfortunately he should overhear them speak a word of Italian, he plunges under water immediately, and will appear no more. As these fish are commonly of a great size and strength, they will sometimes run for hours after they are struck, and afford excellent sport. I have seen them with a sword four or five feet long, which gives them a formidable appearance in the

water, particularly after they are wounded. The flesh of these animals is excellent; it is more like beef than fish, and the common way of dressing it is in steaks.

The fishing of the *pesce spada* is most considerable in the sea of Messina, where they have likewise great quantities of eels, particularly the *Morena*, so much esteemed amongst the Romans, which I think is indeed the finest fish I ever ate.

But it is not only their large fish that they strike with harpoons; they have the same method of taking mullet, dories, a kind of mackerel, and many other species: but this is always performed in the night. As soon as it is dark, two men get into a small boat; one of them holds a lighted torch over the surface of the water, the other stands with his harpoon ready poised in his hand. The light of the torch soon brings the fish to the surface, when the harpooner immediately strikes them. Great quantities are killed in this manner both here and at Naples. A large fleet of boats employed in this kind of fishing, make a beautiful appearance on the water, in a fine summer night.

## No. VII.

*Miscellaneous Observations on Palermo and  
its Vicinity—Public Characters in Sicily—  
State of the British Troops.*

THE troops at Palermo consist chiefly of German, Swiss, and Neapolitan regiments, and some native Sicilian. Their appearance is very fine, their appointments good, clothing excellent, and very tolerable barracks. They amount to at least 12,000 infantry, not a man of whom was spared to us, when Murat threatened to invade the island. What could be the cause of this; and why did we permit such a neutrality, while we not only subsidised the Sicilian government, but assisted them with such cordiality in the defence of the island?

Although the troops that appeared in the streets (and of course it is of them I speak) were admirably appointed and clothed, still I have been assured that only half of the 12,000 had even slop clothing; the remainder were kept in barracks, and were without arms or any appointments. If this is true, it may account for our not having had any of them at Messina; for Palermo would certainly, in the present state of affairs, require 6000 troops.

But surely some agent ought to have had authority to muster these troops, and see they were complete, as in fact England supplied the money to pay them. The men could not go on without pay; but it is certain that the pay of the officers was greatly in arrear, and at last they were obliged to take a considerable part of it in lottery tickets, the prizes of which were small portions of crown land. It was, however, said in a half joke half earnest, that this lottery contained only blanks.

By our treaty, quarters should have been allotted for the troops. This was done, as far as convents, &c. for the men, but for many of the officers there were not any, and of course, though an auxiliary army, our own government had to pay lodging money. On particular occasions, a billet (for the higher ranks) was given in situations where quarters or lodgings could not be hired, and in others, where part of the staff were; when that happened, on application Sicilians were forced to give up their houses, not by us, but by their own government. It was understood they were to receive payment; but many of them told me they never received, or expected to receive one farthing. In all matters where British faith was concerned, they were, as usual, liberally and honestly paid; and sir John Stuart never failed

to render them all the justice in his power, and consequently is very popular and much beloved by the Sicilians.

I believe I have mentioned, that great sums are levied for roads, but never expended on them. Besides this, near sixty thousand pounds a year is levied for the express purpose of having cruisers and guarda costas to protect the Sicilian shores, particularly the south-west, from Barbary rovers, but they have not the slightest protection. I believe I am correct, when I say, there is not even one galley for the purpose.

There is no freedom of the press at present, and consequently not a newspaper in all the island, one at Messina, under our direction, excepted, and that is even a novelty.

The inhabitants of Messina had neither officers nor privates quartered on them. The men were lodged in convents, the officers were so in general, and the staff on lodging money.

The more we reflect on this country, the more it excites our commiseration. It has always been its fate to endure oppression and ill treatment. Cicero says, "Its inhabitants, blest with industry and temperance, show patience in enduring oppression;" and calls it a province serviceable in war and in peace. But its corn laws seem to have been always a griev-

ance. Most of the towns paid corn tenths; from which Panormus, Taorminum, Messina, and Segesta, were exempt. But he says, Enna for three years paid their corn tenths to the Roman people, and the rest to C. Verres; so that to the land-holders, "nothing remained."

The sugar-cane once flourished in Sicily, and might again. Tobacco and rice might also be raised; in short, it has fertility for any production.

From Pelorus to Cape Passaro East, is 150 miles, opposite Calabria; from Passaro to Lilibeo, west and south-west of the triangle, is 190 miles; and from Lilibeo to Pelorus, or Faro, *the north*, is 220 miles; so that all round the coast is 560 miles.

Castrogiovani, which is in the centre of the island, on a mountain, and a very strong position, is 480 toises above the level of the sea. Though so very mountainous, I have no doubt Sicily would, as in ancient times, bear a population of eight million. As to paying its own expence, it could do that with one half of its present taxation, if fairly applied.

Some of our English soldiers found a vein near Messina, very like coal.

I think there can be no doubt, that at some period Sicily was separated from Calabria by a dreadful convulsion of nature.



- “ *Hæc loca, vi quondam et vastâ convulsa ruina  
Dissiluisse ferunt: cùm protinus utraque tellus  
Una foret, venit medio vi pontus, et undis  
Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit; arvaque et urbes  
Littore diductas angusto interluit æstu.*”

EN. III.

How far modern geological enquiry may enable us to form a rational opinion of the wonderful changes and revolutions which the globe has undoubtedly experienced, is still uncertain; it is, however, a study which deserves every encouragement. Though truth and demonstration are not always agreeable to some persons, still that is no reason for relinquishing the pursuit, or discouraging discussion; and if we cannot attain all the information we wish, still we may get a great deal. I am therefore glad that the present age displays a perseverance in every thing which relates to knowledge and science. Ferara says, it is a mistake to suppose the fertility of the island is entirely caused by volcanic matter. Of the three nearly equal divisions, the Val di Mazzara has neither lava or such matter; much of the soil is calcareous; the volcanic and the other soil appear equally fertile: indeed the greater part of Noto, the north of Demone, and all Mazzara, is a calcareous soil. The Val Demone may be called the volcanic district; here is to be found drosses, vitrifications, basaltic rocks,



crystals of felspar, puzzolana ; various strata of lava, ashes, and volcanic sand, but very little pumice. Ferara gives a list of its various volcanic productions, and amongst others, enumerates muriate and carbonate of soda, and columnar basalt.

While at Palermo I heard many circumstances which confirmed all I before heard and observed, of the entire mismanagement of the Sicilian government ; and while the old \*\*\*\*\* has the ascendancy, it will probably continue.

I was assured that not long ago an officer stopped a lawyer of the court in open day, and robbed him. He immediately returned the money in the purse except one dollar, and said, " My name is ——— ; go tell the *queen* that I robbed you of a dollar ; tell her also, that I have three months' pay due to me, and a family starving, who have eat nothing in the last twenty-four hours." Some officers absolutely called on me with petitions ; or, in other words, representing their distress, and asking charity.

The quarantine laws are the only ones in any degree justly or honestly executed in Sicily ; and yet in these, there is great abuse ; often absurd obstinacy, and no discrimination. By certain old laws, the board of health is in this respect all powerful, even the king cannot in-

terfere with them. Every precaution to keep out such a scourge is commendable; but they make no distinction, and therefore frequently are vexatious and oppressive when there really is no occasion\*.

At Palermo, as in other towns, the rooms of the houses and palaces not immediately in use, are shut up perhaps nine months in the year; or if a family left home for a month or more, not a window or door would be opened till they returned: thus they appear on many occasions to have the greatest hatred for air—yet the inhabited rooms have always the doors and windows wide open.

In Malta and the south of Spain, the flies are kept out by darkening the rooms; in Sicily the breakfast table is black with them in an instant.

Palermo is a place of considerable trade, but at times the bay and road are exposed to violent gales, and a heavy swell when the wind is north-east†.

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\* In the year 1743, Messina lost near 40,000 people by the plague. They have therefore reason to be strict in executing the quarantine laws.

† There was a furious battle in the bay of Palermo in the year 1676, between the French fleet, commanded by the duke Vivonne, and the combined Dutch and Spanish, which retired there after the fight of Augusta, where De Ruiter lost his life. This battle is described as one of the most dreadful and sanguinary, inasmuch as many ships were sunk, others blown up, many burned, and several houses in Palermo

There are many merchants established here, and if they are not rich, it must be attributed to the bad policy of the commercial code. The trade is chiefly in silks, oranges, fruit, soda, and marble: the latter is found in the greatest variety. M. Geoani at Catania has above 100 different specimens of Sicilian marble in his museum; likewise jasper, agates, and other hard stones. There is also good white marble, but that is found more in the interior.

There certainly might be a great export of corn, but the *realle patrimonio* is in truth a prohibition to agriculture, and therefore Sicily

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thrown down by the shot. The French had twenty-seven sail of the line, and the allied the same number. Both fleets had moreover near thirty armed galleys, and several fireships. The Dutch and Spanish were anchored under the fort of Castel Mare, and the ramparts of the town, but notwithstanding their assistance, the French gained a signal victory. Most of the combined fleet was burned.

The account says, "On les poursuivit si vivement avec des brulots, qu'on mit bientôt le feu à l'Amiral de Hollande et à huit autres vaisseaux, qui s'étoient échoués sous les murs de la ville, ce qui fit le plus horrible spectacle qu'on ait jamais vu. On voyoit de toute part les ponts de ces Vaisseaux en feu, couverts d'une foule de malheureux dont les uns se précipitoient dans la mer, les autres se jetoient dans des Esquifs, les autres indéterminez couroient çà et là; cependant le feu prenant aux poudres des vaisseaux, les enlevait en l'air au milieu d'une nûée de débris enflammés, qui retombant ensuite comme une grêle funeste, écrasait, couloit à fond, brûloit, et faisoit périr de mille manieres différentes les hommes qui se sauvoient, et les bâtimens voisins. La reale d'Espagne, et cinq autres galères furent brûlées par le feu des vaisseaux, ou écrasées sous leurs débris; quantité d'édifices furent aussi renversés dans la ville et réduit en cendres; et cette grande action ne coûta que quelques brûlots aux François."

has a system of oppressive corn laws, which may be termed *grinding*, and which render nugatory the industry of the unfortunate peasantry.

I saw nothing like a forest ; I believe there may be some good timber in the interior, but the total want of roads, or any mode of conveying it to towns, or to the ports, renders it useless.

The government is entirely managed by the queen, and her apathy, if not hostility, towards England, has of late been manifest ; and so strong were the reports of her having entered into a treaty with Napoleon, that just before I left Messina, lord Amberst sent sir J. Stuart a copy of a formal note his lordship received from the marquis Circello, denying it ; which note was communicated to the British army.

The power of the barons or nobles is great, and as it is in part deputed, and as they seldom visit their estates, the peasantry are liable to great oppression ; if to this be added the power of the church, the *swinish* multitude are amongst them kept in as good order as the most overbearing despot could desire ; they are indeed an ill-fated oppressed people.

At times the Sicilians have had some alleviation of misgovernment, and thus the viceroy Caracciola was a blessing to them : it was he

that had the inquisition abolished, all his acts were marked with justice and benevolence: he did all the good he was allowed to do. But what can one wise man alone effect in a century? it would take near a century to reform the corruption and abuses of the civil and political body of Sicily; and I believe it impossible, without a total overturn of all its present institutions.

As I profess to write a *Guide de Voyageur*, more than an historical or political essay on Sicily, I shall merely mention some of the leading characters at Palermo, as connected with the government.

Ferdinand the king was born in the year 1751, and his elder brother being an idiot, the Two Sicilies were given to him by his father Don Carlos, when he succeeded to the throne of Spain in 1759. In 1768 he married his queen, a daughter of the famous Maria Theresa, and sister to Maria Antoinette, queen of France. As he was but eight years old when he got the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, we can in fairness only allow him a reign of forty years; and what has he done in those forty years? There are four of the issue of this marriage now living: the hereditary prince, prince Leopold, Maria, married to the duke of Orleans, and Cristina, married to a prince of Sardinia.

Prince Butera is the premier baron, and has

an immense fortune: he is supposed to be entirely devoted to the queen's party. Prince Paterno\* is next in rank and fortune; I have before mentioned him: he bears a good character. I think prince Bellmonto is next in rank; he is an honour to his country: a man of great information, and has been most cruelly persecuted for his love of liberty, and for his endeavours to ameliorate the lot of his unfortunate countrymen. His private character is as amiable as his public one is high; since I had the pleasure of seeing him, he has been banished to one of the barren islands, I believe Pantalaria. As things are managed, I think he was in luck that the banishment was not to that country from whence no one returns. Villa Franca is also a patriot, and has been banished. Prince Catolica was employed in the war department, and I am told has talents. Prince Petrula, another patriot, is poor, but they say honest. Marquis Tomari, devoted to the queen, is said to be a man of ability, but is much disliked. The duke d'Aci, prince Canosa, and

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\* Paterno was taken by an Algerine some years ago, on his voyage to Naples, and ransomed. It is a fact, that when he paid the money, which, as a man of honour, he was bound to do, the government took it from the agent and kept it, under pretence that such agreement with an enemy was illegal, and thus subjected not only future captives, but all the Sicilians in Barbary, to the severest treatment. They never returned the money to Paterno. His M . . . . . became an Algerine.

count Priola, are what we call in Ireland, thorough-going supporters of whatever the court wishes; a race of animals of course unknown in the united kingdom, though it is said they flourished here formerly. Amongst the subordinate characters, is Atale (before mentioned), a man justly detested by every body, and whose atrocities at Messina last year disgusted the British army; with him Capani, Leone, Pasqualino, and Castrone, are the most prominent instruments of tyranny and oppression.

The prime minister Circello is an old man; miserably paid, and cannot do the honours of his place, as to entertainment. He is naturally in the queen's interest, but I heard nothing against him. Acton, long the prime minister, and prime favourite, was always in our interest. He is still alive, but quite superannuated.



## No. VIII.

*British Force in Sicily,*

**In August and September 1810; the greater part concentrated at the Faro and Messina, and including Contessa, St. Placido, and Cucuracci heights.**

| <i>Rank and File.</i>                               |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| Royal Artillery, British and German .....           | 500                  |
| 20th Light dragoons (including foreign troops) .... | 600                  |
| Val di Noto cavalry (Sicilian) .....                | 500                  |
| Grenadier battalion .....                           | 1000                 |
| 1st Light infantry, ditto .....                     | 1000                 |
| 2d ditto .....                                      | 500                  |
| German rifle companies .....                        | 150                  |
| Battalions: 1st, 10th regiment .....                | 700                  |
| 1st, 21st ditto .....                               | 700                  |
| 1st, 27th ditto .....                               | 700                  |
| 1st, 31st ditto .....                               | 500                  |
| 1st, 39th ditto .....                               | 700                  |
| 1st, 44th ditto .....                               | 800                  |
| 1st, 58th ditto .....                               | 700                  |
| 1st, 62d ditto .....                                | 800                  |
| 81st ditto .....                                    | 700                  |
| Detachment, 35th ditto .....                        | 100                  |
| Foreign troops:                                     |                      |
| Roll's regiment .....                               | 1000                 |
| Watteville .....                                    | 600                  |
| Chasseur Britannique .....                          | 800                  |
| 3d King's Hanoverian .....                          | 600                  |
| Calabrian free corps .....                          | 700                  |
| <b>Total .....</b>                                  | <b><u>14,350</u></b> |

|   | <i>Rank and File.</i> |
|---|-----------------------|
| <b>Detached:</b>  |                       |
| At Melazzo, 2d, 27th .....  | 600                   |
| Taorminum, Dillon's .....   | 600                   |
| Syracusa, Hanoverians .....   | 700                   |
| Augusta, ditto .....  | 600                   |
| Trapani, ditto .....  | 600                   |
| <b>Total detached</b> .....   | <b>3100</b>           |
| <hr/>   |                       |
| From Contessa to Messina and Faro, the line of sup-<br>posed attack ..... | } 14,350              |
| Detached .....  |                       |
| <b>Total</b> .....  | <b>17,450</b>         |

We had three sail of the line, 74 guns each; four frigates, and four gun-brigs; 100 large gun-boats, 30 Scampa Via small ditto, 15 Sicilians in each boat; manned by Sicilians, not included in the above numbers; and five British soldiers in each, but included above.

The batteries were, Faro tower, a traversing 24 pounder; sea battery at Faro; Gonzari, a battery; Guarda Fumara, ditto; Grotto, ditto; St. Salvador de Grecci, ditto; also a strong redoubt at the heights above Faro; ditto near the Grotto; Martello tower at Gonzari; ditto near Guarda Fumara; mortar battery near Gonzari; redoubt at Cucuracci; Messina fortified with many forts, batteries, and a citadel; three small batteries be-

tween Messina and Mili, but no guns on them ; a field train.

*French Force in Calabria.*

There were various opinions respecting the exact amount of Murat's force. His flotilla certainly had a formidable appearance, and looked a wood of masts. I have the strongest reasons to believe the following return is correct as to troops. Of the flotilla and batteries there can be no question, as every one might see and count them.

French infantry of the line: 1st, 10th, 20th, 22d, 62d, and 101st, of three battalions each, is 18 battalions.

|   | <i>Rank and File.</i> |
|---|-----------------------|
| Each run 700, and makes .....   | 12,600                |
| Swiss—Isembourg .....   | 1000                  |
| La Tour d'Auvergne .....  | 1000                  |
| Neapolitans—3d line (single battalion) .....  | 700                   |
| 4th line (ditto) .....  | 700                   |
| Royal Guards (ditto) .....  | 1200                  |
| Corsican light infantry .....   | 800                   |
| Cavalry—4th Dragoons, 9th ditto, said to be Corsicans ; 1st Light ditto, Neapolitan, 600 men each ..... | 1800                  |
| Artillery, marine and land .....  |                       |
|   | 600                   |
|   | <hr/> 20,400 <hr/>    |

His sailors not included; we could form no

accurate estimate of their numbers. Several estimated the military higher, but I have reason to believe the above return is correct. He had 400 boats of all descriptions, which he launches and hauls up dry, according to circumstances. The boats (besides the sailors) are estimated, one with another, to hold thirty men, and allowing for some stores, &c. &c.; he can therefore embark 12,000 men at a time. He has a number of Neapolitan sailors, but the soldiers chiefly row the boats, and are frequently practised at it. He has also a flotilla of eighty gun-boats.

The distance from the Calabrian coast opposite the Faro, and from Punta de Pezzo, the nearest point of Sicily, is about 3500 yards. The enemy frequently fire into our lines at the Faro, Gongero, and even over them to the fishermen's huts, where the 58th regiment is encamped.

*Enemy's Batteries and Ordnance.*

Scylla 2, 33 pounders; Torre de Cavallo 1 long 33 ditto; a little to the left, a heavy mortar; Fumara de Cavallo 2, 24 pounders, and 2, 18 ditto; Fumara near it, 3, 33 ditto; White Church 5, 33 ditto; one beyond, 2, 33 ditto, and one mortar; Point del Pezzo 3, 33 pounders.

Several batteries were constructed on the coast, to and at Reggio, and on the hills, besides two large redoubts on the top of the mountain.

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No. IX.

*The Bishop of Landaff's Reply to the Canon Recupero and others, who suppose that the appearances in the vicinity of Etna and Vesuvius are opposed to the Mosaic account of the Creation; with Observations of various Writers on the same subject.*

WHEN I noticed the different courses of lava, with strata of earth between them, in the Scallagga at Aci Reale, I promised to quote in the Appendix, what the bishop of Landaff has written, in refutation of those who look on these courses of lava, as evidence that the Mosaic account of the Creation is fabulous.

The canonico Recupero, and other able philosophers, certainly more than questioned, for they disbelieved, that account. — “*Audi alteram partem*,” is a fair and a sound maxim, without which there can be no discussion, let a man's private opinions be what they may. I

think the bishop is most able in his reply to their objections. He says, " I cannot help taking notice of an argument, by which some philosophers have of late endeavoured to overturn the whole system of Revelation ; and it is the more necessary to give an answer to their objections, as it is become a common subject of philosophical conversation, especially amongst those who have visited the Continent. The objection tends to invalidate, as is supposed, the authority of Moses, by shewing that the earth is much older than it can be proved to be from his account of the Creation, and the scripture chronology. We contend, that six thousand years have not yet elapsed since the Creation ; and these philosophers contend, that they have indubitable proof of the earth's being at the least fourteen thousand years old ; and they complain, that Moses hangs as a dead weight upon them, and blunts all their zeal for inquiry."

The canonico Recuperio, who, it seems, is engaged in writing the history of Mount Etna, has discovered a stratum of lava which flowed from that mountain, according to his opinion, in the time of the second Punic War, or about two thousand years ago : this stratum is not yet covered with soil sufficient for the production of either corn or vines ; it requires then, says

the canon, two thousand years at least, to convert a stratum of lava into a fertile field. In sinking a pit near Iaci\*, in the neighbourhood of Etna, they have discovered evident marks of seven distinct lavas, one under the other; the surfaces of which are parallel, and most of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth; now the eruption which formed the lowest of these lavas (if we may be allowed to reason, says the canon, from analogy), flowed from the mountain at least fourteen thousand years ago. It might be briefly answered to this objection, by denying that there is any thing in the history of Moses, repugnant to this opinion concerning the great antiquity of the earth; for though the rise and progress of arts and sciences, and the small multiplication of the human species, render it almost to a demonstration probable, that man has not existed longer upon the surface of this earth, than according to the Mosaic account; yet that the earth itself was then created out of nothing, when man was placed upon it, is not, according to the senti-

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\* This is a mistake: what Recupero alludes to, is the stairs cut from the high ground down to the sea at Aci, and in which prince Biscari says there are nine course of lava (I think it was seven I noticed), but no doubt prince Biscari is correct. The pit the bishop speaks of, was in sinking for a well at Catania, where many courses of lava were also found.

ments of some philosophers, to be proved from the original text of sacred scripture ; we might, I say, reply with these philosophers to this formidable objection of the canon, by granting it in its full extent : we are under no necessity, however, of adopting their opinion, in order to shew the weakness of the canon's reasoning. For, in the first place, the canon has not satisfactorily established his main fact, that the lava in question is the identical lava which Diodorus Siculus mentions to have flowed from Etna, in the second Carthaginian war ; and, in the second place, it may be observed, that the time necessary for converting lavas into fertile fields, must be very different, according to the different consistencies of the lavas, and their different situations ; with respect to elevation or depression ; to their being exposed to winds, rains, and to other circumstances, just as the time in which the heaps of iron slag ( which resembles lava ) are covered with verdure, is different at different furnaces, according to the nature of the slag and situation of the furnace : and something of this kind is deducible from the account of the canon himself, since the crevices of this famous stratum are really full of rich, good soil, and have pretty large trees growing in them.

But if all this should be thought not suffi-



cient to remove the objection, I will produce the canon an analogy in opposition to his analogy, and which is grounded on more certain facts. Etna and Vesuvius resemble each other, in the causes which produce their eruptions, and in the nature of their lavas, and in the time necessary to mellow them into soil for vegetation; or if there be any slight difference in this respect, it is probably not greater than what subsists between different lavas of the same mountain. This being admitted, which no philosopher will deny, the canon's analogy will prove just nothing at all, if we can produce an instance of seven different lavas (with interjacent strata of vegetable earth) which have flowed from Mount Vesuvius, within the space not of fourteen thousand, but of somewhat less than seventeen hundred years; for then, according to our analogy, a stratum of lava may be covered with vegetable soil in about two hundred and fifty years, instead of requiring two thousand for the purpose.

The eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, is rendered still more famous by the death of Pliny, recorded by his nephew in his letter to Tacitus: this event happened in the year 79; it is not yet then quite seventeen hundred years since Herculaneum was swallowed up; but we are in-

formed by unquestionable authority, that the matter which covers the ancient town of Herculaneum, is not the produce of one eruption only, for there are evident marks, that the matter of six eruptions has taken its course over that which lies immediately above the town, and was the cause of its destruction. These strata are either of lava or burnt matter, *with veins of good soil betwixt them.*

The bishop of the diocese proceeded differently; he advised the canonico Recupero to take care not to make his mountain older than Moses; though it would have been full as well to have shut his mouth with a reason, as to have stopped it with the dread of an ecclesiastical censure.

The bishop (addressing himself to an unbeliever) continues, "You may not be able to get water enough for an universal deluge, nor room enough in the ark of Noah for all the different kinds of aerial and terrestrial animals." This difficulty has been curiously, and indeed satisfactorily answered, by John Wilkins, dean of Ripon, who, I believe, was afterwards a bishop; and I am surprised it escaped the bishop of Landaff.

He says (vide his *Essays towards a Real Character*, published by the Royal Society in 1668, chap. V.), "I shall here take leave for

a short digression, wherein I would recommend as a thing worthy to be observed, that great difference which there is betwixt those opinions and apprehensions which are occasioned by a more general and confused view of things, and those which proceed from a more distinct consideration of them, as they are reduced into order.

“ From this prejudice it is that some heretics of old, and some atheistical scoffers in these later times, having taken the advantage of raising objections (such as they think unanswerable) against the truth and authority of scripture, particularly as to the description which is given by Moses, concerning Noah’s ark, Gen. vi. 15, where the dimensions of it are set down to be three hundred cubits in length, fifty in breadth, and thirty in height, which, being compared with the things it was to contain, it seemed to them upon a general view (and they confidently affirmed accordingly), that it was utterly impossible for this ark to hold so vast a multitude of animals, with a whole year’s provision of food for each of them.”

Dean Wilkins then demonstrates the capability of the ark to contain all the different species of animals yet enumerated or discovered ; and also a sufficiency of food to nourish

them for half a year: I say he demonstrates it, and therefore answers the objection. I feel, however, that this staircase at Aci Reale is leading me into one of those faults for which I have blamed Brydone; so must recollect myself: but the Scallazza has occasioned so much *doubt*, and is altogether so curious a phenomenon, that it justifies discussion, and I hope the digression (particularly in an Appendix) will not be considered totally irrelevant.

Having proceeded so far on this subject, and having always the maxim "*audi alteram partem*" in view, I am obliged to prolong the narrative, I hope without disgusting the reader\*.

It must strike every body, that the bishop and the canonico are not in such total disagreement; for the former expressly says, "the objection might be answered, by denying that there is any thing in the history of Moses repugnant to the opinions concerning the great antiquity of the earth;" and surely the canonico says nothing more.

The most intelligent philosophers, who are advocates for the Mosaic account of the Creation, seem now willing to admit, that the term

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\* But the bishop certainly shows that the courses of lava, with strata of earth over them, do not prove an antiquity beyond the Mosaic account; and in which I perfectly agree with him.

days, made use of by Moses, means ages of an indefinite extent. It is evident they cannot mean common days, as they are called days before the creation of the sun; they could not therefore be measured by solar time. Bishop Horsley says, that when the world was emerging from a chaotic state, it might be ages in making one revolution on its axis or day. Dr. Kidd, professor of mineralogy in our most orthodox university of Oxford, has recently supported the same opinion.

Thus, after all, it appears that Moses, the canon, and the bishop, and other modern philosophers agree on this point.

Pliny says, "*Mundum et hoc quodcunque nomine alio calum appellare libuit, cujus circumflexu teguntur cuncta numen esse credi par est, æternum immensum; neque genitum, neque interitum unquam. Hujus extéra indagare nec interest hominum nec capit humana conjectura mentis.*"

Nevertheless, mortals have and will puzzle themselves with such subjects. Moses certainly does not give us any dates. He merely states the fact of the Creation, but says nothing of *when* it took place. He tells us, "that in the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth;" so that those who pretend to assign 6000, or any number of years, as the age of the

earth, certainly do so without any authority from Moses. But another doubt, namely, whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, stands on better foundation, and has the support of the great Newton, the pious Clarke, Le Clerc, Freret, and many others. Amongst these, the late catholic divine, Dr. Geddes, who published a translation of the Old Testament, declares his opinion, that the five books ascribed to Moses, were not written earlier than the time of David, nor later than that of King Hezekiah. A French writer says, that the manifest contradictions have occasioned "*une foule d'autres savans, à soutenir qu'il etait impossible que Moïse fut l'auteur de la Genese.*" And again, there are "*des contradictions et des fautes de chronologie et de géographie qui épouvantent;*" also, "*Si Moïse avait écrit le Lévitique, aurait il pu se contredire dans le Deutéronome? Le Lévitique défend d'épouser la femme de son frère. Le Deutéronome l'ordonne.*"

He continues, "Plusieurs savans disent que par l'écriture même il est avéré que le premier exemplaire connu, fut trouvé du temps du roi Josias, et que cet unique exemplaire fut apporté au roi par le secrétaire Saphon. Or, entre Moïse et cette aventure du secrétaire Saphon, il y a mille, cent soixante sept années

par le comput Hébraïque. Car Dieu apparût a Moïse l'an du monde 2213: et le secrétaire Saphon publia ce livre de la loi, l'an du monde 3380." In short, after many other such reasons, he adds, " Il est donc très naturel de penser que toute cette histoire prodigieuse fut écrite long tems après Moïse, comme les Romans de Charlemagne furent forgés trois siècles après lui: le premier auteur quicite expressement les livres de Moïse, est Longinus, ministre de la reine Zenobia, du tems de l'Empereur Aurelien." He adds, " Avec le tems la fable se grossit, et la vérité se perd."

The Phenicians, in the time of Alexander, stated their existence as a country at 30,000 years. The Chinese date the existence of the earth as much older than the supposed Mosaic account. Indeed the central eclipse of the sun, calculated in China to have happened 2155 years before our era, and acknowledged by modern astronomers to be correct, is a proof of great antiquity. The pyramids of Egypt are also held as an example of the antiquity of the world, for they go beyond every known epoch. Tacitus tells us that Germanicus visited " those stupendous structures raised amidst a waste of sands," and looked on as monuments of great antiquity. And Herodotus, who saw them 2200 years ago, could only learn from the

Egyptian priests, that they were *then* considered as of the greatest antiquity. Their origin was at that distant period involved in the utmost obscurity.

If in these quotations, I have stepped from that tame servility which causes many to adopt and believe all they hear, without examination, I hope I may be excused, having the example of so many illustrious men for so doing; men distinguished by their wisdom and good qualities through life: I therefore think it right in candour also to remind the reader, that on the same subject, those who doubt, have at least grounds to justify their scepticism.

Dr. Pretyman, bishop of Lincoln, observes, that we have the strongest negative testimony to the truth of the Mosaic history, and attributes a similar declaration to the learned Grotius. I do not mean to doubt it, but I confess I have no great reliance on mere negative testimony. I prefer the arguments of Mr. Kirwan; who states seven geological facts related by Moses on one part, and verified by the best geological observations on the other; and Mr. Kirwan, whose opinion must always command respect, says, "the credit due to Moses is established on philosophical grounds, abstracted from all theological considerations."

Cuvier, in his *Theory of the Earth*, evidently



leans to Moses ; and he says, “ The Pentateuch has existed in its present form since the separation of the ten tribes, and was received as authentic by the Samaritans, as well as by the Jews.” And he adds, “ we have no reason to doubt the book of Genesis having been composed by Moses ;” but, like my late friend Mr. Kirwan, he falls into some contradiction ; at least of the main fact of Moses, namely, the Creation, for he gives proofs of great revolutions prior to Moses’ account of the Creation, and says, “ There have been former catastrophes which have moved and overturned to a great depth, the entire outer crust of the globe ; that there have been revolutions before the existence of living beings, and after their existence numberless victims have been destroyed, in consequence of the bottom of the seas being instantaneously elevated ; their races have become extinct, and have left no memorial of them, except some small fragments which the naturalist can scarcely recognise ; and that every part of the globe bears the impress of these great and terrible events distinctly.” He concludes by declaring, that he is of opinion with Deluc and Dolomieu, viz. “ That if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolu-

tion, the epoch of which cannot be dated further back than five or six thousand years; and that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by men and animals, and had laid dry the bed of the *last* ocean; which now forms the countries at present inhabited, a few beings escaping to keep up the race, and which has resumed a progressive improvement since that epoch." Farther, "that the countries which are now inhabited, and which were laid dry by this *last* revolution, had been *before inhabited* at a more remote era, and that probably there have been two or three such alternate revolutions."

Mr. Kirwan likewise allows the probability of many such convulsions; and surely if correct, what becomes of the authenticity of Moses? It would be reduced to this, that he only gave an account of the last catastrophe, namely, "the Deluge." An argument, however, against such convulsions having taken place to so great an extent, arises from the consideration, "that although some few of the human race may have escaped such universal destruction, still it is not likely that all the different species of animals now existing, could have survived the convulsions which Cuvier supposes the earth to have undergone, a question naturally follows, "if such convulsions

happened, whence came the present races of animals?" They must have been either a comparatively recent creation, or these convulsions have not been so sudden and extensive as Cuvier supposes.

It is therefore plain, that we have sufficient authority to establish the fact of the great convulsions of our globe, and that however mistaken *Recupero* might have been in supposing the Mosaic account overturned by the *Aci Scallazza* (if such was his idea), still there appears abundant proof that *Moses* never intended to assign any particular number of years to the age of the world, or to give us dates thereof; and therefore the *Edinburgh Reviewers* may well say of Cuvier's work on Geology, "That in order to establish a consistency between his geology and the Mosaic account, he falls into a fantastic philosophy, and contradicts himself." It is, however, greatly to be lamented, that such discussions are so often taken up as interfering with religion, and condemned with rancorous severity. The ancient Romans never persecuted any one for their dogmas or religion. *Voltaire* says, "*Cette execrable horreur n'a jamais été commise que par les Chrétiens, et surtout par les Romains modernes.*"

He also justly observes, " Il n'y a qu'un fanatique ou qu'un sot fripon qui puisse dire qu'on ne doit jamais examiner l'histoire par les lumieres de la raison. Avec quoi jugera ton du'n livre—quel qu'il soit? est ce par la folie?

After an impartial examination, we shall find that the Mosaic account has produced considerable discussion among naturalists; and the variety of theories of the earth, including Dr. T. Burnet's,\* Buffon's, Whiston's, Abbe Moro's, Le Cat's, Whitehurst's M. de Luc's, Dr. Hutton's Recupero's, Kirwan's, Dolomieu's, Cuvier's, Mr. William's, and M. Bertrand's, (who some denominate a wild and impious theorist) prove a great diversity of opinions on this subject, and the consequent necessity of examining them;—

*" par les lumières de la raison,"*

which indeed is no easy matter, while so many insist on combining science with piety, and require a strict accordance between the scripture and philosophical systems; which, according to Lord Bacon, are not reconcilable, but likely to cause a fantastical philosophy on the one hand, and a heterodox religion on the other.

Several learned and ingenious men insist that the Mosaic account, so far from being contradicted, is confirmed by the survey of the globe, and by geological investigation, and thus look

\* Archæologia Philosophica.

on it as demonstrated. Bolingbroke and many others have not only presumed to deny this, or that the Pentateuch was composed by Moses, but have even carried their scepticism so far, as to question if there ever was such a person as Moses.

Those who are disposed to fall into this latter opinion, will find their doubts or objections ably answered by Du Pin in his Ecclesiastical History:—We who believe, stand not in need of such aid, but must lament that there have been so many able and great characters who did not assent to doctrines so well founded, and that several obstinate and perverse philosophers still continue irreconcilable, and refuse submission to them. If we are, notwithstanding, in error, at least, we may join with Voltaire, in saying: “ Nous aurons la consolation d’avoir L’Eglise pour nous. ]

## No. X.

*Further Remarks on Volcano, Stromboli, and Lipari.*

THE circumference of Volcano is considered twelve miles. I think I sailed nearly round it. I saw it from the Guarda Mountain, and I viewed the whole island from its own top; and I doubt if it be twelve miles round: it possibly is nine. I am certain it never was measured. Volcano is supposed to be hollow underneath, and likely to disappear. This notion has existed some centuries, and still continues; but I could see no reason for thinking it more hollow than Lipari or Stromboli. No doubt great changes take place. Dolomieu could not go down into the crater, but says he perceived with the help of his telescope, two lakes at the bottom. I should think the crater a third of a mile deep. We could see distinctly to the bottom without a glass; and when we went down, there was no appearance of any lake, or even pool of water; but in parts there was a moisture, such as on ground after heavy rain. About half way down, a hot spring issues from the side; but the quantity of wa-

ter is small; it trickles down, and is lost amongst the masses of lava on the sides and at the bottom of the crater.

The plani at the bottom is of some extent, and more than a quarter of a mile round: this is probably hollow underneath: on letting large stones fall, they produced a sound like the Solfa Terra, near Naples.

Dolomieu observes, " Le sable même, quoique recouvert par l'eau au rivage, conserve un grand degré de chaleur." I found this to be strictly true near the shore where we landed.

Within the crater there are many combinations of glass, lavas and pumices, as well as a great variety of sulphurs; many of the latter in powder of different colours, from light yellow or buff to orange. Some of the sulphurs are in solid cylindrical pieces, others in a semi-fluid state, of the consistence of a thick paste; there are stalactites of sulphur, and crystals of sulphur, and prismatic substances, and where the above-mentioned spring comes, there are hanging pieces of alum, of different shapes and sizes. From parts of the sides, a suffocating smoke issued, having a smell like vitriol gas, and very offensive.

Spallanzani says, he found porphyry of various sorts in Volcano. I would not venture to contradict such a philosopher, and one who

certainly examined more minutely than I did ; but I recollect nothing of the kind, and amongst a quantity of specimens taken up there, I find no porphyry. He is correct in stating that the promontory of Melazzo\* is on a bed of granite.

There are many vitrifications forming on the crater of Volcano, resembling such glass as I have seen the oil flasks made of. I cannot take upon me to say there are not any pieces of the black hard glass (as black as jet and as hard as iron) to be found at Volcano, because I have heard some say they are there, but I have heard many deny it, and I certainly looked for, but could not find them myself in any part of the island of Volcano. I found (and still have) very curious glass specimens at Volcano, viz. circular like glass rings, in the middle of pieces of hardish lava ; the diameter about an inch.

Dolomieu, who visited all the Lipari islands, supposes them to be detached parts of one volcano of immense crater, larger than any we have an idea of in modern times, and which fell into the sea ages since. His expression is,

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\* Frederick the Second endeavoured to isolate the peninsula of Melazzo, but did not accomplish it, though I think it might easily be done, and be rendered a fortress of great strength. He began a deep and broad cut across the isthmus. Possibly the same might be effected at Gibraltar.



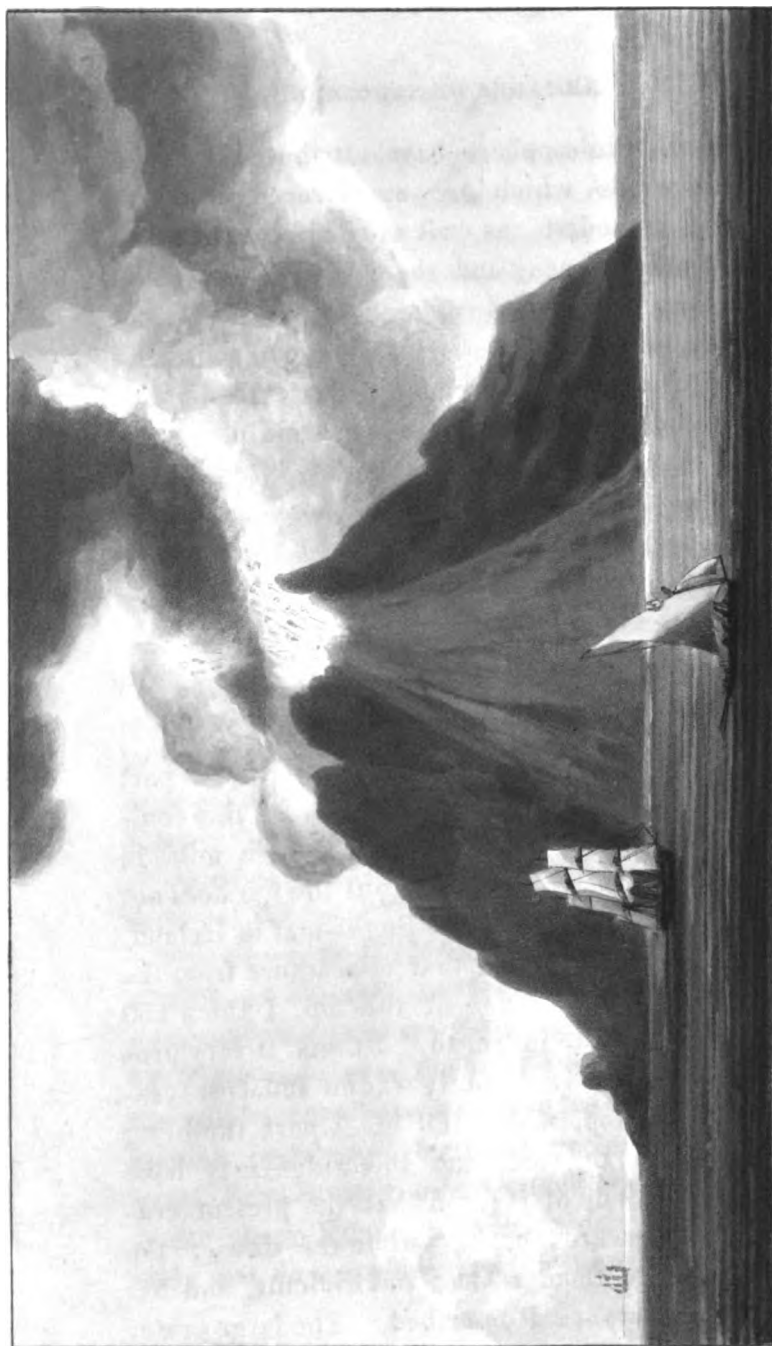
“ Ces isles ne sont plus que les restes, ou des portions détachées d'un vaste cratere dont la mer s'est emparé.” But Diodorus, Pliny, and all the ancient authors, only mention seven islands, so that the others are of more recent formation; and this seems to be an argument against Dolomieu's supposition.

Lipari is eighteen miles in circumference. The entire island is composed of a great variety of volcanic products, amongst which are large masses of black and very hard compact glass, great quantity of pumices, hard, porous, and frangible. There are a great variety of vitrifications, differing in colour and substance. The hard and dark coloured is found in all parts of the island, but in the greatest quantity on, and in the vicinity of the Campo Bianco, or pumice mountain. The varieties of glass, or vitrified matter, also differ much in their weight.

The Monte de la Guarda is formed by lavas of different colours; and lumps of the hard and dark coloured glass are found all over it. The hot baths and stoves from different rocks, and the sulphureous vapours, seem to warrant the opinion entertained by many persons, that a great furnace still exists under the sea, and under these Eolian islands, which may possibly one day explode and swallow up all of



*Stromboli.*



*London. Pub. by John Harding, 25, in market Street, 1815.*

them. Philosophers have attributed the violent winds which are experienced in these seas, in modern, as well as in ancient times, to volcanic agency, and there is every reason to believe in an underground communication, not only between these islands, but likewise between Etna and Stromboli, and extending to Calabria and Vesuvius. For some days prior to the great earthquakes in 1783, a smoke much thicker, blacker, and more suffocating to the island than usual, issued from Stromboli; this is an undoubted fact.

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*Further Remarks on Stromboli.*

The crater of Stromboli is in the north part of the island, or rather north side of this conical mountain, which is reckoned ten miles in circumference at its base; but the top does not come to a point, like the Sugar-loaf in Ireland, though it has quite that appearance from the sea: there is a ridge at the top, I think 150 yards or more in length. I think it very probable that there formerly was an immense crater at the top, which fell in, a part tumbling over into the sea, and this ridge may have been one side of it; and that the present craters afterwards broke out lower down; the descent to them is steep and difficult, and has the appearance I described. The large crater

throws up solid matter ; smoke issues from the small one, but no eruption.

The whole ascent of Stromboli is very steep, and towards the top becomes difficult, from the loose ashes and scorix, and large detached pieces of lava. There is not the smallest appearance in the island of what is called an overflow, or a regular course of lava, as at Etna, and which, though the simile may appear very odd, near Catania I compared to an immense bog, as the resemblance struck us all, from the vast extent of black matter having the same bleak, barren, and, I may add, frightful dark surface, which extensive peat-bogs exhibit.

All these volcanos and their craters, undergo very considerable changes, and in short periods ; thus the description of travellers will frequently differ. When Dolomieu visited Volcano, he found it absolutely impossible to go down into the crater, and Spallanzani found it extremely difficult, and was the first who attempted it for many years ; whereas latterly, numbers have been able to accomplish it. Without, however, meaning to offend other nations, it is certain that in these pursuits, the English in general, and even the Englishmen who visit such places, merely as they would go to a puppet-show, have far more enterprise, activity, and perseverance, than the travellers from other countries. If we had not sent

troops to Sicily, I doubt if Volcano would have had a single visitor since Spallanzani was there. The height of Stromboli's eruptions of course differ. I am told they are sometimes thrown 500 feet; as far as I could judge, none that I saw exceeded half that height. In the day time, the stones appeared in general dark in colour though at times their redness could be discerned through the smoke; at night they were of a bright colour, being red hot; or I should rather say, their bright red was better seen at night than in the day time.

Ferrara is very correct in his observations, viz. that the volcanic matter at the *top* of Stromboli is so exactly like that of Etna, that a mineralogist could find no difference. But not so in the lower parts: I have some pieces of lava taken up at Stromboli, coated with transparent glass, through which the different colours of the lava can be seen; most of them actually appear like the glazing of crockery-ware. There are not any such on Etna. I believe Spallanzani makes the same observation; the thickness of this glass coating differs, but it is in general very thin and slight, and so like a varnish, that most persons would imagine it to be artificial, though the pure operation of nature.

The general supposition is, that Stromboli

has been in a state of constant activity as a volcano for upwards of 1000 years. According to the ancient historians, we have accounts of its eruptions three hundred years before Christ, in the time of Agathocles of Syracuse. It also burned during the reign of Tiberius; but whether it has or has not continued its eruptions a thousand years, is in truth problematical. Modern historians agree to its continual activity during the last three hundred years; but how it has been so long fed, must naturally excite curiosity.

No doubt Stromboli contains an immense laboratory of sulphur and other volcanic matter, and there are no indications of its being soon exhausted: if it be a mile in height, and it communicates under the sea with Etna, distant a hundred and twenty miles, it certainly cannot want fuel for ages to come; considering that it produces no flow of lava, and that at least one half of the matter thrown up in its eruptions, falls back into its crater. The natives, and particularly the sailors at Stromboli, foretell the changes of wind and weather from the appearance of the smoke, which often rises to a prodigious height, frequently above half a mile. The people of Lipari also prognosticate the weather from the smoke of Volcano: judging from its density and colour, and I was

assured were seldom mistaken, though I confess they were so while I was there, having foretold bad weather when we had the contrary.

The ancients, according to Polybius, Strabo, &c. also believed in these indications, and prognosticated from the smoke of Volcano the changes of winds and weather.

It may be observed, that the smoke and vapour from steam-engines and breweries are more dense before rain, than in dry clear weather. It is not that there is a greater quantity produced, but it is rendered more visible by the state of the atmosphere.

In the account I have before given of Stromboli, I have mentioned a strange story of the devil throwing an English clergyman into the crater. I am happy to allay the fears of my clerical friends, for I find it was not a priest, but a layman, that is recorded to have been so cruelly treated by Satan; of which we have the following narrative in the trials of the court of King's Bench in London, for the years 1687, 1688.

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*Remarkable Trial.*

An action in the court of King's Bench was brought by a Mrs. Booty against captain Bar-



naby, to recover 1000*l.* as damages for the scandal of his assertion, that he had seen her deceased, husband Mr. Booty, a receiver, driven into hell.

The journal books of three different ships were produced in court, and the following passages recorded in each, submitted to the court by the defendant's council.

Thursday, May 14, 1687.—Saw the island of Lipari, and came to an anchor off the same island, and then we were at W. S. W.

Friday, May 15.—Captain Barnaby, captain Bristow, captain Brown, I, and a Mr. Ball, merchant, went on shore to shoot rabbits on Stromboli; and when we had done, we called all our men together to us, and about three quarters past three o'clock, we *all* saw two men running towards us with such swiftness, that no living man could run half so fast; when all of us heard captain Barnaby say, "Lord bless us, the foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbour;" but he said he did not know the other, who ran behind; he was in black clothes, and the foremost was in grey: then captain Barnaby desired all of us to take an account of the time, and pen it down in our pocket-books, and when we got on board we wrote it in our journals; for we saw them run into the flames of fire, and there was a great noise,

which greatly affrighted us all ; for we none of us ever saw or heard the like before. Captain Barnaby said, " he was certain it was old Booty which he saw running over Stromboli, and into the flames of hell." Then coming home to England, and lying at Gravesend, captain Barnaby's wife came on board the 6th day of October, 1687 ; at which time captain Barnaby and captain Brown sent for captain Britow and Mr. Ball, merchant, to congratulate with them ; and after some discourse, captain Barnaby's wife started up, and said, " my dear, old Booty is dead ;" and he directly made answer, " we all saw him run into hell." Afterwards captain Barnaby's wife told a gentleman of his acquaintance in London, what her husband had said ; and he went and acquainted Mrs. Booty of the whole affair ; upon that Mrs. Booty arrested captain Barnaby in a 1000*l.* action for what he had said of her husband. Captain Barnaby gave bail for it, and it came to a trial in the court of King's Bench, and they had Mr. Booty's wearing apparel brought into court, and the sexton of the parish, and the people that were with him when he died ; and we swore to our journals, and it came to the same time within two minutes ; ten of our men swore to the buttons on his coat, and that they were covered with the same

sort of cloth his coat was made of, and so it proved.

The jury asked Mr. Spinks (whose handwriting in the journal that happened to be read appeared) if he knew Mr. Booty; he answered, "I never saw him, till he ran by me on the burning mountains."

Then the judge said, "Lord have mercy on me, and grant I may never see what you have seen; one, two, or three may be mistaken, but thirty never can be mistaken."

So the widow lost her cause. The defence set up was, that the defendant had spoken no more than had been seen by a number of persons as well as himself.

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## No. XI.

### *A brief Sketch of the leading Events in the History of Sicily.*

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Sicilia primo Trinacria nomen fuit; Postea Sicania cognominata est, hæc a principio patria Cyclopum fuit quibus extinctis, Cocalus regnum Insulæ occupavit, post quem singule civitates in tyrannorum imperium concesserunt, quorum nulla terra feracior fuit.

JUSTIN, lib. iv. cap. 2

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It is useless to trouble ourselves in respect to any higher antiquity of Sicilian history, than

what the above lines convey, which, with the brevity of Tacitus, give us as much information as we can possibly require of so remote a period.

All authors agree, that Phalaris of Agrigentum was a powerful tyrant, and a destroyer of liberty some centuries before Christ. He was succeeded by other tyrants, who appear to have had more of local than general power, and we have reason to believe that, in its earliest ages, Sicily was in divided states, some democratic, others aristocratic, and, as has ever been the case, jealousies arose, and the stronger conquered the weaker.

Syracuse was undoubtedly a powerful state, and though it may boast of Archimedes, Theocritus, and other great men, it appears to have had many tyrannical masters, to have had great vicissitudes of prosperity and misfortune, and to have suffered dreadfully under Dionysius, as also under Verres, who exercised his rapacity and oppression on the inhabitants of that once powerful, but latterly unfortunate city.

Cicero describes Syracuse, as "that beauteous city; fortified to the utmost of human art, and in its natural situation, fenced both by sea and land."

The Greeks established themselves in Sicily some centuries before the christian era, and it

appears arts and learning flourished. But the Carthaginians, like all maritime powers, wished for colonies and foreign dominion, and accordingly seized the south-western parts of Sicily, but never were able to conquer the entire island. They found a strong opponent in Gelo of Syracuse. He was succeeded by Hiero. The Carthaginians took Agrigentum, and threatened all the Grecian states. The Athenians also attacked Syracuse with a powerful army; but were defeated and made prisoners; after which Dionysius assumed the authority, and is represented as a most cruel tyrant. He was succeeded by Dionysius the younger. Next came Agathocles, who involved the country in every horror. He was also an abominable tyrant, but a most able man, and an experienced warrior. He invaded and nearly ruined Carthage, but at last met the reward of his crimes.

The Sicilians appear to have always had a succession of foreign masters, and partly from their own unsettled and disunited state, one party calling on one foreign prince for aid, another on another. At last Hiero the Second, of Syracuse, formed an alliance with Carthage; and the people of Messina invited the Romans to their assistance. A Roman army accordingly crossed over, beat the Carthaginians, and thus began the first Punic War. After a war of

many years, the Carthaginians under Hamilcar, were obliged to yield the island to the Romans.

In the second Punic War, Hannibal carried on hostilities in the Roman states for fifteen years, and during this period, Hiero recovered and preserved a portion of Sicily, and Syracuse recovered its independence for a time, but finally fell, being taken by Marcellus. It was during this siege that Archimedes was so distinguished.

From this period it appears the Sicilians for a considerable time enjoyed the blessings of peace, except in two instances. But they had then, as now, to complain of the rapacity of their government.

Thus things remained till the decadence of the Roman empire, when many barbarians invaded and plundered it, as the Vandals in anno domini 440. Belisarius took it after, in the reign of Justinian.

The Saracens took Palermo and established themselves, keeping the island near 300 years, till 1070, when the Normans drove them out after about ten years contest. Roger, the first Norman earl, became sovereign; he was a wise and an able prince, governed with moderation and justice, and his posterity received the benefit of his wisdom. His son Roger was created

king, and Sicily under him enjoyed prosperity. Then succeeded William; William II.; Tancred, and William III. During the reign of the latter, the island was invaded and conquered by the Swabians; and the Germans gave Frederick as king to Sicily.

The French came under Charles of Anjou, and the island was treated by him with cruelty; for ten years the French of that day committed all possible acts of atrocity, pillage, and tyranny, till the Sicilians at last, driven to desperation, rose in concert, and massacred them all, on Easter Monday, 1282; and this is called the Sicilian Vespers. John of Procida was the principal promoter of this.

They then gave the crown to Peter of Arragon, a Franco Spaniard. He was succeeded by his son James, in 1285, who kept the island some time; but succeeding to the crown of Arragon, Frederick II., his brother was elected. He was an able prince, and such was his good conduct, and the animosity of the Sicilians to their former masters, that he maintained himself forty-one years, and died in 1337. His son Peter did not inherit the qualities of his father; he was a weak prince, and during his reign the Neapolitans invaded Sicily. Various factions produced distress, and dissention, and civil war, during the reigns of Lewis, Frede-

rick III., Mary, and the two Martins, when the Arragon dynasty became extinct.

Ferdinand I. of Castile, was the next sovereign, and after him his sons in succession, Alphonsus and John of Navarre. During the reign of the former, Naples was added to the Sicilian crown in 1450, from which time Sicily, like Ireland, had a lord-lieutenant or viceroy.

It next passed to the princes of Austria, and at the peace of Utrecht, was given to Victor, duke of Savoy; but the emperor Charles VI. made him exchange it for Sardinia.

The beginning of the last century 1717, the Spaniards attempted to recover it, but failed, although they defeated the imperialists at Villa Franca, and in 1718 the English admiral Byng destroyed the Spanish fleet. In 1734 the Spaniards obtained the island. Don Carlos drove out the Germans, and was crowned at Palermo: when he succeeded to the crown of Spain, he transferred Sicily and Naples to his son Ferdinand, the present king.

The Sicilian history may therefore be thus comprised. The first conquest was by the Greeks, who brought science and the arts to the highest state of perfection, and established several independent states in the island. The Carthaginians took the island from the Greeks. The Romans drove the Carthaginians out;



after the final destruction of the Roman empire, Sicily, the Magna Græcia, once so civilized, having suffered by invasion, plunder, and conquest, witnessed not only all the calamity of human contention, but also suffered greatly by those earthquakes and volcanic revolutions to which the island is still subject, and fell into the same state of poverty, ignorance, and superstition which overspread other countries during the dark ages; and it is doubtful which of her various masters, viz. Saracens, Normans, Germans, Spaniards, or Italians, oppressed her most.

On the revival of light in other parts of Europe, the iron despotism of the catholic church was fully established here. This, with that of the barons, and above all (to speak charitably) the weakness of its late sovereigns, has left the island a deplorable monument and example of bad government, church rapacity, and superstitious folly; still they are not so degraded as the Spaniards, having long since abolished the Inquisition.

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*Geographical, Ancient, and Modern Names.*

| <i>Ancient,</i> | <i>Modern.</i>   |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Cape Pelorus.   | Faro of Messina. |
| Pachynum.       | Passaro.         |
| Lilybæum.       | Capo Boco.       |

| <i>Ancient.</i>        | <i>Modern.</i>  |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Cities or Towns:       |                 |
| Messana.               | Messina.        |
| Mylæ.                  | Melazzo.        |
| Tyndarium.             | Tindari.        |
| Hymera.                | Termini.        |
| Panormus.              | Palermo.        |
| Segesta.               |                 |
| Drepanum (Veneris Ery- | Trapani.        |
| cinæ).                 |                 |
| Lilibæum.              | Marsala.        |
| Mazarum.               | Mazzara.        |
| Selenus.               | Salinuntum.     |
| Thermæ Selinuntia.     | Sciacca.        |
| Agrigentum.            | Gergenti.       |
| Gela.                  | Alicata.        |
| Hybla Parva.           | Near Augusta.   |
| Hybla Major.           | Near Catania.   |
| Ætna.                  | Mont Gibello.   |
| Catana.                | Catania.        |
| Cyclopum.              | Trizza.         |
| Taorminium.            | Taorminum.      |
| Mons Eryx.             | Mt. Julianò.    |
| Syracuse.              | Syracuse.       |
| Enna.                  | Castro Giovani. |

There were seventy cities in Sicily in Pliny's time: at present there are only six, viz. Palermo, Messina, Catania, Syracuse, Trapani, Gergenti, and about twenty large towns. In former times the island was famous for great men, viz. Eschylus, Diodorus the historian,

Empedocles, Euclid, Archimedes, Epicharmus, Theocritus, &c. The race is now extinct.

The tyrants of Syracuse were Gelo, said to have killed 100,000 Carthaginians; Hiero I., Thrasybulus, Dionysius I., the famous tyrant; Dionysius II. Agathocles, Hiero II. in whose time the first Punic War: Hieronimus; after his death all Sicily became subject to Rome.

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## No. XII.

### *Additional Notes on Sicilian Superstition.*

A PERSON of any reflection must be astonished at the little real progress the human intellect has made in the nineteenth century, after the art of printing, and the perfection of many other sciences. This affords but faint hope that reason will ever be much more unshackled than it is, particularly while so many are interested in forwarding deception. Thus, to the disgrace of our age, a translation of a book has been printed in London, in 1801, under the title of "Official Memoirs of Miraculous Events which happened at Rome in the years 1796-7." The original in Italian is called, "Memoria de Prodigii avvenuti in

molte sagre imagini in Roma ;" and the translator is not ashamed to preface this collection of lies, by stating, " That there are few historical facts transmitted to us more strongly recommended, or better authenticated ; and that the reality of these miracles has been deposed to on oath, by an innumerable crowd of ocular witnesses, consisting of princes, dukes, cardinals, noblemen, prelates, physicians, lawyers, and gentry." That such a number of persons (for he gives the names) should have been so grossly imposed on, must put an end to our wonder at the superstition of the poor uneducated Sicilians ; and with the object of showing, how even well-meaning people may be imposed on, and as a proof that these persons were imposed on, I shall relate a Sicilian anecdote, which happened not long since at Messina, and which, otherwise, I should not have noticed.

In the church of Santa Maria (I believe, de la Letera), there is a wax figure of the saint. The heat of the sun affected the face, and occasioned some part of the wax to drop down from her eyes, like the running over from a candle. A poor man who happened to be at his devotions at the moment, no doubt was deceived, and perceiving some drops like tears to run down her face, exclaimed, that the saint was crying : in a quarter of an hour such a can-

course assembled, that many were apprehensive of an insurrection, and several were deceived ; their belief was, that a dreadful earthquake was at hand, and that the saint, finding her intercession vain, began to cry. Thus an accident threw a superstitious population into the utmost terror and confusion ; and it was not without some exertion on the part of the bishop, that they were appeased ; though possibly, if there had been any object in view, they would have been encouraged in the belief, and many honest men would have sworn, and really believed, that the saint cried.

The object at Rome was to raise the multitude to enthusiastic exertions against the French, and also to prop the declining influence of the church ; and for this purpose, no doubt, various artful deceptions were resorted to ; and we know that slight-of-hand, with mechanical assistance, and optical illusions, may be practised to great extent, and occasion appearances calculated to impose on the vulgar, who are easily misled, and made to believe a thing a miracle, which, when known, is nothing but a laughable trick.

I remember my late friend C. F. Sheridan, brought optical deception to such perfection, that I have seen him perform what, I am sure, would astonish any one not in the secret. But

that a barefaced attempt should be made to keep up fraud by such a publication as I have mentioned, shows in what contempt the contrivers hold the mass of mankind ; and though I am a decided enemy to all sorts of religious persecution, or even attempts to interfere with a man's faith, still I must lament, that there are so many fools in the world, ready to believe the absurdities which certainly prevail more in the catholic than in other countries.

Malthus, among the causes of a low state of population, very justly observes, that tyranny and its feebleness, bad laws, and the bad administration of them, with the consequent insecurity of property, throw such obstacles in the way of agriculture, as necessarily decrease the means of subsistence, and of course diminish the number of people. To which might be added, in Sicily, the great number of *fiestas*, or holy days, on which all are idle, and every sort of business at a stand.

It is certainly melancholy to think, that in the present times, in which the human mind has certainly made great progress, and superstition received a deep wound, that still honest industry should be restrained in the degree it is, in most catholic countries, by the observance of such a number of saints' days. It is in Sicily and Malta a most serious grievance.

I am certain there are in these islands at least two days in every week, on which no man will work. I may say, full half the days of the year are dedicated to saints and idleness.

The French, during the revolution, abolished their saint days, or adjourned their celebration to the following Sunday, when they satisfy half a dozen saints together, by treating them with a fête. Thus one-fourth of their time is saved, and to this circumstance may be traced in part the improved state of agriculture in that country, and the habits of serious attention and industry, which the peasantry of France have acquired. The labouring class ought to have their days of relaxation, and the observance of Sunday as a day of rest, is a most useful political institution ; but nothing can be more injurious to national morals, than the too frequent recurrence of idle days, as in catholic countries. William Penn, the enlightened legislator of Pennsylvania, has left on record the following maxim—"When the devil finds a man idle, he generally sets him to work ;"—a maxim which, though quaintly expressed, contains much truth.

In speaking of Sicilian superstition, I may be told to look at home ; and surely when we consider the effect produced in England by the prophecies of Brothers, and the pregnancy of

Joanna Southcott, in our own times, we may be inclined to think more charitably of foreign superstition. The love of the marvelous is certainly not confined to Sicily. About the fourteenth century, a monk in London excited great attention by "preaching in his sleep," and drew immense crowds after him. The imposture was detected; but, as Dodsley in his *Chronicle* observes, "Nevertheless, the race of sleepy preachers spread abroad in the land, and abideth even unto this day."

In the reign of George the First, one Mary Toft gained a multitude of admirers, by pretending to bring forth rabbits, and deceived the *Reeces* and the medical accoucheurs of that day. Whiston, mathematical professor at Cambridge, a divine and philosopher, thought that this was an accomplishment of a prophecy in *Esdras*, or, as Peter Pindar describes it,

"Whiston the sage, by throes parturient vex'd,  
Saw Moll Toft's rabbits peep through *Esdra's* text."

Joanna Southcott and her followers are too well known to require any further observation; yet we may predict, that any other enthusiast or impostor who may imitate her example, will soon have as many followers. Nations rarely profit much by the lessons of experience.



## No. XIII.

*Battle of Franca Villa.*

WHEN I visited Franca Villa, I had sir G. Byng's (afterwards lord Torrington) account of that battle. I read it on the spot, and sketched the ground, but find he evidently mistook the names of the rivers.

In page 245, vol. I., I gave his description of the position, but which so ill accorded with the actual names, that I expressed my doubt, if the Spanish left could have been placed as stated.

By studying the sketch, and comparing it with the account of that Sicilian expedition, and looking into old maps, I am now able to correct the mistake, and which I do, because almost all travellers who visit Sicily, go to see the ground at Franca Villa; a matter perhaps of little importance now, yet one that still continues to excite the curiosity of military men; instructive as an example of the folly of holding any enemy too cheap, and expecting, like count Mercy, to trample all before him under foot; illustrative also of the danger of hasty attacks with a harassed army, and without making the proper reconnoissance.

Well might marshal Saxe observe to Louis

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the Fifteenth, after Fontenoy, "*Vous voyez, Sire, à quoi tiennent les batailles*"—the slightest mistake may be fatal.

According to admiral sir G. Byng's account, the Spanish army was formed in the following manner: "The rapid river Cantara in their front, the town behind their centre, and on the other side of the river, but joined to the town by a bridge, was a steep rock, with a convent of Capuchins on it, in which they placed their right, viz. five battalions of their best troops; carrying their fortifications along the river as far as another advantageously situated convent, close to which the river Castiglione runs into the Cantara."

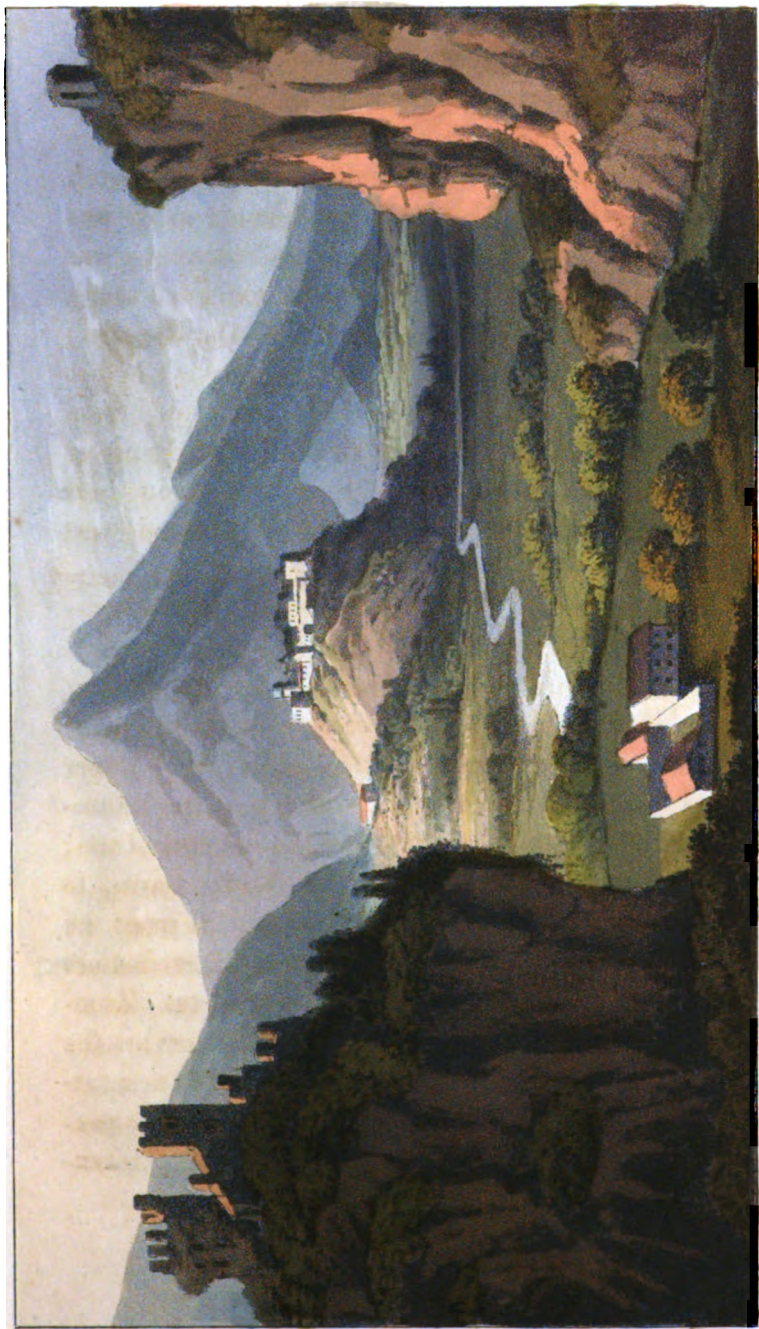
The above account is incorrect: there is no such river as the Castiglione. The Cantara runs through the valley between Castiglione and Franca Villa, into the great Fumara, east of the town, and which Fumara, from the point of confluence, takes the name of Cantara, till it empties itself into the sea near Taorminum; so that the Cantara, instead of being, as Byng describes, in front of Franca Villa, is more than half a mile behind it. Byng, who must have seen the ground from the opposite or Austrian side, evidently mistakes the Fumara for the Cantara, and calls the Cantara the Castiglione, taking no notice whatever of the rivu-

let St. Paulo (actually in front of the town) ; thus his account is confused, and does not accord with the real description of the ground.

This will be evident from the annexed sketch of it. The position of the Spanish army was semicircular. The Capuchin convent was nearly the centre. The right extended along the Fumara (which Byng calls the Cantara) to the advantageously situated convent before mentioned. Their centre was continued from the Capuchins, having the rivulet St. Paulo in front, and the town of Franca Villa in their rear. Their left occupied high ground west of the town.

I have already mentioned the Austrian mistake. But to give the detail—Their commander, count De Mercy, after three days' march through a wild country, without roads, harassed all along from the heights, and under a burning sun, arrived at the top of the mountain Tre Fontane in the afternoon of 19th June ; and immediately ordered his fatigued army to attack the Spaniards. For this purpose he detached twenty-three companies of grenadiers and sixteen battalions, under general Zum-jungen to his left, with directions to cross the Fumara ; then to divide, and make two attacks. At the same time thirty-five squadrons of horse, and twelve battalions of infan-

*View of Castiglione from Villa Tignone.*



*London, Pub. by John Harding, 55, Cannon Street, 1876.*



try, were to descend from the mountain Tre Fontane under general Seckendorf; this column was to attack the line in front of the town, but as night came on before they were able to arrange and combine their plans, the execution of these movements was deferred till next day the 20th; when at day-light they commenced the attack as above directed, and accordingly moved down from the hills, when count De Mercy, perceiving that the enemy would flank his right attack from the strong ground on which they had their left wing, it became necessary to detach a force against this part of the Spanish line, and the prince of Hesse Cassel was ordered with six battalions on this service.

The marquis De Lede, who commanded the Spaniards, saw the importance of the hills on his left, and immediately reinforced that part of his position. This occasioned count De Mercy to hesitate, but at length he sent four more battalions, and ordered Seckendorf to command the whole. Much time was lost, and it was late when he carried the hills, which were steep and difficult. It was five in the afternoon before they attacked the Capuchin convent, a very strong post. Here the Germans failed; although they behaved with their accustomed bravery and steadiness.

Count De Mercy, the commander in chief,



was severely wounded, and at sun-set the action ended. In the course of the night he withdrew, and repassing the Fumara, marched on Messina. On the Austrian side the prince of Holstein and 850 men were killed, 2500 wounded. The Spanish loss in killed and wounded was 1500. De Mercy blamed Zum-jungen, to whose slowness he attributed his ill success. The entire Spanish position was not above two miles and a half. German slowness is proverbial, but what an attacking army could be about from four in the morning till six in the afternoon, on such a short line of operation, will certainly puzzle modern tacticians to account for.

It does not appear that De Mercy had any field train, at least none of consequence, and no situation required one more. Cavalry was a useless incumbrance. It is evident they must have been thrown into confusion from the commencement, having attempted to manœuvre great numbers (cavalry and infantry) in confined and difficult ground. Both commanders made mistakes. The town of Castiglione, in the rear of the Spaniards, was not occupied, though a most important post, and one which might have saved them from destruction in case of defeat. But the Austrian errors were inexcusable; and a man who reads both accounts,

and sees the ground, will not be impressed with an opinion, that the operations of that day were performed *à main de maitre*.

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#### No. XIV.

##### *Note on Portugal and Malta.*

It is truly melancholy, that Spain and Portugal, like Sicily, should in a manner lose all the advantages they derive from nature, by the mismanagement of their governments, the power of their clergy, and the degraded superstition of the people. We naturally wish every success to our own arms, but the consideration that our exertions and great expenditure of both men and money, may possibly rivet the chains of an oppressed people, as naturally occasions thinking men to make comparisons, and ask whether the people will gain or not by the restoration of the old Spanish Bourbon dynasty?

In looking over this work for press, on reading the above note, I find my doubts and fears (for I confess I had them) are fully verified by the ungrateful and shameful return which has been made to the poor Spaniards; for although there certainly was an apathy (which is now

most fully accounted for), still it appears that the vindictive vengeance of Ferdinand has been exercised, not on those who showed such apathy, but on the persons who most powerfully assisted us, and supported his claims: his restoration has been followed by conduct which cannot be too much reprobated by every honest man—conduct worthy of the Dey of Algiers, or of Ali, or Gezzar Pacha. The horrible tyranny and diabolical severity which has sent military men who fought for their country, men of letters, and even priests, to the galleys and prisons, is a repetition of the horrors exercised some few years ago at Naples, though in that case, the severity was at least exercised on persons who had at all events no claims on their sovereign.

I must stop my pen, lest my indignation should lead me into imprudent expressions of the beloved Ferdinand.

The diabolical court of the Inquisition was founded in the thirteenth century, and confirmed by Pope Innocent III. to extirpate heretics, to keep down reason, and support the authority of the church. It is now revived, yet we call Europe civilised!

*Note on Malta, Vol. I.*

The grand master, Emanuel de Rohan, elected in 1775, who was a protector of the arts and sciences, fitted up an observatory in a tower of the palace, from which many valuable observations were made under chevalier Angos; but unfortunately on the 14th of March, 1789, this observatory took fire, and the instruments were destroyed. The astronomer lost all his papers, with the result of twenty-six years' observations, and which Lalande describes as "un perte d'autant plus funeste à l'astronomie, qu'il n'y a point d'observatoire aussi méridionale que celui là, au 36me degré de latitude."

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*Note on Page 184, Vol. II.*

It has been said, that the great king of Prussia recommended a portion of brandy to be served to troops prior to any desperate attack: but I should think it a dangerous experiment. Strongly as the British soldiery are addicted to liquor, I believe they seldom if ever require it, as a stimulant to perform their duty. The anecdote of the French, is given as I heard it, and the authority was such as to warrant a

belief, that there were frequent instances of intoxication in the French army in Spain; but it is not my intention to fix indiscriminate or general censure on a brave nation, whose military exploits must undoubtedly command admiration. Indeed the officers who mentioned the circumstance, at the same time spoke in high terms of the ability of Massena's retreat from the lines of Torres Vedras.

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The following instance of maternal and priestly morality in Sicily, was omitted by mistake in the first volume: An officer at Messina was supposed to have a partiality for a barone's\* daughter: a friend of his fearing he might be led into an imprudent marriage, told him he was confident he might obtain the girl without going the length of matrimony, and accordingly sent him one of those agents of love, who form a regular profession in every great Sicilian town. He affected importance;—it would be very difficult, perhaps impossible; in a few days, however, he would make his report. Accordingly he informed the officer, that the ba-

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\* A barone, such as I allude to, may be, in point of rank, on a par with an English esquire, but a barone's fortune seldom exceeds 200*l.* a year.

rone's daughter might be had ; but, as the Jew told Master Charles, in the School for Scandal, the girl's mother "*wash damn'd unconscionable ;*" (it happened that this agent was a Jew) and the following were the terms, *without matrimony*—the officer was to pay 400 ounces, and settle a pension of 100 ounces (with ample security) on the girl for life: on these terms she would live with him as long or as short a time as he pleased. The officer, who had no idea of engaging in this sort of traffic, and who merely wanted to find out the extent of Sicilian morality, informed Joseph that the affair would not suit him, and remunerated him for his trouble ; but great was his surprise, upon inquiring how the 400 ounces were to be disposed of, to learn that the girl was to receive fifty ; Joseph the agent, fifty ; the mother 150 ; and her *confessor* the remaining 150. As to the poor barone, he was not considered at all in the negotiation.

The above story may have been a little exaggerated to me, but in the main, is true ; and strictly so, as to the division of the purchase money.

This instance of a mother, in a respectable situation in society, bartering the person of her daughter with remorseless indifference, will no doubt shock the feelings of my country-women, and scarcely appear credible. Let us, how-

ever, in candour consider, whether instances of equal depravity do not exist in the united kingdom, disguised under the forms of law? How frequently do we see a young and blooming girl, condemned to be the wife of some decrepid or emaciated wretch, who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth. Are the parents who promote this legal prostitution of their daughters, less criminal in the eye of reason, than the mercenary wife of the Sicilian barone? Unfortunately, our ideas of morality are more frequently governed by names than by realities, and the appearance of virtue is more respected by mankind, than virtue itself.

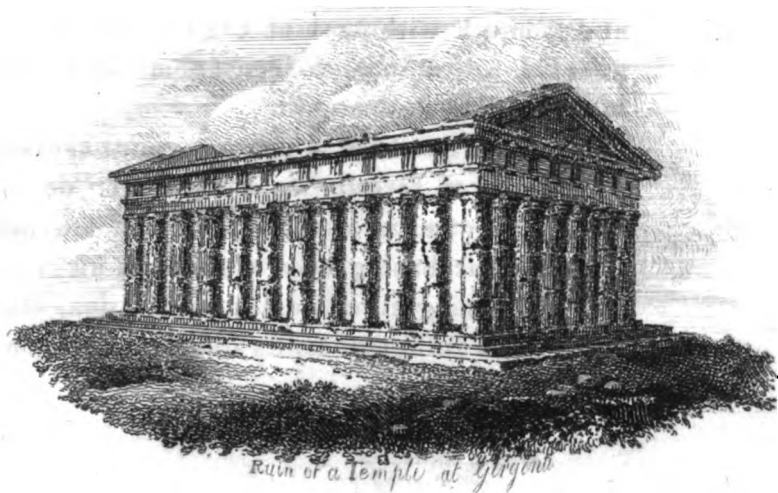
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Page 214, Vol. II.—It is said captain Phillimore was ordered to take me and captain Brook of the 48th, to Portsmouth. It should have been printed, “was ordered to put in at Plymouth with most of the convoy, but he directed a transport to convey me and captain Brook to Portsmouth.”

As there has been a charge against captain Phillimore of severity to a sailor, no doubt made under misinformation, I cannot avoid stating, that having been a month in his ship, besides learning his character at Messina, and having had full opportunity to observe his con-

duct, I never saw a more humane officer, or one who, by good arrangement, kept up better discipline, without harshness or severity ; so much so, that I, who am a decided enemy to flogging (where possible to avoid it), often thought him rather in the extreme of lenity to his crew.

THE END.







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## CORRECTIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

The following, and some other less material errata, the Author had not an opportunity of correcting, owing to his distance from the press; it may besides be proper to observe, that the names of towns and situations in Sicily, are frequently written in a different manner, even among themselves.

### VOL. I.

- Page 21, line 19, *before* cave, *add* St. Michael's.  
— 33, and elsewhere, *for* Maratimo, *read* Maretimo.  
— 37, line 11, *for* banks, *read* rocks.  
— 57, line 4, *for* Bicazoli, *read* Ricazoli.  
— 75, *for* Salvador de Gosier, *read* de Greci.  
— 76, *for* Trassani, *read* Trapani.  
— 84, line 4, *for* twenty, *read* the twentieth.  
— 96 and 98, *for* St. Alepio, *read* St. Alessio.  
— 133, *for* Castle Scavani, *read* Castro Giovani.  
— 153, in Note, from Catania to top of Etna, *insert* from Nicolosi.  
— 186, *for* Latomix, *read* Latomiz.  
— 207, *for* Smenstein, *read* Ulmenstein.  
— 244 and 245, *for* Villa Franca, *read* Franca Villa.  
— 318, line 3, *and after* men, *read* are.

### VOL. II.

- Chap. I. in Contents and elsewhere, *for* Alcumo, *read* Alcamo.  
Page 22, *for* Silerius, *read* Selinus.  
— 23, line 19, *for* is not, *read* is.  
— 23, line 19, *for* but, *read* and.  
— 26, line 10, *for* Castro Gavain, *read* Giovani.  
— 33, *for* Funto Francisco, *read* San Francisco  
— 36, *after* Sicily, *add* except Franca Villa.  
— 87, line 23, *read* the Queen sends her off.  
— 93, Note, *for* Fagelli, *read* Fazelli.  
— 111, line 23. *for* with but, *read* and but.  
— 112, line 11, *for* come, *read* are brought.  
— 112, line 12, *before* the remains, *insert* when the graves are full.  
— 233, Note, line 25, leave out the word *naval*.  
— 279, line 8, *for* 1659, *read* 1669.  
— 306, line 21, *for* Tomari, *read* Tomassi.  
— 311, line 18, *for* Gongero, *read* Gonzeri.  
— 312, line 11 and 12, *for* Scalagga *read* Scalazza.













